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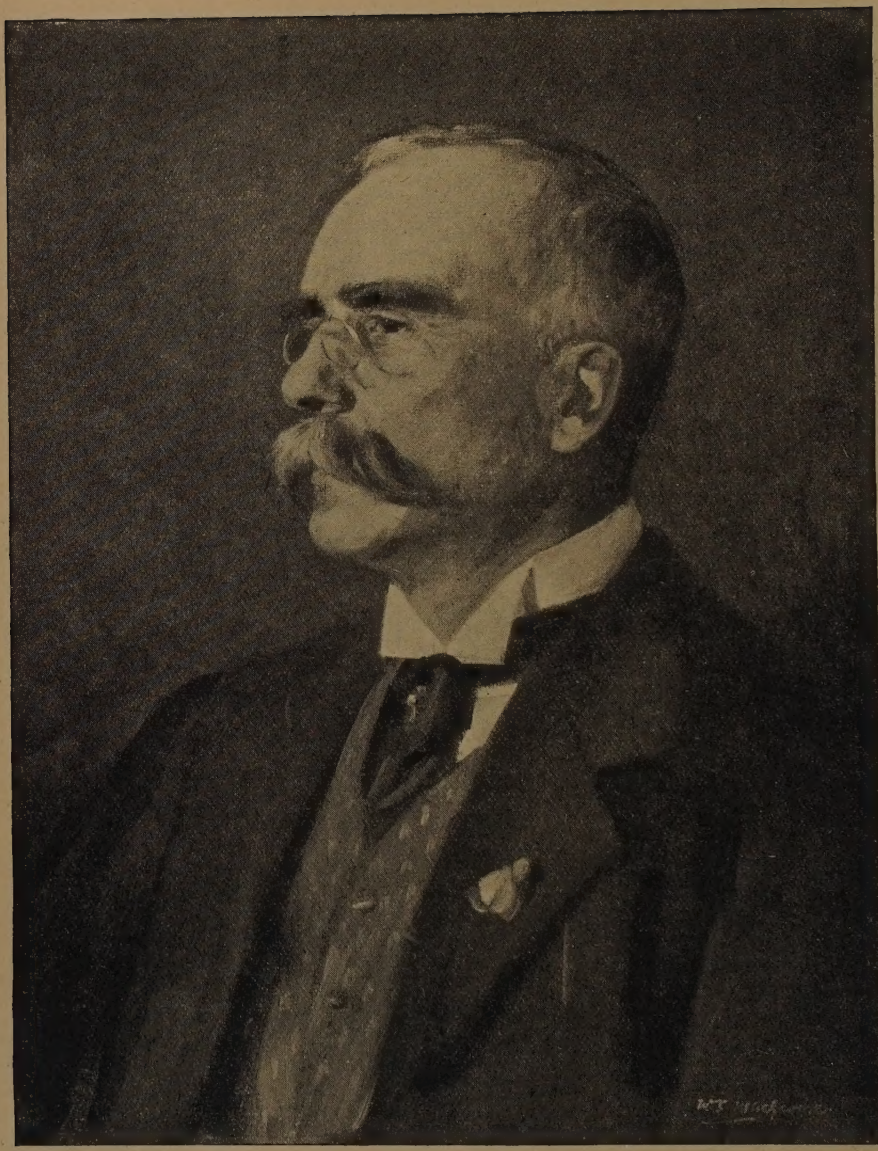

W. S. Macgeorge, A R.S.A.

Yours faithfully,

W. L. Harper

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RAMBLES IN GALLOWAY:

Topographical, Historical, Traditional, and Biographical.

BY

MALCOLM McLACHLAN HARPER,

AUTHOR OF "CROCKETT AND GREY GALLOWAY," EDITOR OF "THE BARDS OF GALLOWAY," WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES, AND THE POETICAL WORKS, WITH MEMOIRS, OF WILLIAM NICHOLSON AND ROBERT KERR, &c.

WITH

Illustrations of the Scenery, Castles, Abbeys, and Objects of Antiquarian Interest, by Faed, Clark, Mouncey, Macgeorge, Copland, Cowan, Moule, Sir H. E. Maxwell, Coles, Fleming, &c.

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TO

COLONEL J. MURRAY KENNEDY, M.V.O., V.D.,

OF KNOCKNALLING,

AS A SOUVENIR

OF MANY ENJOYABLE, HEALTHFUL, AND INSTRUCTIVE DAYS

SPENT WITH HIM IN THE

DRILL FIELD, THE CAMP, AND ON THE RIFLE RANGE,

DURING HIS

COMMAND OF THE GALLOWAY RIFLE VOLUNTEERS,

WHICH CORPS IS NOW MERGED IN THE TERRITORIAL ARMY;

THIS BOOK

IS DEDICATED, WITH EVERY MARK OF ESTEEM AND RESPECT,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

The success which has attended the former Editions of "The Rambles," the first of which was published in the year 1876, has been very gratifying to me. It has, however, often been suggested by my friends and admirers of the book, that a cheaper Edition might even be more popular with the public. Acting on these promptings, I have been persuaded to issue in this form a Third Edition, which has been carefully revised, much enlarged, and brought up-to-date: indeed the work has been in great part re-written.

Biographical sketches of Galloway's sons who have distinguished themselves in the walks of literature, art, science, and in the service of their country have been given; which it is to be hoped, will lend additional interest to the work. A large number of new illustrations has been added, and for many of these I am indebted to my friend, Dr J. Maxwell Wood, Editor of "The Gallovidian," who, in addition to revising the proof sheets as they passed through the press, gave me in the most cordial manner, free use of any blocks that suited my purpose from the "Gallovidian." To Mr J. S. Fleming, F.S.A. Scot. for liberty to use his careful architectural drawings of the Castles, and other ancient remains in Galloway, I also return my best thanks. To Mr Frederick R. Coles, National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh, and Dr Norman M'Kie, Newton-Stewart, who gave me assistance in a similar way I am also grateful. And to the Rev. Father

Blundell, O.S.B., St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus, the author of "*Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland*," and to Messrs Burns & Oates, London, publishers of the work, for the use of illustrations of Portraits of the Earl and Countess of Nithsdale, Terregles and Kirkconnell Houses, &c., I have also to express my obligations.

It now only remains to repeat that the Articles forming this volume were written during brief holidays snatched from business, and have no pretensions to give full historical and traditional accounts of the objects of interest described. Simply narrating what was seen by the way, they are to a history what a hurried sketch is to the finished picture.

Should this Third Edition prove acceptable and useful to the public, the thought of having benefited somewhat my native province will be sufficient reward for all my labours.

M. M'L. H.

British Linen Bank House,

Castle-Douglas, *August, 1908.*

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INTRODUCTION.

GALLOWAY—PAST AND PRESENT—RURAL ARCHITECTURE, AGRICULTURE, LITERATURE, AND SCENERY.

In searching among the old records, which have furnished much of the subject-matter of these pages, an opportunity was afforded for contrasting the past and present state of Galloway—Kirkcudbrightshire, or "The Stewartry," as it is still usually called, in particular; and a brief sketch of some of the chief improvements which have taken place in modern times may be a fitting introduction to the "Rambles" which follow. It is scarcely possible, in this advanced period of society, to realise the primitive habits and ways of life of our forefathers. In the march of improvement, however, Galloway has not been behind; and perhaps, more than in anything else, this is observable in the character of its rural architecture and system of agriculture.

The farm-houses of old times, some of which still exist in outlandish districts, were very unpretending and uncomfortable erections. The dwelling-house, byre, and stable, usually formed one building, of low elevation, popularly known as the "long range." Sanitary arrangements, which are now so much attended to, were never considered worthy of a thought.

Robert Heron, in his *Journey through Scotland* in 1793, writes, "that in the parish of Kirkpatrick-Durham the farm-houses are in general very mean and incommodious: the walls low and ill-built, and the covering of the roof, broom, straw, or ferns; and that, near to the town of Kirkcudbright, are some wretched farm-houses, with thatched roofs without chimnies." These have generally given place to the commodious buildings of modern times, some of which, approached by gravelled walks, shrubberies, and flower-gardens, and nestling amongst trees, have quite an elegant appearance; in fact, the intelligent and enterprising farmer of our day enjoys the comforts and luxuries of life quite as much as the laird.

There is also great improvement in cottage accommodation for the cottar and labourer on many properties in the Stewartry. The primitive and rude "auld clay biggings," consisting of a "but and a ben,"

earthen floors, with the fireplace in the middle, corresponding with a hole in the roof to serve as a chimney or *lum*, the roof being thatched with broom, heather, or straw, and often failing to keep out the weather, have in most places made way for neat, substantial, and roomy cottages with slated roofs, comfortable internal arrangements, and generally, trim gardens and flower-plots attached. There are still, however, some of the old hovels remaining, which we trust the hand of taste and progress will ere long reach and remove. The old Quaker-like meeting-houses or churches, which were the pride of our forefathers, have also given place to the imposing and decorative style of ecclesiastical architecture of modern times. The country school-houses about the close of the eighteenth century were of the most uncomfortable and miserable description, and the teacher's dwelling-house, consisting of the "but" and a "ben," was in no better condition.* These have now been swept away, and in almost every town, village, and parish of Galloway the Boards under the Education Acts have reared, renovated, and improved school-buildings, in accordance with the spirit of the age.

In agriculture the progress is even more marked. Towards the close of the seventeenth century the art of war was so much practised among the Galloway lairds and their retainers, that the cultivation of the soil was entirely neglected, and what are now regarded as the elementary principles of agriculture were unknown. About that time the tenure on which property was held was so uncertain, that farms were sold for two years' purchase. Then there were no large farms, no money-rents, no enclosures, and no proper rotation of crops. The greater part of the fertile districts of lower Galloway was apportioned to small squatters or crofters, who had neither the means, the inclination, nor the skill to improve the land. They held a right of pasturage in common, on the whole property of the landlord, and the small crofts around their wretched dwellings being the perpetual scene of their

* The walls of the school-house were of the rudest kind of rubble work, say, thirty feet in length, by fifteen feet wide, and perhaps eight high; one small window in each gable, eighteen inches square; one small door on the roadside—no window; two windows in back wall, east side, two feet six by one foot eight inches; roofed with oak poles, stript of the bark (which glittered like polished ebony from the smoke of many years), and thatched with straw; a "lum," right in the centre of the floor, of large dimensions, also of straw; the surface dug in the floor, raked tolerably smooth, and you have the school-room. A round spot in the centre of the floor, right under the "lum," was paved with small stones for the fireplace in winter, beside which stood a small round table and an arm-chair, upon which sat the teacher. There were three writing desks, with benches to suit, of foreign timber, at one end of the room; the seats for the other classes were of a very homely character—they were old oak trees, which had been dug out of the mosses of the neighbourhood, nearly as when they were found, as far as polishing was concerned, and propped up to suit the lower limbs of the scholars, the props being rough blocks of stone, or gathered sods. There was no use for hooks to hang cloaks upon, as there were no cloaks to hang.—*Reminiscences of Wigtownshire, by S. Robison.*

agricultural labours, how to improve their material or social condition was never dreamt of by them. From time immemorial this had been the usage, but near the beginning of the eighteenth century various agricultural improvements were commenced.

From the rapid advance of rents about that time in other quarters, the proprietors of Galloway became aware that something was amiss in their system of husbandry, and that one of the first steps towards improvement was to enclose their properties by erecting march and sub-division fences. This innovation was first carried out by Sir Thomas Gordon of Earlston. Other proprietors soon began to follow his example; but the peasantry, foreseeing in this movement the total destruction of the tenure on which they held their property, and that by these enclosures they were to be deprived of the privileges which, as small tenants and crofters, they formerly enjoyed, determined to oppose by open rebellion these proceedings of the landlords. Actuated by these feelings of resentment, secret societies, known as "The Levellers and Houghers," were formed, and the levelling of the dykes by organised bodies of the peasantry, all armed with weapons of some sort for their defence, began, accompanied by riots and a general disturbed state of the country. The "Parking Lairds," as they were called, notwithstanding such opposition, continued to sub-divide and enclose the parks, but in many instances so soon as the dykes were built, the levellers met and, under cloud of night, demolished the operations of the preceding day, in the hope that by thus rendering the dykes useless to the lairds in rearing cattle they might be induced to return to the old system, and re-instate the former tenants in their holdings. The movement took place considerably earlier in Wigtownshire than in the Stewartry, the first outbreak of lawlessness occurring on the lands of Monreith, when Sir Alexander Maxwell enclosed with a stone dyke "The Fell of Barhullion." A body of levellers congregated, and in one night demolished nearly a thousand roods. On that occasion they used an instrument similar to a battering ram, with which they could overturn about a rood at a stroke.*

In the course of their depredations the Levellers frequently met with opposition, and sanguinary and fatal skirmishes sometimes ensued. A farmer in Balsier, in the parish of Sorbie, for the second or third time enclosed a particular field, determined to oppose any attempt at demolition. He narrowly watched the operations of the

* Letter from Daniel Matheson, Sorbie Village, 18th October, 1830, to John Nicholson, Publisher, Kirkcudbright.

gang, and summoning all his forces, after a severe, bloody, and fatal contest, fairly drove them from the field. In the action one of the leaders of the Levellers lost his life. A precognition was instantly made by the Sheriff, and several of those who had taken part in the fray were found guilty, and sentenced to be imprisoned for three months. An order, or proclamation, was also read from the pulpits in all the surrounding parishes, threatening "death and damnation" to all and sundry who would henceforth be found destroying their neighbour's property in any shape. This seems to have had the desired effect of putting an end to levelling in the district.

Thus, in Wigtownshire, the civil powers were able to cope with the ebullition of discontent and disorder; but in the Stewartry it was different. The movement there spread to such an alarming extent that the authorities had to apply for military assistance. For some time "Stair's Dragoons" were quartered at Kirkcudbright in readiness for any emergency. Keltonhill summer fair, at the time of the Levellers, was the general rendezvous of the people of Galloway; and it was there the "levelling" was first concocted, and Parish Committees and other details of the lawless proceedings were arranged. Among the leaders were several old soldiers, who put the levies through a regular course of drill, and in the disposition of their forces when meeting with opposition they showed considerable military skill. The redoubtable Billy Marshall, the tinkler, who had seen service in the army abroad, sided with the cause of the Levellers, and was one of their leading organisers.

The method adopted in overturning the dykes in the "Stewartry" was different from the practice in the "Shire." The men were divided into companies of from forty to fifty. Over each company was appointed a leader—a person of influence, and commonly advanced in life, whom they styled captain. A company arranged themselves alongside the ill-fated rampart by word of command, each man furnished with a strong *kent*, of from six to eight feet in length, which he fixed into the dyke at the approved distance from the foundation and from his neighbour. After having ascertained that all was ready, the captain bawled out—"Owre wi't boys!" and over accordingly it tumbled, amidst shouts that might have been heard at a distance of miles.* The people assembled and were kept embodied by parishes They had meetings by appointment on the lands of the lairds most

* Castle-Douglas Weekly Visitor, 26th March, 1830

opposed to their interests, and marched in divisions over a wide circuit, levelling down the obnoxious fences, and houghing, stealing, and slaughtering cattle as they went along. This unhappy state continued for more than a year, but by the aid of the dragoons the ringleaders were apprehended, taken to Kirkcudbright Jail, and tried at a Court of Justices holden within the Tolbooth upon 27th day of January, 1725, and found guilty of having in May, 1724, in a "most ryotous, tumultuous, and illegal way assembled and convened themselves with several hundreds of other ryoters, mostly all armed with gunns, swords, pistolls, clubs, battons, pitchforks, and other offensive weapons, in and upon that part of the lands of Bombie called Bombie Muir, lying within the parochen of Kirkcudbryht, and Stewartry thereof, and being so assembled and convened did march in a full body to the lands of Galtways, belonging to the complainer, Lady Mary Hamilton, in property, and there did demolish and throw down to the ground the number of five hundred and eighty roods of feald dykes built by her upon the said grounds, each rood of which cost eight shillings Scots in building," &c. They were all found guilty and discerned against to make payment to the said Lady Mary Hamilton, or to the Honourable Basil Hamilton, her Ladyship's factor, of the sum of £777 4s Scots money, with the imprisonment of the ringleaders; and by the exaction of these heavy fines the rioters were dispersed and awed, and the dykes were rebuilt unmolested. The spirit of insubordination shown by the "Levellers" having been put down, agricultural improvement advanced with rapid strides. The great work of enclosing was carried on with vigour, and the advantages of the system were generally felt and acknowledged. Better roads for internal communication were formed. Shell marl, which was plentiful in many places in Galloway, particularly in Carlingwark Loch, was employed, so early as 1730, as a manure. Its reputation as such at that time was great; and such were its beneficial effects upon the soil that Heron, in his *Journey* before mentioned, records—"That mainly from the use of this manure the environs of Castle-Douglas were in a fine state of cultivation; thick set with farm-houses; and that the whole track of country lying between the Dee and the Urr presented every mark of rapid advancement in agriculture." About the middle of the last century the attention of gentlemen of property and education was turned to agriculture, and an entirely new system was introduced in many parts of Galloway. About the year 1750 Mr Craik of Arbigland, "a gentleman possessed of great originality and strength of intellect," introduced into the Stewartry properly con-

structed implements of husbandry, and commenced the practice of ploughing with two horses—Mr Adam Brown, who died in Kirkcudbright in 1841, aged 82, being the first individual who ploughed with only two horses in the parish of Twynholm. Previous to that time it had been the custom in ploughing the land to yoke six oxen and two horses in one plough, and sometimes eight oxen and two horses, with a man to hold the plough and another to drive the cattle, the plough in use being so heavy and clumsy that the weak and half-starved animals were murdered in dragging it after them.* In 1776 a Society for the encouragement of agriculture within the Counties of Dumfries and Wigtown and the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright was formed, with Mr Craik as president. Instructions as to the best methods of improving the whole arable lands within the bounds of the Society were circulated among the farmers, and Mr Craik, in a memorial, called upon the landowners within the district of the Society to assist, inform, and encourage their tenants in the improvement and management of their farms. Prominent amongst these improvers in Wigtownshire was Marshall Stair, who showed such great skill and enterprise in introducing many excellent improvements in the various branches of husbandry as to effect quite a revolution on the country. Sir James Agnew of Lochnaw was also an energetic improver of his estates, and "the first to introduce fresh blood among his herds, fresh seeds for his fields, and ship loads of lime for top dressing imported from Ireland." Alexander, sixth Earl of Galloway, M'Dowall of Freuch, and M'Dowall of Logan were famed as cattle breeders. And in the Stewartry, the leading gentlemen who contributed by their instruction and encouragement, in various ways, towards the advancement of agriculture were Mr Robert Maxwell of Arkland, one of the most skilful practical farmers and eminent writers on agriculture; Mr Maxwell of Munches, an enlightened and improving landlord; Mr Dalziel, farmer, Terregles, a superior agriculturist in his day; and Mr Murray of Broughton of that time, who bestowed great care and attention in improving the breed of cattle. Lord Daer, who possessed an enlarged and liberal mind, and who, "in his too short career, was esteemed as a philanthropist, and admired for his talents," also made great improvements in agriculture.

These and other improvements resulted in the enclosing of pasture grounds for the rearing of black cattle for the great southern markets, to which large droves were periodically forwarded, some of the finest

* Old Statistical Account of Tongland.

cattle sent to England being from the parishes of Kirkcudbright, Borgue, and Twynholm. To the great markets of St. Faith's and Norwich the best class were generally sent in the autumn from the former district, and were called "St. Faith's Cattle." The cattle all went by road, the journey to Norwich taking three weeks, and they often required to be shod to stand the rough roads.†

About the year 1793 the country around Kirkcudbright was so industriously cultivated that meadow and corn fields adjoining the town were let at from £2 to £4 an acre, which, considering that the pasture-grounds in Kirkpatrick-Durham were let at that time at 2s an acre, was a very high rent. Even then, as now, the parish of Borgue was considered the *Goshen* of Galloway; and there had been introduced into it a breed of large white-faced sheep, which sold at 30s each. They were named *mugg* sheep, and in the making of stockings their wool was in great request. In Mactaggart's *Gallovidian Encyclopædia*, *mugg* sheep are stated to be sheep all white coloured—lowland sheep.

The rearing and fattening of black cattle were in these times the chief cares of the Galloway farmer, and the trade of "droving" was the most important commerce of the district, and sometimes proved lucrative to those engaged in it, though as often the reverse. The *Countess of Galloway* steamer, which commenced to ply between Kirkcudbright and Liverpool in 1835, was eagerly taken advantage of by the farmer in obtaining a ready market for his stock; but it was not till 1859 when railways, and shortly after when auction marts were introduced into Galloway, that he reaped the full benefit of speedy transit and a convenient market.

Though in the rearing and feeding of cattle the farmers of Galloway still hold a high place, it is evident to the most careless observer that the system of farming in Galloway has in these times undergone an entire change. Dairy farming is now in favour, and the native breed of cattle is very fast being driven out by the Ayrshire, as better suited to the requirements of that system. This is perhaps to be regretted; but, judging from the numerous instances in which those engaged in working the dairy system have "risen from the ranks," and become tenants of large and expensive farms, it must be attended with benefits unknown in stock rearing.

The farmer has also become acquainted, more or less, with the principles of agricultural chemistry, and reaped the advantages of

† The Agriculture of Kirkcudbrightshire and Wigtownshire, by Jas. Biggar, 1876.

recent improvements in every class of implements of husbandry, and these the Galloway lairds and farmers have turned to good purpose. Within recent years such extensive improvements, by building, draining, manuring, and fencing, have been effected on various estates throughout Galloway, that the appearance of the country has been in some places quite transformed. On many estates, which might be named, large tracts of moss have been reclaimed, where the snipe and the plover found a haunt; and land where the whin, the broom, and the bracken flourished, now bears excellent grain and green crops, and "Galloway now takes a position in the art of agriculture second to no district in Scotland."

The days of the wooden plough, wooden harrow, querns, sieves, cars, and creels, and other implements of primitive and rude construction, have passed away. The days, too, when the Galloway farmer rode to market on horseback, with his wife seated behind him, have gone by, and it is now rare to see a farmer of any standing, without his gig, dogcart, basket-phæton, or waggonette.*

The badly constructed and dangerous old military roads, leading over dreary hills of Alpine steepness, and frequently nearly impassable, were, by the engineering abilities of Macadam, the great road reformer of the nineteenth century, exchanged for roads so constructed as to render vehicular locomotion safe and comfortable. Our forefathers, in the merry old times of the slow but popular stage-coach, must have possessed the virtues of patience and long-suffering to an extent unknown to moderns in travel. Little more than a century ago the traveller by conveyance in Galloway had very frequently to dismount, and, putting "shoulder to the wheel," assist the carriage out of a rut, or over a hill. A story is told of a Marquis of Downshire, who, travelling to Ireland from England, when on the way between Gate-

* In connection with this subject, it may be interesting to many to know that the late Mr John Gladstone, Castle-Douglas, who in his day had acquired something more than a mere local reputation for mechanical ingenuity, constructed in 1808 a machine for reaping corn, an account of which, with a full-page illustration, appears in the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," conducted by the late Sir David Brewster, for that year. The machine has in it undoubtedly the germ of those which have been brought to such perfection in our day, the serrated teeth or cutters being exactly similar. Mr Gladstone also made various alterations and improvements on the structure of the thrashing machine, and otherwise rendered such distinguished services to the interests of agriculture, that the Agricultural Society of the Stewartry, at their April meeting in 1810, voted a hundred guineas to him, "as a testimony of their respect for the direction which, as a mechanic, he had given to his talents." He also patented an invention in regard to improvements in the construction of paddle-wheels. He died at Castle-Douglas in February, 1825; and the local paper, in chronicling his death, speaks thus highly of his character and attainments:—"He was endowed with a remarkably quick and comprehensive mind, and with correct ideas in the prosecution of his plans. On viewing the most complicated piece of machinery, he could almost intuitively explain the various proportionate movements in all their bearings. The public were obliged to him for several valuable improvements in the art, and he died universally respected." Mr Gladstone was father of the Messrs Gladstone, of the firm of Mackie, Davidson, & Gladstone, bankers and wine merchants, Carlisle and Manchester, etc.

house and Creetown, was obliged, chiefly owing to the bad state of the road, to spend a stormy night in his carriage amongst the wild hills on the Corse of Slakes.

In the turbulent times of the Baliols, the Comyns, and the Douglases, our forefathers were obliged to engage in sterner work than the cultivation of literature. They had often to guard their homes against rapine and tyranny, and, instead of the pen, they had to wield the sword. Predatory warfare being so much engaged in by the feudal chiefs, it was their interest to stifle in the breasts of those under them the spirit of independence, and all the finer sentiments of the heart. Under the iron rule of the Douglases of Threave, it was little wonder that literature and the muses were exiled from the province, or that, when a "ray divine" did illumine the soul of the serf, and, finding expression in words, was borne down to our time in the form of a fragmentary ballad, it was deeply shaded with the raven wing of sorrow.

Though in early times the barrenness of Galloway in literature was proverbial, the late Dr Thomas Murray's *Literary History* abundantly shows that the "auld province" has been productive of literary talent; and since that book was published there are very many who in the walks of literature and art have risen to such eminence as to be a credit to their country, and an honour to themselves.

In recent years literary enterprise and historical and antiquarian researches have developed to such an extent the history of Galloway that it has assumed new proportions, and acquired a peculiar interest for students of the past. The true facts of its early civil and ecclesiastical history have been ascertained from various sources, *i.e.*, ancient chronicles, charters, and maps, conveyances, antiquities, and language. Much new and interesting information regarding the early condition of the country has therefore been gathered. The most important of these works comprise:—*The History of Galloway*, by Mackenzie; *The Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway*, by Sir Andrew Agnew; *Lands and their Owners in Galloway*, by the late P. H. M'Kerlie, F.S.A., Scot.; *Studies in the Topography of Galloway and Scottish Land Names*, and *The History of Dumfries and Galloway*, by Sir Herbert E. Maxwell, Bart.; and *East Galloway Sketches*, by the late Alexander Trotter, M.D.

There has also been preserved in the publications of the Ayrshire and Wigtownshire Archæological Association and the Dumfries and Galloway Antiquarian Society authentic records and careful drawings of the various prehistoric and mediæval remains of antiquity to be found

in Wigtownshire and Kirkcudbrightshire—these and the laborious work of Frederick R. Coles, of the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh, on the Moats and Forts of the Stewartry, which contains accurate measurements and drawings of them, being of permanent local interest. The collection of poems by *The Bards of Galloway*, published in 1889, consisting of specimens of the work of over sixty born Gallovidians, with illustrations by Galloway artists, was a valuable addition to the local collections of Scottish poetry. And S. R. Crockett, the novelist, in his distinguished career in the literary world, has by his numerous tales and romances, many of the scenes and incidents of which are associated with his native county, shed a lustre upon the land of his birth.

To estimate the scarcity of literature in the days of our forefathers, we have only to go back to the time when the pedlar in upland districts was the chief vehicle of information as to what was passing in the world, or to the beginning of the last century, when the *Dumfries Courier*, a weekly paper, was almost the only newspaper generally circulated in the district, a single copy often going the round of a dozen families; or to recall the struggles which the late Dr Alexander Murray, the celebrated linguist, experienced in obtaining books in his early days, and contrast the huge packages of books, periodicals, and newspapers which the trains now convey daily into Galloway, to be distributed in hall and cot, over its most isolated parts.

Perhaps one of the most beneficial results of the increased diffusion of knowledge is the almost total disbelief in popular superstitions, at one time so prevelant. Within the remembrance of many still living, stories of ghosts, warlocks, worricows, witches, kelpies, spunkies, carlins, fairies, and brownies, were believed by the bulk of the rural population of Galloway, and to listen to the narration of these tales was a general and favourite pastime of a winter's evening around the farmer's and cottar's *ingle*.

In 1701 a woman was tried at Kirkcudbright for witchcraft, the evidence against her being that a spinning-wheel was seen to go round in her house without the help of any person; that the devil appeared in her house in the shape of a gentleman, and disappeared, seeming not to go out at the door; that through malice she rendered cow's milk unfit for use; caused a dog to go mad; and that a candle lighted was seen going through her house with nothing holding it. For these crimes she was banished from the Stewartry, and went to Ireland. In 1703 a woman was tried by the session of Twynholm for the same

crime, her "evil eye" being generally directed against horses and cows, causing their death. She was also banished, never to return under the pain of death. And so late as 1805, a woman named Jane Maxwell was tried at Kirkcudbright for pretending to exercise "witchcraft, sorcery, inchantment, conjuration, and fortune-telling," and was sentenced to a year's imprisonment in the Tolbooth at Kirkcudbright, with the additional degradation of having to appear once every quarter of the year upon a market day at the Cross, and stand openly in the *jougs* or pillory. About a century ago "it was scarcely possible to meet with a person who had not seen a fairy, a witch, or a ghost, in the course of his experience." Even within our own recollection, there lived in the town of Castle-Douglas an old wrinkled dame who was considered so "uncanny" that few would risk a refusal of the favours she sought, in the form of a bowl of milk or a handful of meal.

These superstitious fancies have all fled before the light of knowledge, and at the present day, if the stories are read or remembered at all, it is only to be ridiculed, and cited as affording matter of astonishment at the credulity and simple-mindedness of our predecessors. The minister is no longer called upon to exorcise by prayer and the magic circle the evil spirit; the mischievous little fairies, clad in green, no longer play their pranks on Hallowmas Eve, carrying away children from a mother's embrace to their illuminated and enchanted palaces in the bosom of the hill; the witch and the warlock no longer wreak their malignity on unoffending cattle. Amulets have lost their influence, and cows are no longer decorated with pieces of the mountain ash-wood as charms against witchcraft and the evil eye. The mermaidens have all turned out so very like *whales*, that their personal attractions and syren songs have lost their spell; and even the obliging brownie, immortalised by the genius of William Nicholson, no longer finds employment with the "wylie auld wives," though his fee be only "a cogfu' o' brose 'tween the light and the dark."

Hogg, Scott, Cunningham, and others, have so exposed the various superstitious beliefs and prejudices which so deeply impressed the minds of the rural population in old times, that no glen or linn or cairn now harbours so much as one solitary warlock, ghaist, or brownie. Minds of a poetic temperament may regret this disenchantment; but the increase of every kind of comfort leaves us little to envy of the enjoyments of our forefathers in the "good old times," which have been truly said "to be the burden of many an idle song, and the constant theme of repining patriots."

Let us now briefly notice the geographical position of Galloway, and the character of its scenery, and afterwards proceed on our rambles.

What is now known as the district of Galloway comprises the Shires of Wigtown and Kirkcudbright. Wigtownshire, or West Galloway, is bounded on the east by Wigtown Bay and the river Cree, which separate it from the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright; on the north, by Ayrshire; on the west, by the Irish Channel; and on the south, by the Irish sea. It is thus sea-girt on every side except the north. The area of the County is 512 square miles, or 327,906 acres. The Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, denominated East Galloway, is bounded on the north-east by Ayrshire, Dumfriesshire, and the estuary of the Nith; on the south, by the Solway Firth; and on the west and north-west, by Wigtown Bay, Wigtownshire, and Ayrshire. The area is 953 square miles, or 610,313 statute acres. In early times its bounds were much more extensive. According to some old writers it included, before the eleventh or twelfth century, not only the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright and the Shire of Wigtown, but also Nithsdale, Annandale, Teviotdale, Carrick, Kyle, Cunningham, and Renfrewshire. Its limits, however, have for many centuries been restricted to the counties above named.

Galloway is described by Buchanan, the historian, "as possessing an undulating surface,* and as containing in the valleys between the hills almost innumerable lakes and fens, which, being now drained, form beautiful fields of rich and well-cultivated land." According to Tytler's *History of Scotland*, "the greater part of its whole extent was originally covered with natural wood, principally oak; and even huge tracts, now presenting nothing but barren and desolate moors and mosses, were then clothed with noble forests of oak, ash, beech, and other hard timber." But it is more its aspect at the present time that we wish to bring under the notice of the reader, and in the words of Mr Henry Inglis, author of the *Briar of Threave and Lily of Barholm*, "there is no district of Scotland less generally known or better worth knowing. Whether by sea or shore, from Maxwelltown to Southerness, from Southerness to Carsluith, from Carsluith to Loch Moan, from Loch Moan to Maxwelltown again, south or west, or north or east, there is no district of Scotland more rich in romantic scenery and association, few of which possess the same combination of sterile

* R. Chambers, in his "Domestic Annals," vol. i., p. 150, says—"Buchanan has, in one of his truly felicitous touches, described the surface of Galloway in four words—'in modicos colles tumet.'"

grandeur and Arcadian beauty, and fewer still which are blessed with a climate equal in mildness of temperature to that of Galloway. The tulip-tree flourishes and flowers at St. Mary's Isle, and the arbutus bears fruit at Kirkdale." The late Lord Barcaple, when presiding at the Edinburgh Galloway Association dinner in 1868, spoke of Galloway and its inhabitants in these terms:—"Whoever would go to Galloway would find a country of very great beauty, having much interest of a historical and antiquarian character, they would find in the present day a highly improved country; and they would find that every class of its inhabitants, down to the very humblest, were remarkable for intelligence; and they would find the whole country in a well-ordered state."

It would be difficult to find within the same space so many scenes of rich and varied beauty and deeply-interesting historical associations, but in the various guide-books published, these have not been treated so exhaustively as they might have been. Being also, till within a comparatively recent period, almost a *terra incognita*, its charms were known only to a very few.

Having neither coal, lime, nor freestone in any quantity within its bounds (which to some may be considered disadvantages), it is free from the noise and bustle of engines and the smoke of furnaces; and now that the scenery is laid open to tourists and others by railway, motor, and coach communication, we hope to see it visited and taken advantage of by many in search of health, the picturesque, or agreeable summer retirement.

To those immured in the city, a sojourn, however brief, among the mountain fastnesses, lonely moors, rushing torrents, gleaming lochs, and silent woods of "Grey Galloway," is a charming contrast to the carking cares of office, and the smoky atmosphere, din, and dust of the city. And it is pleasing to observe that within the past few years the district traversed by the Portpatrick and Wigtownshire Railways has attracted increased notice as a tourist resort and holiday haunt. The coach and *char-a-banc* drives from Newton-Stewart to Glen Trool, Murray's Monument, Ravenshall, and Gatehouse, enable the ordinary tourist to penetrate to places of singular grandeur and beauty hitherto inaccessible through want of coach communication. From Glenluce, Stranraer, and Portpatrick, in the vicinity of which there are many and varied attractions of coast scenery, objects of antiquarian interest, and romantic and historical associations, attractive coach drives can

also be made, and good hotel accommodation and private lodgings are obtainable throughout the district.

To the geologist the traces of glacial action visible over the whole country side, but most markedly on the mountains to the N.W. of the Stewartry, are full of interest. To the botanist, Galloway offers a fertile field for exploration; and to the artist the savage grandeur of the "thunder-battered" mountains of Minnigaff and Kells, the windings and far-stretching meadows of the Dee, the sylvan slopes and sequestered nooks of the Ken, the Garple, the Tarff, the Urr, the Fleet, and the Cree, will all afford varied and fitting subjects for the pencil. In the neighbourhood of Kirkcudbright, Gatehouse, Creetown, Newton-Stewart, and Glenluce there is an inexhaustible store of subjects for the artist, and in the exhibitions of to-day it is a refreshing variety to see pictures from this hitherto almost unknown region taking the place of some of those that were year after year reproduced from the Highlands of Scotland and the English Lake districts.

CASTLE-DOUGLAS. W. S. Macgeorge, A.R.S.A.

CHAPTER I.

CASTLE-DOUGLAS AND ENVIRONS.

Few towns in the south of Scotland have risen more rapidly to importance than Castle-Douglas. Little more than a century ago it was a mere hamlet, composed of a few detached cottages, known as Causewayend, this name being derived from an old causeway or paved road which ran into Carlingwark Loch. The town owes its origin to the famous marl pits of this loch; marl being in early times so extensively used in improving the cultivation of land in Galloway, that a proprietor of Culvennan, Sir Alexander Gordon, Steward of Kirkcudbrightshire, formed a canal to connect the loch with the River Dee, so that farmers on the banks of the river might obtain marl by water carriage. For the accommodation of the labourers and others engaged at the marl pits the village was formed, feus for houses and gardens being granted on very easy terms. It was then called Carlingwark; but in 1792, on passing into the hands of Sir William Douglas of Gelston, it got its present name after himself, and not after the Threave Douglases, as is sometimes recorded in gazetteers.

From that gentleman's connection with trade, and his disposition to promote the improvement of the place, it soon rose to such importance that Heron, the historian, a few years afterwards, says:—"This village every day becomes more thriving and more respectable; flax-dressers, weavers, tanners, saddlers, cotton-spinners, masons, and carpenters are now established here." The village was in 1792 erected into a Burgh of Barony, at the instance of Sir William Douglas, and a court-house was built for the accommodation of the magistrates. A jail below the court-house was also erected, and a parochial school provided.

About eighty years ago the traveller was struck with the peculiar appearance of the houses in Castle-Douglas. They were all very low, and apparently sunk into the earth, and where the Commercial Inn now stands there was a remnant of the original village in the form of a low gloomy arch, surmounted by a small chamber, occupying one half of the spacious street. In 1830 it had grown to be a considerable

town. Robert Chambers, in his *Picture of Scotland*, says, "It is a Burgh of Barony, and its inhabitants, who amount to 1000, are chiefly employed in weaving."

As a means of making the town more prosperous, Sir William Douglas, with that public spirit and liberality which characterised all his acts as superior of the burgh, established a cotton manufactory, but from want of sufficient water-power and other causes, it was carried on at such a disadvantage that the works were abandoned. Under all these reverses of trade, however, Castle-Douglas continued to thrive, and it is now a very handsome town, every year adding to the extent of its buildings and population. This is to a great extent to be accounted for by the central situation which it occupies in a rich agricultural district, its cattle-markets, and the influence of other circumstances, such as the introduction of railways and auction-marts into Galloway.

Three auction-marts at one time existed in Castle-Douglas. At present there are only two, but these are up-to-date and equipped with all the modern improvements required for extended and increasing business. This system of disposing of stock being now so much in favour, such a large and prosperous trade is carried on as to make Castle-Douglas the foremost agricultural centre in the South of Scotland.

In stage-coaching and posting days, Castle-Douglas, like other towns situated on the main road to Portpatrick, was an important halting station. One of our early recollections is the animation caused by the bugle announcing the arrival of Her Majesty's Royal Mail, with its "scarlet uniformed functionaries," and the airs of importance which they assumed among the ostlers, stable-boys, and hangers-on at the inn.

The arrival of the coach was also, in these times of scarce news, a signal for the collection of groups of gossipers on the out-look for "the latest" from the city, and crowds of admiring gaping boys, in anxious expectation of something turning up at "the start."

The Douglas Arms then, as now, held the reputation of being a comfortable and commodious hotel, and it was selected as the fitting quarters for Her Majesty's mail. The late Mrs Douglas, in the rising days of Castle-Douglas, was the popular and respected landlady, and the name of Douglas was so much associated with the place, that we have heard of letters being addressed—"Sir William Douglas, of Douglas Castle, care of Mrs Douglas, Douglas Arms, Castle-Douglas."

The town is situated on a gentle declivity near the lake of Carlingwark. It has three principal streets, with four diverging streets, all of respectable width. The houses are built on no regular plan, but have evidently been erected to suit the whim or means of the owners, In King Street, however, there are some very handsome, commodious, and well-furnished shops and other public buildings.

The National Bank is a handsome edifice, built of granite, but its style of architecture is better adapted for a country site than a street. Opposite the National Bank is the office of *The Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser*, a weekly publication, with a large and widespread circulation. It was started in July, 1858, by the late John Stodart, who, in 1860, assumed as his partner the late John Hunter Maxwell. John Stodart died in 1867, and the *Advertiser* was under the management of John Hunter Maxwell as editor and publisher up to his death in 1889, when his son, Mr J. H. Maxwell, the present editor, succeeded to the management.

TOWN CLOCK, CASTLE-DOUGLAS.

The Bank of Scotland is also an elegant building of red and white freestone; but, from want of frontage, its appearance towards King Street is not so effective as it might have been. The British Linen Bank is a substantial-looking building of white freestone, its architectural design being in uniformity with the houses and shops around. The Free Church, a large, commodious, and imposing building, with a spire of rather disproportionate dimensions to its base, is also in this street. The old Town Hall and steeple, presented to the burgh by the late Sir William Douglas, are in the centre of the town. The Old Hall, which had for several years, been occupied as a billiard room with shops beneath, was in 1892 destroyed by fire; and a new building, with an elevation suited to the sur-

roundings, consisting of shops on the ground floor and a wareroom and billiard room above was erected, which, architecturally, is a great improvement on the old antiquated, patched building, and adds considerably to the appearance of the street corner. The Clydesdale and Union Banks, both handsome, commodious buildings, are also situated in King Street.

The Free Library is situated on part of the Market Hill. It is a plain, unpretentious building of red freestone, surmounted with a copper-covered dome. The reading, reference room and library are on the ground floor. In the library and reference rooms there is space for seven or eight thousand volumes. The rooms on the second floor give accommodation for the librarian. The building was the gift of Dr Andrew Carnegie, and was opened to the public on 11th October, 1904, by Mr Hew Morison, LL.D., as representing the donor.

The Town Hall, erected in 1862, is situated in St. Andrew Street, and is a plain building of red freestone. In addition to a large and commodious hall, it has also a court-room, committee-room, and Council Chamber for transacting town business. The Roman Catholic Chapel is near it, and is one of the most substantial and elegant buildings in the place. The United Presbyterian Church is situated a short way farther up Abercromby Place, and, with its tiny belfry, looks well from a distance.

The Episcopal Chapel in St. Andrew Street, commanding a fine view of Carlingwark Loch, and the wooded grounds of Kelton Hill, is quite a model of gothic architecture. Though small, it is, in beauty of design, and perfection of building, unequalled by any ecclesiastical edifice in Galloway. The Reformed Presbyterian Church, finely situated in Queen Street, is a plain old building, with a spire. The Castle-Douglas *quoad sacra* Parish Church is a pretty modern building, with a tower and belfry, in a beautiful situation overlooking the loch.

The Bowling-Green, which is very tastefully laid out, is situated at the lower end of the town; the Lawn Tennis and Quoiting Greens are near by, and the Golf Course is in a pleasant situation on the farm of Kilmichael, overlooking the town, and commanding extensive views of the Valley of the Dee, the ruins of Threave Castle being a prominent object in the middle distance.

There are few objects of historical or antiquarian interest to be seen in the town, save a very antiquated-looking arm chair, which was left to the Council by the late Alexander Gouldie, and is supposed to

be made of wood taken from Threave Castle. It is curiously carved, with boars' heads and other devices, and is placed in the court-room of the Town Hall, where it may at any time be seen by the visitor. In the Council Chamber there is a portrait of the late Provost Hewat, painted by W. S. Macgeorge, a native of Castle-Douglas. It was pre sented to Provost Thomson, as representing the town, on 8th December, 1892, the inscription on the frame being—"Richard Hewat, Esq., solicitor. Presented to the Burgh of Castle-Douglas by his fellow-townsmen and other friends in recognition of his valuable services as Provost of the Burgh for over 27 years." There is also a portrait of ex-Provost Thomson by the same artist, which bears the following inscription :—"Presented to the Burgh of Castle-Douglas by his fellow-townsmen and other friends in recognition of his valuable services as a Town Councillor of the Burgh for fifteen years, during eleven of which he held the office of Provost." The presentation was made by Mr Graham Hutchison of Balmaghie on 30th December, 1902. The following oil paintings of local interest were also presented to the town :—"Autumn in the valley of the Dee," "Torrs Point and Cliffs," "The Lake, Kirkcudbright," "Threave Castle," "Interior of Mary o' the Moss' Cottage, on Torrs farm, near Castle-Douglas," and "Cottage Interior near Lochenbreck," "The last of the M'Ghie's of Balmaghie."

In the vicinity of the town, however, there is no lack of historical and antiquarian objects of interest.

The chief of these is Threave Castle. This magnificent ruin stands on an islet of about 17 acres formed by the River Dee, in the parish of Balmaghie, about two miles from Castle-Douglas. It is a tall, massive, square, roofless tower, surrounded by the remains of a strong barbican, which has been flanked by circular towers at the four angles, one of which is still almost complete. The remaining walls of the Castle are about 60 feet high and from 7 to 8 feet thick. The dungeon, arsenal, and larder were on the lowest storey. On the second floor was the banquetting hall, now known as the "mid laft," the ascent to which is by the "black lum"; and a circular stair in one of the angles, 6 feet in diameter, gave access to the upper floors, in which were the State apartments, from the hall. Scarcely a trace of this stair now remains. Threave, along with the Abbeys, shared in the neglect and demolishing spirit of the reformation times, and it is said the stones of the stair, along with some fine timber pannelling, were abstracted from Threave, and used in the

building of Greenlaw house; and the third contained the State apartments. The entrance is on the east side, the doorway placed so high in the wall as to be on a level with the second floor. It was built early in the fourteenth century, on the site of a fortalice occupied by Alan, the last native prince of Galloway; and it is said that the stones of the old Abbey of Glenlochar, distant about a mile and a half, were used in its erection. No vestige of this Abbey remains, but the traditional site of the Abbey yard is still pointed out. Modern antiquarians, however, assert that the traditional existence of such an Abbey is only a myth.

The Douglases were a haughty, powerful race; and the fortress of Threave was the seat and centre of a grinding despotism that stretched over the whole district of Galloway. In 1451, when held as a Royal Castle by William, eighth Earl of Douglas, he kept a retinue of upwards of a thousand armed men at Threave, and his household was conducted with regal magnificence. Arrogating to himself a sovereign right, he is said to have coined money called "Douglas groats." * Asserting his superiority over all the other nobles in the South of Scotland, he haughtily boasted to Lord Herries, at the commencement of their well-known feud in 1452, that the *Gallows Knob* of Threave had not been without a tassel for the last fifty years, whereas the little fortress of Terregles, in common with the dwelling-places of all the other petty chieftains of Galloway, was but occasionally decked with a dangling villain. The Gallows Knob, or Hanging Stone, as it is still called, is a large granite block projecting from the front wall of the castle, immediately over the main gateway. It is said that, lest this barbarous emblem of feudal power should at any time want its usual decoration, some unoffending vassal was tucked up when no malefactor was in readiness. On the west side of Carlingwark Loch, between it and the public road, near to Lochbank House, there is still pointed out a small piece of rising ground, supposed to have been the pit into which the remains of the victims of Douglas' cruelty or revenge were thrown. It is to this day called the "Gallows Slot," or "Gallows Pit;" and notwithstanding the time which has elapsed since the downfall of the Douglases in Galloway, it is recorded that human bones were turned up there in

* A popular mistake, however. The so-called "Douglas Groat" was issued in the reign of James V., when the Earl of Angus, the husband of the Queen Dowager, administered the affairs of the kingdom (from 1525-1528). These groats are still numerous, and of extremely neat workmanship.—Lindsay's "Coinage of Scotland," p. 44.

abundance, when making the present highway, about the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Threave was the last fortress that held out for the house of Douglas after the grand rebellion in 1453; and King James II. resolved to conduct the siege in person. At the head of a numerous army he marched into Galloway, and took up a position at the Three Thorns of Carlingwark, near to where the town of Castle-Douglas now stands. While preparations for the siege were being made by the king, the inhabitants of Kirkcudbright contributed each a bar of iron towards the making of a monster gun, for the purpose of dealing destruction to the Douglas's despotic and oppressive rule.

MONS MEG.

To a blacksmith, named Brawny Kim, who with his seven sons carried on his trade at Buchan Croft, near the Three Thorns of Carlingwark, the construction of the celebrated piece of ordnance, now known as "Mons Meg," was consigned. On being brought into action, it is said to have been charged with a peck of powder, and a granite ball the weight of a Carsphairn cow, which "swept the Castle from end to end," and soon caused the Countess, who then held

the Castle, to surrender. The loyalty shown by the lieges of Kirkcudbright in connection with "Mons Meg" was rewarded by the erection of the town into a royal burgh. And so pleased was the King with "Meg's" destructive powers he conferred other benefits on individuals of the neighbourhood, not forgetting Brawny Kim and his sons, who were handsomely rewarded by a gift of the estate of Mollance. "Mons Meg," says Chambers, in his *Domestic Annals*, "with a breach in her side, still adorns the ancient battlements of Edinburgh Castle, 'to the great admiration of people,' being upwards of thirteen feet long, and of twenty inches bore, formed of longitudinal bars of iron, hooped with rings fused into one mass. It is an example of a colossal kind of artillery which the sovereigns of Europe had a craze for making in the middle and latter half of the fifteenth century." * Symson, in his *Large Description of Galloway*, mentions a tradition as existing in his time that the celebrated piece of ordnance known as "Mons Meg" was "wrought and made in the Isle of Threave."

Threave Castle being royal property, the keeping of it, as was customary in feudal times, was granted by charter to different powerful families, together with lands for their good services in maintaining and defending the place. This office of heritable keeper was gifted to the Maxwell family, in whose hands it continued till the attainder of the Earl of Nithsdale in 1716. The surrounding estate had been sold in 1704, but the Castle and its island were excepted, on account of a curious privilege attached to the locality. The garrison seems to have been victualled on feudal principles, and Lord Nithsdale had a right to what was called a *Lardner Mart Cow—i.e.*, a cow fit for being killed and salted at Martinmas for winter provisions, from each of the twenty-seven parishes composing the Stewartry. He retained that spot after losing all other connection with the district, so that he might continue to get on such easy terms his winter stock of provisions; and he only ceased to exercise this privilege when he lost his title and other property in consequence of the civil war of 1715.

Among the moveables of the fortlet of Threave, which on its downfall became the property of William de Gordon of Lochinvar, there was an antique bedstead or buistie of the Black Earl, who was assassinated in Stirling Castle. In course of time this curious piece

* There were in the cellar of a wine merchant in Peel, Isle of Man, in 1776, several very ancient guns, the bores of which measured each a foot in diameter; they were formed of a number of bars, hooped together with thick iron rings similar to those of "Mons Meg" in the Castle of Edinburgh.—Train's History of the Isle of Man, 1845, Vol. I., p. 282.

THREAVE CASTLE. T. Clark, R.S.A.

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of furniture passed from Lochinvar to the Castle of Kenmure, and thence to Greenlaw, near Castle-Douglas. In the last century it became the property of a blacksmith, who sold it to the Rev. Mr Lamont, minister of the parish of Kelton. William Morrison of Kelton Kirk, who was the next owner, sold it to a man named Cumming, from whose daughter it was purchased by William Johnstone, Kirkcudbright, and presented by him to the late Joseph Train, the antiquary. It is now in the possession of Mr John Dunn, Town Clerk of Castle-Douglas, whose wife is a grand-daughter of the late Joseph Train. This ancient and highly-prized relic has been made into a bookcase, and is thus described by Train in a communication to the editor of *The History of Galloway*, published in 1841. "It appears," he says, "as if every class of the establishment of the feudal chief was intended to be represented by rudely-formed oaken figures, cut in *bas-relief* on his buistie. Busts of the various earls of the family, in their robes and cornets, are placed in the foreground, and are surrounded by troopers, caparisoned agreeably to the act of James I., Parl. 9, Chap. 120.* The dragoons are mounted on weasel-like chargers, each man in full panoply, and all performing different evolutions. One is in the act of shouldering his spear, another drawing his claymore, and a third cutting down the enemy. The first foot soldier bears the hand-senyie (standard), to which is attached a forked streamer, with a saltier or St. Andrew's Cross. The National banner is supported by a sturdy billman; next comes an archer, with his bow bent, and carrying in his belt his 'schaife' of arrows; and then numerous rant men and gillies. The piper is a conspicuous person in this motley group, by the size of his cheeks. He is accompanied by a Paganini-like personage, playing on a one-stringed fiddle. The drummer, too, is a person of distinction; he is represented as on a march, his drum being unbraced and slung over his shoulder by a belt; but a variety of sword and morrice dancers seem more actively employed, being represented in all the zany and buffoon attitudes of such performers." Although this ancient buistie cannot with any degree of certainty be traced back for a longer period than 430 years, its rude workmanship is indicative of higher antiquity. The figures

* This Act says—"Ilk laik landed man havand ten poundies in gudes and gear shall have for his bodie and for ye defence of ye realme ane sufficient action (a leathern jacket strongly stuffed, ancientlly worn under a coat of mail), ane basnet and ane glove of plate, with ane spear and sword, ane habirihon (Habergeon) and gude iron jack for his bodie, with ane knapishay (a head-piece) and twa guid flawkertis (armour for the legs)." The Infantry are evidently equipped in accordance with the Act James IV., Parl. 6, chap. 87, thus—"Mairover the king commands that ilk man havand the value of ane kow in gudes and gear shall have ane bow with ane schaife of arrows (twenty-four) and ane spear."

are as rudely executed as the effigies on the coin of Alexander III.; but the frame work carving by which they are surrounded, and the ornamental panels below, are done in better taste, and with some ingenuity.

In removing the rubbish from the lower part of the Castle several highly interesting objects have been found. In 1841 a draw-well, lined with strong planks of black oak, was discovered. An immense round ball was got, which, on examination, was believed to be one of the granite balls fired from the "meikle mou'" of "Mons Meg;" and from the position in which it was found, was supposed to be the identical missile which shattered the stronghold. Early in the present century, when the Castle was partly repaired for the purpose of making it a barrack for French prisoners, a massive gold ring, inscribed "Margaret de Douglas," supposed to have been worn on the Fair Maid of Galloway's hand, when, as tradition says, it was blown off at the siege, was also found, and handed to the then Sheriff of the county.* This tradition of the cannon ball carrying along with it the guilty hand of the "Fair Maid" as she was in the act of raising the wine-cup to her lips was doubtless, in the dark days of ignorance and superstition, popularly believed to be true. But in this age of enlightenment such legends have to be qualified by the proverbial grain of salt, and this one is now generally regarded as incredible. Sir Andrew Agnew, in the *Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway*, has no belief in it, and speaks of the finding of the ring among some rubbish at the Castle in any way authenticating the story as "really too ridiculous." He says "little, as the latter part of the story requires refutation as repeated in Monkish gossip, it involved a most unfair reflection on the Countess, the insinuation being that Providence had thus punished that very guilty hand which had wickedly been given to two brothers. Happily, history utterly belies the tale, as it is categorically stated that the castle being taken, she forthwith threw herself at the King's feet, implored and obtained his mercy. Certainly, had her arm been carried away, she would not have been in a condition to make her obeisance. It is pleasant, moreover, to be able to add that brighter days dawned on the 'Fair Maid.' The king

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* In a note from Mr Gordon of Culvennan regarding the ring found at Threave, he says—"The ring was lost; and although I only speak from hearsay, I believe it to have been lost in this way:—Sir Alexander Gordon, the sheriff of the county, went into Edinburgh (I rather think it was when he went in with the county address on the visit of George IV. in 1822), and took the ring to show to the learned men of his time. He dressed in some hotel, taking off the ring to wash his hands, left it, and it was never seen again."—January 2 1876

gave her in marriage to his half brother, the Duke of Athole, with whom she lived happily, and by whom she had two daughters—Janet, married to Alexander, third Earl of Huntly; and Katherine, to John, sixth Lord Forbes." We have also seen a stirrup, with a spring of modern pattern, which was picked up in the dungeon. The Maxwells of Nithsdale, as hereditary keepers of the castle, were considered by the Covenanters as antagonistic to their interests, and acting up to the axiom of Knox to get rid of the crows, demolish the nests, they decided on the demolition of the building. It was accordingly ordained at a meeting of the war committee of the Covenanters of the Stewartry, held at "the hows of Thrieve, the xix day of October, 1640, that the hows of Thrieve be flighted by the Laird of Balmaghie. That the sklait roofe of the hows and batlement thairof be taken down with the lofting thairof, dores and windowes of the samen, and to take out the haill iron worke of the samen, and to stop the vault of the said hows. And with power to the said Laird of Balmaghie, to use and dispose upon the tymber, stanes, iron worke, to the use of the publict; his necessar charges and expenses being deducted. And ordaines him, during the flighting thairof, to put six musqueteires and ane sergand thairin, to be enterteaint upon the publict."

Carlingwark Loch and Kelton Hill.

In the summer and autumn the fairest and most picturesque scene in the vicinity of Castle-Douglas is unquestionably Carlingwark Loch and Kelton Hill; and one of the favourite walks, conveniently accessible, is through the shadowy wood skirting the margin of the lake on the farm of Whitepark; which, from its calm and quiet seclusion, and the sauntering groups of gossiping lads and lasses who frequent it of an evening, has been long and appropriately termed the "Lover's Walk."

The loch is a lovely sheet of water, nearly one hundred acres in extent, beautifully studded with islands, and almost entirely surrounded with trees. It abounds with pike and perch, and trout have been caught occasionally. Aquatic plants are numerous, among which are the yellow water lily *(nuphar lutea)*, with its broad heart-shaped leaves, and the *equiseta*, or puddock pipes, as they are commonly designated, are seen in every nook. The wild fowls, skimming along

its glassy surface or rocking on its curling waves, are also a source of delight to the spectator.

However charming the loch and its sylvan surroundings may be to the summer and autumn visitor, the expansive sheet of water when under the sway of "King Frost," with the merry curlers engaged in the "roaring game," and the joyous skaters careering over the icy plain, is, in winter, quite as attractive.

The beauty of the winter landscape, when wrapt in a "fleecy mantle" of virgin snow, "tracing skeletons of trees in white" has been often the theme of the poet.

"Now is the time
To visit Nature in her grand attire,"

writes the Poet Grahame; and the golden radiance of sunset on the icy board, with curling and skating scenes, are effects which the artist delights to represent on canvas. There have been many famous bonspiels on Carlingwark Loch. Since the time when Davidson,* author of "The Seasons," immortalised in rhyme the great match between the "Chief of Ken" and the "Bold Ben of Tudor," the most important of these have been the contests for the Queenshill Cup. This curling match for some years after its institution was a great and merry curlers' carnival. To engage in it, curlers assembled from the most distant parts of Kirkcudbrightshire. In our mind's eye we can picture, as in a mirror, one scene on Carlingwark Loch, when this match was played. The sun shone clear and bright in the crisp morning air on the sheeted loch. Under his beams the boughs of hoar-frosted trees of "The Lovers Walk" gleamed with a crystal brilliance. The peaks, slightly snow clad, of Bengairn and Screel were lighted with a soft warm rose tint. Thus the background of the landscape, quiet and ethereal, was in striking contrast to the lively and stirring scenes of the foreground. At the loch side stood an array of carts from the country districts, and lorries from the railway station, loaded with curling stones, besoms, crampets, and other etcetaras. At the scene of action all is bustle and animation. Around the rinks are congregated, from town and country, groups of spectators keenly interested in the success or defeat of their respective

* David Davidson, author of "Thoughts on the Seasons," published in 1789, was a native of the parish of Kelton. He kept a private school for young gentlemen at Furbar, near Carlingwark Loch, about a mile from Castle-Douglas. Some consider Davidson's "Seasons" superior to Thomson's; and Jamieson, in his Scottish Dictionary, frequently quoted from Davidson as an authority on Scotch words. His relative, A. Davidson, was editor and publisher of the "Castle-Douglas Miscellany and Monthly Visitor" from the year 1823 to 1830.

CURLING ON CARLINGWARK LOCH. John Copland.

friends. Galloway's dames and "peerless maidens busked braw" also mingle in the crowd of onlookers, giving variety and gaiety to the scene. And here also, in the gladness of youth, were girls and boys of rosy complexion, making the woods of "The Isle" resound with their merry peals of laughter as they shoot out along the smooth polished slide from the shore bank of "The Common." Such were the actors in the great Queenshill Cup contest it was our privilege, and delight to witness. Around these curling spiels on Carlingwark Loch are entwined many of our pleasantest recollections. In retrospective glimpses, we can, after the lapse of half a century, re-create, as it were, the past, and bring before us, as in a vision, the forms, the features, and even the idiosyncrasies of the actors in the games as plainly as we did then.

But apart from its natural beauties, which render it an object of admiration to the dweller on its banks and the passing traveller, it has at different times yielded up many relics of antiquity, and proved an interesting field of research for the antiquary. The late Joseph Train, the friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott, author of *The Buchanites, from First to Last*, a *History of the Isle of Man*, etc., who died at Lochvale, St. Andrew Street, Castle-Douglas, in December, 1852, pursued his antiquarian investigations here for many years, and his labours were rewarded with some valuable discoveries. The loch contains six islands, one of which—known as the Ash Island—is evidently artificial. It has been formed, as a writer in the *Statistical Account* says, "by driving strong piles of wood into the moss or marl, on which were placed large frames of black oak." These were discovered in 1765, when the loch was drained for the purpose of procuring marl. Tradition says that in early days it contained two large islands—one at the north end, which is now a peninsula, but still retaining the name of "The Isle," while the other, near to the south end, is called "The Fir Island," and appears to have been rendered famous in history as the spot where Edward I., on penetrating into Galloway in the year 1300, encamped, using the island as a place for shoeing his cavalry horses. To strengthen this supposition, we may state that near to the place many horse-shoes, of a form different from those now in use, have been found sunk deep in the mud; and up to the year 1875 something very like the remains of an iron forge were to be seen on the island, consisting of two large upright stones, with a recess between, and laid on to a flat one, resembling a common kitchen hearth stone. In that year an investigation was made by a party in order to ascertain whether the flat stone was the lid of a chest con-

taining hidden treasure, as some supposed, or the covering of an ancient kist-vaen or burial place. By those learned in such matters it was believed to be associated with the latter, but in the researches of these Old Buckian devotees nothing whatever was discovered to elucidate the purpose for which the stones were erected. In their enthusiasm to solve the secret, it is to be regretted that the stones were completely demolished. Their site, however, is still quite visible on the island.

The loch was formerly much larger than it is at present; and tradition narrates that there was a town which sunk, or was drowned, in its waters, and that there were two churches or chapels, one upon each of the large islands. The submersion of the town is in all likelihood a myth, although the truth of the story was believed by many of the old inhabitants; and we have heard that occasionally, during very dry seasons—that of 1826 being specially referred to—the roofs of houses have been discerned submerged in the loch.

BRONZE CAULDRON FOUND IN CARLINGWARK LOCH.

Canoes, large stag heads, and a capacious brass pan have been found in the bed of the loch; and near its north-west corner a Roman dagger, plated with gold, was taken up in a bag of marl. In 1868 a most interesting antiquarian discovery was made by the late Samuel Gordon, bookseller, and the late John T. Blackley, while perch fishing in a boat on the lake, near the Fir Island. This was the "fishing up" of a large cauldron or pan of bronze, which, on examination, was found

to contain axes, hammers, horse bits, pieces of chain and plate-armour, and numerous fragments of swords, daggers, and horse trappings. To speculate now as to how they were put there would be needless, but we may safely venture the supposition that they might have been thrown away as the refuse of the smithy or armoury which we before stated was on the island during King Edward's encampment; or they may have been carried in the train of some of the Galloway barons when at feud with the Douglases, and thus belong to a much later date. The articles were all carefully preserved by the late Samuel Gordon, and forwarded by him to the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh, where they are now safely deposited. An object of curiosity to visitors to the island is a small memorial, purporting to have been erected in March, 1863, "to the memory of Prince, for twelve years the faithful and attached dog of Lady Abercromby of Birkenbog," and on the top of the stone is sculptured a *bas-relief* of the favourite pet. This stone, however, has now been thrown down, and broken by some thoughtless vandals.

In close proximity to the loch is the site of the ancient "Three Thorns of Carlingwark." For many years after the others had disappeared one of these time-worn relics remained to mark the spot, but, upwards of forty years ago, it too had to succumb to the voracious tooth of Time. As no tradition or record is extant by which we could arrive at the time these thorns were planted, it is useless to speculate as to their probable age; but, according to the traditions before narrated, they were planted ere the Douglases had established themselves in their feudal stronghold, and were fresh and blossoming when King James, under their shadow, took up his position against Threave. From time immemorial they were used as a trysting-place by the lairds and yeomen throughout Galloway; and in history we find repeated mention of them made in connection with stirring events. At one of those meetings, in the fifteenth century, Maxwell of Newark, in Urr parish, and M'Naight, the Laird of Kilquhanity, who were at feud, encountered each other; and M'Naight was slain by Maxwell and his retainers in the house of one John Hutton. And during the persecuting period in Scotland there is a mournful reminiscence connected with this spot, which ought to render it interesting to all who revere the memory of our brave and truth-serving forefathers. Near to the thorns, in 1685, William Auchenleck, and a boy who was in his company, were shot by a party of Douglas's Foot, and were probably interred near the place. It is to be regretted that some

means had not been employed to preserve from decay the last of these time-honoured relics; but now, that scarce a trace of them is left, we would recommend to our local antiquaries and others the erection of some memorial to mark the spot where they once flourished.

Nowhere in the immediate neighbourhood of Castle-Douglas is there a better situation from which to witness the sublime effects of sunset on "the highest hill that rises o'er the source of Dee," than from the summit of Kelton Hill. The prospect is extensive and diversified, exhibiting in its range some fine glimpses of lake, river, and mountain scenery. Looking towards the south, and moving slowly round to the north, the eye strays over a fine undulating country, composed of well-cultivated fields, pastoral hills belted with woods, and adorned with mansions, farm-houses, and picturesque hamlets and cottages, embosomed in trees, chiefly lying in the parishes of Tongland, Kirkcudbright, Kelton, and Buittle. The green swelling hill of Dungyle, on the summit of which are the remains of a British fort, and the towering ridge of Bengairn and Screel, abruptly close in the view towards the south-east. Gelston Castle—a handsome edifice, situated in a landscape of Highland aspect—is a prominent object in the foreground, and at the base of the hill the beautiful lake of Carlingwark reposes in the evening glow, so calm and tranquil, that on

> "Its smooth breast the shadows seem
> Like objects, in a morning dream."

Its surface reflects, as in a mirror, the image of the sky, the hills around, and the feathery foliage of its islands. In its glassy wave the swan gracefully moves, and wild fowls innumerable are disporting on its rushy shores.

At the head of the lake, Castle-Douglas shines in the sunset; and, on turning gradually round to the west, we have the valley of the Dee, with all its fair garniture of woods and hills, spread as on a map before us. Its sylvan windings, bright and red in the setting sun, appearing like a long chain of gleaming lochans, partially screened by swelling slopes and wooded knolls, can be traced from Boat-of-Rhone to past Bridge-of-Dee. The view in this direction is most extensive. The whole of the mountain solitudes and stony wilds of Galloway are embraced in it, the Kells range and the three Cairnsmuirs bounding the horizon. The sweeping holms and verdant meadows near Crossmichael, and beautifully wooded grounds around the mansions of Parton, Danevale, and Balmaghie, give richness to the scene. In the middle distance the

hill of Camp-Douglas, where history says Douglas, on abandoning Threave Castle, took up his position, prepared to give battle to the forces of King James, is a prominent feature; and in the immediate foreground, circled in an arm of the river, Threave Castle rears its massy bulk. Looking on these scenes of our youthful days, what a flow of pleasurable recollections comes swelling up in the mind! What tales could Threave's old walls narrate of school-days' excursions in search of the jackdaw and the owl; of "paidlins" in the clear gushing streams in shadow of its walls; of gambollings on the sunny braes, and rush gatherings in the emerald meadows; of nutting and bird-nesting excursions to the wooded hills and bosky dells of Kelton.

The mansion-house of Threave stands on Kelton Hill, and commands the extensive and varied prospect before described. It is an imposing building, in the baronial style, with a lofty tower and platform, and is quite a feature in the landscape.

It may not be generally known that the once famous Kelton Hill Fair was in early times held on this hill. The account of the origin and importance of this fair here given is taken from *The Castle-Douglas Miscellany*, published eighty years ago, and now a very rare volume. The writer says that he had his information from oral tradition, and that, at that time, 1825, the commencement of the fair was far beyond the reach of any living recollection. It was the greatest assemblage of the sort in the south of Scotland, but for many years there was no field appointed for the purpose. It was sometimes held on the Grainyford Island, especially when a dispute arose concerning the spot which had the original claim. About the year 1758 it was held on the eastern side of the hill called Kelton Hill, and very near the present manse of Kelton. For many years it was held on the south side of the road, and directly opposite to its present situation. It was also held on the farm of Hightae, and on the Furbar Hill. The tradition as to the origin of this fair is as follows:—A plodding pedestrian chapman from Glasgow, with a long pack *chuck-full* of finery, finding that his goods required an airing, spread them one fine day upon a thicket of whins upon the side of the hill, about half-way between Castle-Douglas and the place where the fair is now held. In the course of the day a great number of people collected, and purchased to a considerable amount. Encouraged by this lucky incident, the packman promised (health permitting) to appear in the same place on that day twelve months. This promise he punctually

kept, and brought with him some other brethren of the trade, with a great variety of articles for sale. From that small beginning the fair gradually became so considerable, that in 1793 the following graphic picture was given of it by Heron, in his *Journey through Scotland*:— "Here are assembled from Ireland, from England, and from the most distant parts of North Britain, horse-dealers, cattle-dealers, sellers of sweetmeats and of spirituous liquors, gypsies, pickpockets, and smugglers. Every house in the village of Rhonehouse, which owes its origin to the fair, is crowded, and all become on this occasion houses of entertainment. The roads are for a day or two before crowded with comers to this fair. On the hill where it is held tents are erected, and through the whole fair-day one busy tumultuous scene is here exhibited of bustling backwards and forwards, bargaining, wooing, carousing, quarrelling, amidst horses, cattle, carriages, mountebanks, the stalls of chapmen, and the tents of the sellers of liquors and of cold victuals. The village also held high festival during the week, and, besides the peasantry, the neighbouring gentry are spectators for a short time of the confusion, the tumult, and the rude festivity which it displays." The fair was, about thirty years ago, very properly transferred to Castle-Douglas, as affording better accommodation, and being more easy of access to those attending it from a distance.

Part of a dyke, which was left unmolested by the Levellers of Galloway, may still be seen near Furbar, about a mile from Castle-Douglas, on the old military road to Rhonehouse. On a stone in the dyke on the right-hand side of the road leading from Lochbank to Furbar House, there is a date, which is now indistinct; but about forty years ago it was plainly 1725, and is commemorative of the event. This dyke, with others on the estate of Kelton (now Threave) was saved through the intervention of the minister of the parish, Rev. Mr Falconer, backed by the laird's supplies of ammunition in the shape of beer, bread, and cheese. According to a contemporary account* a band of levellers and houghers, or as some called them "Rablers," having traversed the coast from Balmae to Kirkbean levelling dykes and houghing Irish cattle, the introduction of which was one of their grievances, they reached the estate of Kelton. Captain Johnstone was then laird, and had built a high dyke as a fence to his estate from the public road. He had been at great expense in its erection, and, anxious to preserve it, he prevailed on Mr Falconer to accompany him in going

* Samuel Geddes, of Keltonhill, who had the account from his grandfather, who was then a little boy herding cattle, saw the levellers begin their operations.

to the levellers with the view of advising them to desist from their destructive proceedings, and return to their respective dwellings. So getting a car or sleigh (in those days few or almost no carts were in the district) they loaded it with some barrels of ale, and proceeded to the Gallows Slot (near Lochbank) where the dyke began, and there Captain Johnstone and the minister waited until the levellers arrived. Mr Falconer then addressed the crowd, pointing out to them the usefulness of the dyke that was before them, telling them that Captain Johnstone had not erected it for the purpose of sub-dividing his estate, but only for a march dyke from the public road, and he further assured them that no man or family would be evicted from Captain Johnstone's estate on account of its having been erected—that every person on his lands should continue to have and hold his house, his yaird or garden, and the usual quantity of corn sown (in these days it was generally customary for the labourers to have a certain quantity of corn sown to produce a melder for the family, and fodder for the cow and calf). After this well-timed conciliatory speech, the bread and cheese were divided, and the barrels of ale broached, and it is highly probable, naively remarks the narrator, "that the men had not got such a plentiful refreshment for a long time." There was abundance for them all. The dyke was not overturned, and before proceeding on their way, Captain Johnstone was lustily cheered for his kindness. As a wise precaution, Mr Falconer accompanied the levellers to the end of the dyke on Kelton estate. From thence they proceeded to Tongland parish where they dispersed, after having levelled nearly all the dykes they fell in with during their march, with the exception of Captain Johnstone's.

Kelton Manse, Church, and Churchyard, are situated about a mile and a half from Castle-Douglas on the old road to Auchencairn. The parish of Kelton is composed of the three old parishes of Kelton, Gelston, and Kirk-Cormack. The author of the *Caledonia* says, "that in early times the church of Kelton belonged to the monks of Icolmkill. When their establishment became ruined, by the successive devastations of the *Northmen*, the church of Kelton, as well as every other church in Galloway which belonged to these monks, was granted by William the Lion to the Monastery of Holyrood. The church of Kelton belonged to this House, when it, too, was dissolved by the Reformation. When Charles I. erected the Bishoprick of Edinburgh in 1633, he granted to the bishops of that See the church of Kelton, with many others, which had belonged to the Monastery of Holyrood. On the abolition of Episcopacy, 1689, the patronage of the church reverted

to the Crown." Part of the old church is still to be seen in the churchyard. Joseph Train, author, antiquary, and friend of Sir Walter Scott, is buried here. A mausoleum, the burying-place of the Douglases of Orchardton and Gelston, is in a retired situation, surrounded by trees, opposite the entrance to Kelton Manse. It was designed by William Douglas of Orchardton, and with its Grecian columns is an imposing object.

The parish church of Gelston, traces of which are still observable in the churchyard at Kirkland of Gelston, belonged of old to the prior and canons of Whithorn. After the Reformation it was, by the General Annexation Act of 1587, vested in the king, who granted the church of Gelston, with the whole property of Whithorn Priory, to the Bishop of Galloway, in 1606. When Episcopacy was finally abolished in 1689, the patronage of this church also reverted to the Crown.

In the south-west of the parish, about five miles from Castle-Douglas, on the old road to Kirkcudbright, in a delightful situation on the banks of the Dee, opposite to Argrennan House, is the old churchyard of Kirk-Cormack, anciently Kil-Cormack—a name derived from the Irish saint to whom the church was dedicated. "St. Cormack," says Chalmers, "is supposed to have succeeded the far-famed St. Patrick. This church was no doubt dedicated to Cormack during the ninth century, after the Irish emigrants began to find repose in Galloway. It belonged of old to the kindred monks of Icolmkill, and, as with the others, when they ceased to be useful, it was granted by William the Lion to the monks of Holyrood. "At the Reformation it went to the king, and was afterwards disposed of in the same way as Kelton."

The site of the church may be traced,* and the burying-ground is still used by some families. In this churchyard is the tomb of Patrick Maclellan, probably one of the Maclellans of Auchlane. The inscription on the stone is now nearly illegible. It is given by Mactaggart

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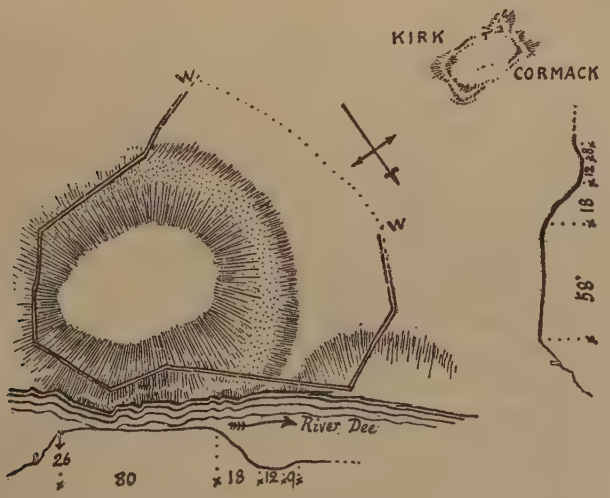
* According to Mr Muir, "It seems to have been quite a small narrow building, measuring scarcely 44 feet in length;" and he adds, "not many paces from it, on the farm of Mayfield, there is a now nearly drained spring called 'St. Ringan's Well," roofed by a big slab, on which some archæological pilgrim has chiselled largely, 'W. I.. 1791.' Expecting from the locality St. Cormac should have been the owner of the fountain, St. Ringan rather puzzled me. Wells situated at or near ancient churches generally bear the names of the saints to whom the churches themselves were dedicated; but finding in the present case a seeming instance to the contrary, I was led to ponder whether it might not be just possible that a cell or sacellum of some sort had been here consecrated in honour of the Cumbrian apostle long before that now almost traceless one commemorative of the Irish Cormac was founded."—"Lighthouse,' p. 18.

in his *Gallovidian Encyclopædia*, published about seventy years ago, as follows:—

Honorabilis Sir Patricius Maclellan qui
obit anno MDXXXIV., anno XVIII. Ætatis
(The Honourable Patrick Maclellan, who died in the
year 1534, in the 18th year of his age.)

In the ground on which the ruins of the church stand there is a *mote* of considerable dimensions. It is described by Coles in his *Motes, Forts, and Doons of Kirkcudbrightshire* thus:—"It is 80 feet long by 58 wide, and its lines are rather more decided, well-marked, and steep than usual. The summit is made of seven facets, one of 9 feet, two of 30, two of 36, and two of 45. The existing trench, measured round the curve, is 126 feet, its outward slope being very vague and long-angled."



MOTE, KIRKCORMACK.

At Dildawn, a property finely situated on a slightly rising ground close to the river Dee and about two miles nearer Castle-Douglas than Kirkcormack, there is supposed to be a small *fort* in a field adjoining Dildawn avenue, and on its south side. Its dimensions, as measured by Coles in 1891, were:—Diameter, 102 feet each way, trench about 10 or 12, and central mound 60 feet. No heights are now measureable. Dildawn, according to M'Kerlie, is a corruption of Dal-norse for *Dale* and Duin, or dunn, the result being "the fort in the dale."

CHAPTER II.

CASTLE-DOUGLAS TO AUCHENCAIRN.

Among the many pleasant drives and walks that lie within easy distance of Castle-Douglas, at once beautiful and deeply interesting in historical associations, there are none which will afford the visitor more gratification than that which we have chosen for the present Ramble.

The finely-wooded vale of Yerrock, through which the road passes, the delightful sea views, and the beautiful remnants of hoar antiquity to be met with by the way, cannot fail to interest and call forth the admiration of the traveller. It has always been a favourite route of holiday-seekers; and by many Castle-Douglas "auld boys," the broomy braes of Gelston will be fondly cherished and remembered, as recalling many pleasing reminiscences connected with the excursions of their nut-gathering and bird-nesting days.

The Glen of Yerrock is at all times inviting, but the season in which to see it to the best advantage is either in early summer when the trees are in full and tender leaf, and the hill sides are adorned with the golden flowers of the broom and the milky spray of the hawthorn, or when it wears the more splendid and diversified tints of autumn. We have chosen the former season for this Ramble, and the bright morning gives promise of a beautiful day. So we leave Castle-Douglas by St. Andrew Street, getting a glimpse of Carlingwark Loch, and the cemetery in connection with the *quoad sacra* parish of Castle-Douglas, as we pass near Whitepark. In olden times the road passed down the "Lovers' Walk," and was continued through what was then called the Cuil Moss, coming out at Cuil road end. The part of the road in the Moss was very unsafe and dangerous, especially during a flood, and in the year 1831 a fatal accident occurred. A youth from Gelston—Hugh Thomson—was drowned in a ditch in the Moss, and measures were then taken to prevent the recurrence of similar events by the present road being formed. The track of the old road is still easily traced. A walk of about two miles brings us to what was, in

the days of tolls in the Stewartry, Burnstick Bar. We remember the time when a row of houses stood here. To the right is Gelston village. Proceeding onwards Castlegower lies to the left, and almost directly opposite, on the right, is Gelston Castle at a short distance from the road, finely situated on a rising ground with the policies tastefully laid out with trees. It was erected by the late Sir William Douglas, and being a comparatively modern building, possesses no historical interest. The old house is said to have stood on a knoll to the south east of the present building. It belonged to a branch of the Maclellan family. From the Pitcairn Criminal trials we find that in 1509 Patrick M'Clellan of Gelstown was denounced a rebel and put to the horn for airt and part in the cruel slaughter of George Frere, &c. Again in 1510 he was sentenced to be beheaded for the theft of twenty oxen from Patrick Agnew, sheriff of Wigtown, but was pardoned by the King and restored to all his property. In 1513 we again find him denounced, along with Andrew and John M'Clellan, etc., as a rebel for not entering to underly the law for the slaughter of Robert Muir.

By the taste, judgment, and liberality of Sir William Douglas, the late Mr Maitland, and Colonel Maxwell, in laying out their estates of Gelston and Orchardton with ornamental plantations, the scenery of this glen was so much improved that the genial and talented editor of the *Dumfries Courier*, John M'Diarmid, described it as the *Trossachs* of Galloway. It well merits the appellation: a lake, with the hills reflected being all that is wanted to form a perfect picture of Highland scenery. A short distance from the entrance-lodge to Gelston Castle, the wood and hill of Torglass is passed on the left of the road. Behind the wood is the site of a vitrified fort, and a few hundred yards to the east are the ruins of an old farm steading called the Flock. This was the humble birthplace of Alexander Raleigh, D.D., the eminent preacher and author, who died 19th April, 1880. His brother, the late Samuel Raleigh, manager of the Scottish Widow's Fund, was also born here.

We are now walking leisurely through the sunlit glen, admiring, as we proceed, the attractions of early summer. The road is delightful, and a choir of birds are chanting their songs in the woods and hedges as we pass. Thriving plantations crown the precipitous hills on both sides, and contrast beautifully with the grey and bald rocks of Screel towering above them. Almost every point in the scenery of this Ramble is pleasing to the eye, but such scenes must be viewed to be duly appreciated.

Continuing our stroll, we reach Douganhill at a point where four roads meet. The one to the left leads to the small village of Palnackie, which, previous to the introduction of railways into Galloway, was of very considerable importance as a seaport. It was then the port of Castle-Douglas, and the whole surrounding district was supplied from it with coals, lime, slate, wood, etc. Palnackie, or Gardenburn as it was formerly called, has a fairly good coasting trade in granite, coals, manures, and feeding stuffs. Near Palnackie there is the site of the old church and graveyard of Kirkennan.

About a mile up the road, leading onwards, is the picturesque old round tower of Orchardton, situated amongst trees near the road side. This tower is the only one of the kind in Galloway. It was built by John Cairnes between the years 1456 and 1467. Orchardton literally means "a garden of vegetables." The old name was *Irisbuitle*. H. C. Lawlor, in his excellent history of the family of Cairnes or Cairns, says:—"The Castle consisted af a rectangular block measuring about eighty feet by sixty. The height cannot now be estimated, as of this portion of the Castle only a fragment of the strong arched basement remains. But from the depth of fallen masonry within the four walls, it can be estimated that the building was of considerable height. However, the most remarkable feature of the Castle was the massive circular peill at the end of the main building, and communicating therewith by an arched doorway on the first floor. This remarkable structure has withstood the ravages of time to a wonderful extent, and while the original woodwork has disappeared, the masonry is almost intact. The basement consists of a vaulted chamber of small dimensions. The walls of the basement are almost eight feet thick. This chamber or dungeon is entered by a door communicating with the outside, but the stonework round the doorway being of a much more recent date than the Castle itself, indicates that originally the dungeon was entered only by a trap-door in the vaulted roof which forms the floor of the first storey. The first floor of the peill was the entrance hall of the Castle, and round the walls are the remains of carving, which indicate that it was originally handsomely decorated. The floors above the entrance hall were of timber, and have long since disappeared. Opposite the main entrance, which is approached externally by a flight of steps, is an arched doorway formerly leading into the rectangular dwelling-portion of the Castle which has now fallen away. The walls on the first floor measure six feet in thickness, and a side door from the hall leads to a circular stone staircase, built in the

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ORCHARDTON ROUND TOWER. Capt. H. S. Cowan.

thickness of the wall, to the upper floors and the roof, round which was a flagged pathway some eighteen inches wide, surrounded by battlements, still in fair preservation." At the present day the tower is chiefly interesting as being associated with a very romantic incident in the life of a former proprietor of the estate of Orchardton, whose history formed the groundwork of Sir Walter Scott's novel *Guy Mannering*. The account here given of it is from *Family Recollections** by Miss Goldie, and is perfectly reliable. It is there narrated that "soon after the battle of Culloden a number of rebels, who had contrived to hide themselves and get to the Galloway coast, nearest to the Isle of Man (where they were skulking in the hopes of some smuggler, or foreign vessel, enabling them to escape) were one day brought in by a party of the military before Mr Goldie, then Commissary of Dumfries, who had, alas ! no alternative but to order military execution to be done upon them, after it was proved that they had formed part of the rebel army. As they were ust about to be led out to execution,† Mr Goldie observed one young man, of superior and interesting appearance, attempting to tear a written paper, when he immediately called out to an officer who guarded him, 'seize that paper,' which was immediately done. Upon reading it, Mr Goldie said, 'Why young man, you were attempting to destroy yourself. This paper is your commission from the King of France as an officer in his army ; and I now detain you as a prisoner of war, instead of sending you off to be shot as a rebel.'

"The young man was accordingly put in a place of confinement, and not a very severe one, considering what prisons then were, as he afterwa ds related that his chief occupation consisted in counting the large square stones with which his apartment was flagged, in every possible direction, and thus trying what their number could be raised to. But he did not continue long thus employed. A rumour speedily arose in the town that this was the long-lost heir of the house of Orchardton, an old Roman Catholic family. An old female domestic, hearing the surmises, made her way to his place of confinement, when a little conversation left no doubt that he was indeed the only son of the late Sir Robert Maxwell, who had sent him at an early age to the college of Douay, the usual place of education at that time for young men of family or fortune of the Catholic religion. Sir Robert himself being superannuated, his brother, who then took the management of

* "Family Recollections," by Miss Goldie. Edinburgh. 1841.

† It would be desirable to know if any prisoners were really shot in Galloway after Culloden.

him and his son and estate, wrote desiring that he should be educated for the priesthood. The young man, not relishing this destiny, made his escape from college, and enlisted in the army of Louis XV., and was one of that part of it which was sent to Scotland to assist in the enterprise of Prince Charles Edward. Young Maxwell had thus actually been taken wandering as an outcast, and in danger of forfeiting his life, on the confines of his own estate, unconscious of his rights, while his uncle was equally unconscious of the danger to his unjust possession, which lurked so near him. The whole of the facts were, however, so recent, and could be so easily proved, that Mr Goldie immediately proceeded to take all necessary steps for the security of the young Sir Robert, and also to put him in possession of his estate, when the death of the uncle removing the formidable obstacle, the usual legal formalities, after proving the identity of the heir, put him in possession of his father's fortune and title. Sir Robert soon married Miss M'Clellan, a niece or near relation of the last Lord Kirkcudbright, and took up his residence at Orchardton, where he continued, while he lived, the ornament and delight of the country, uniting all the gentlemanly dignity of the old school with the bland and graceful gaiety of foreign manners. The intimacy which arose between Sir Robert and Mr Goldie and his family through this romantic beginning, was long continued on very affectionate terms." Sir Robert being a partner in the Ayr or Douglas and Heron Bank, lost a large portion of his estate when that bank stopped payment. He died suddenly in September, 1786, whilst on the road to visit the Earl of Selkirk.

From the papers to which the lawsuit gave rise, Miss Goldie gives some very curious details in regard to the settlement of the property of Sir Robert Maxwell, grandfather to the one before mentioned.

A rare fern, *Ceterach Officinarum*, grows on the walls of the tower. In Moore's *British Ferns*, it is described as "a dwarf, evergreen, distinct-looking, and very pretty fern, growing in tufts."*

From this the road leads to Almorness farm house, the birth place of George G. B. Sproat, the author of a volume of poems, "The Rose of Dalmalinn, and the song "Bonnie Gallowa'" now very popular in Galloway musical circles. The hill above the house is called Castlehill and is the supposed site of an old fort. The walks around the shore

* The Ceterach is a mural species, occuring on the walls of old buildings and ruins, and in rocky places. It is pretty generally distributed in the United Kingdom, but is considered somewhat rare in Scotland. It is common in Cumberland, and the seeds are supposed to have been blown across the Solway.

by Whiteport overlooking *Gibb's hole* are very beautiful and interesting.

Resuming our walk from the point where the four roads meet, the one to the right leading to Auchencairn is followed, and a brief walk brings us to Potterland, its name being derived from an ancient pottery which was at one time supposed to be in operation in the vicinity. Near to Potterland a few old hollies and ash trees mark the site of an ancient chapel, dedicated to St. Merinus, called Kirkmirren. There was also a burying-ground here, traces of which are still discernible. The traveller will at this point observe the old road to Castle-Douglas. This is also a very pleasant road for the rambler. It skirts the base of Screel, and from the heights near to Kirkland of Gelston, where are the remains of the old church of Gelston and the churchyard, a splendid prospect is obtained of the Solway and English coast, with the Cumberland hills closing in the distance. Northward is the range of hills bounding Galloway and Ayrshire. In the Glen of Screel burn beautiful rock crystals, of a pale purple colour, are to be found. They are sufficiently hard to cut glass.

Proceeding onwards, we shortly afterwards pass the lodge and entrance-gate to Orchardton House, which is finely situated near the Bay of Orchardton, and commands a series of delightful hill, park, and sea views. The wood-work of the roof of the old house of Orchardton, the predecessor of the elegant mansion in the baronial style of architecture erected on the same site about twenty-four years ago, was taken from the Old Castle of the M'Clellans of Kirkcudbright. The grounds of this fine estate are very tastefully laid out and trimly kept, and many of the trees would form excellent studies for the artist. Mr Robinson-Douglas is distinguished as an entomologist, and has a very extensive and rare collection of birds and beetles. In the flower garden and conservatories at Orchardton there is a rich display of very beautiful flowers and plants, and in the policies there are many very fine rhododendrons and holly trees of great size.

Torrs House, situated near the road, on our right, and commanding a beautiful view of the Bay of Auchencairn, with the green island of Heston, the "Isle Rathan" of S. R. Crockett's popular romance of *The Raiders*, in the middle distance, is next passed. The date of the original piell of Torr is lost in obscurity. Lawlor says:—"It seems to have been one of the ordinary square towers, of which many were erected during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The nature of

John Carnis's renovations cannot now be ascertained, as barely a trace of the building remains. He probably added a modern wing to the tower. Over the entrance door he inserted a carved stone, measuring about four feet by one, with the raised inscription—

I C + 1714.

This stone was recently removed from the debris of old Torr house by Mr Ovens, who, to preserve it, built it into the wall of the barn at Hardhills, where it still remains." The old Piell of Torr stood on a height near the shore of Auchencairn Bay, on the way to the Red Haven, in our young days a favourite bathing-ground. A little beyond Torr house is the little cottage in which Mrs Nicol, widow of Willie Nicol, classical master in Edinburgh High School, died in March, 1827. Willie Nicol was an intimate friend and companion of Burns, who named one of his sons after him (William Nicol Burns), and he was immortalised in the celebrated drinking song, "Willie brewed a peck o' maut." A short way farther on is the road leading up to Collin and Forest House, on the road to which, at the top of Collin Brae, is the site, marked by a few old fir trees, of the Ringcroft of Stocking, where the famous ghaist or Rerrick spirit played its unearthly pranks.*

Auchencairn village is now reached, and, after our pleasant walk, the inn is visited for a little rest and needful refreshment.

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* In Nicholson's "Traditions of Galloway" there is inserted a very curious pamphlet, of which Mr Telfer, first minister of Rerrick, after the Revolution, was the author, entitled, "A True Relation of an Apparition, the Expressions and Actings of a Spirit which infested the house of Andrew Mackie of Ring-Croft of Stocking, in the parish of Rerrick, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, 1695; by Alexander Telfair, Minister of that Paroch, and Attested by many other persons, who were also eye and ear witnesses. Edinburgh, printed by George Mosman, 1696."

CHAPTER III.

AUCHENCAIRN AND ENVIRONS.

The village of Auchencairn is pleasantly situated at the head of the bay, and within the last few years has considerably improved in appearance. Many new houses have been built in the village and vicinity. The attention of the visitor cannot fail to be directed to the buildings occupied as shops, towering high above all others in the village, which were erected by the late Mr Mackie.

The Established Church is a very handsome little building, in the Gothic style. The late Miss Culton of Nutwood, and Mr Welsh of Collin, assisted liberally in the building and endowment of this church, and Auchencairn is now a *quoad sacra* parish, forming part of the civil parish of Rerrick. The Free Church is situated at the top of the village, and is a substantial and commodious building. The school buildings, also in this neighbourhood, are suited to the requirements of the place.

We now take a ramble in the vicinity of the village, and on reaching the top of the brae leading through it, follow the road to the right. Near the Manse we arrive at the New Cemetery, situated close to the road, on a gentle slope facing the village. This cemetery is divided into three plots, intersected with gravel walks, along which range shrubs and flowers, and is altogether more tastefully laid out and kept than any we have seen in these Rambles.

Proceeding onward to the mines, we see Collin House and Forest House, now Bengairn House, almost completely embowered in woods, on the right, and pass by the way some farm-houses, where, as usual,

"Hens on the midden, ducks and dubs are seen."

A short walk brings us to the site of the iron mines, on the property of Auchenleck. They are situated near to the lofty and rugged hill of Bengairn (1280 feet), Ben Tudor, Kendlum, and Dungarry, and were leased by the Auchencairn Hematite Iron Company. At present they are not wrought, but the ore that has been found is valuable.

On Dungarry (Dungarriv—"The rough hill or fort") there is a very fine specimen of a British hill fort. Lately the foundations could be clearly traced. Very careful drawings and sections of the remains of this formidable stone fort, 750 feet above the sea level, are given by Mr F. R. Coles in his *Motes, Forts, and Doons of Kirkcudbright*. The actual remains he describes thus:—"A central walled enclosure, oblong in form, 230 feet by 120. These walls are a good deal broken down, but at many points they reach nearly six feet. At the corners and near the centre of each wall, judging by the masses of *debris*, there have been strong flanking towers. Round the central walled enclosure runs a second outwork of loose stones, and the deep curve of the outermost wall measures 435 feet in length, and its extreme distance from the *fort* wall is 200 feet." On the top of Bengairn there is a cairn, which is supposed to be of ancient construction. The cushat's "amorous lay," and the blackbird's lusty notes, mingling with the "wheeple o' the whaup," are heard as we saunter along, and the fragrance of the herbs and wild flowers growing here in profusion is wafted on the balmy breeze of June.

Retracing our steps for a part of the way, and again reaching the road to Dundrennan, we leave the public highway, and follow a path through the Auchencairn Moss to the shore.

The farm-house of Airds is now reached, in a beautiful situation, commanding sea and inland views of great extent and beauty. From this point the most favourable peep of Auchencairn House is obtained.

The copper mines in the vicinity are next visited. For a long period these mines have been unproductive; but at the time of our visit it was considered by those qualified to judge that they would henceforth be more successfully carried on. The shaft runs more than 100 fathoms into the face of a hill close to the shore, and has been hitherto wrought with great labour and expense. Borings for coal have also been made here, but the result has not been so satisfactory as was expected. There is much on this coast worthy the attention of the mineralogist and student of nature. Near to the mines is a ponderous rocking stone. There is also, in the vicinity of Balcary Point, a natural seat or chair in the rock, which has long borne the appellation of "Adam's Chair," from the tradition that a smuggler of the name of Adam was wont in the darkness of the night to sit here with a lantern as a beacon-light to the smugglers, at one time so numerous in this quarter, to aid them in landing their craft or to stow away their contraband goods in some of the coves on this

BALCARY BAY. Rev. Gregory Smart.

rugged coast. Near by is a remarkable stone which the peasantry term "Lot's Wife," from its natural resemblance to a pillar. Walking round the shore we visit some of the Heughs of Airds, so famous for their grandeur and sublimity, and pass on our way the Life-boat House—the life-boat was first launched on 18th December, 1884—and the Tower placed on Balcary Point, a charming seaside resort. In the summer it is generally the holiday retreat of Mrs Lawrence of Ernespie. The tower was built by the late Colonel Johnston, and is a comparatively modern erection The mansion-house of Balcary, reposing in the wood on the shore of the bay of the same name, is also passed. This house, in the days when smuggling formed the chief occupation of many of the inhabitants of intelligence and enterprise of Galloway, was originally built, it is said, by a company of smugglers, solely for the purpose of carrying on their illicit trade with the Isle of Man, the cellars below the edifice being constructed for the reception of the smuggled goods. The house and its surroundings still retain that air of antiquity which distinguishes the old abodes of the country squire.

The pleasure of a rural ramble is greatly enhanced by the sight of these old dwellings, now almost all that remain of our recollections of the *brusque*, honest-hearted, and dignified Galloway squire, of gaiter, ruffles, and hose. It is with a feeling of regret that one sees the decay of these semi-baronial looking old buildings, with their time-honoured exteriors, peeping with a sort of self conscious dignity from the tall ancestral trees, around which hang the ivy and moss of centuries, their homely interiors, bluff and honest looking in their oak panellings and furnishings, so free from sham and display, unappreciated amid the glitter, varnish, and unreality of modern times.

Leaving for a time the bay, in which lie at anchor some very picturesque-looking wave-worn craft with nut-brown sails, we come to Auchencairn House and grounds, the property of Mrs Mackie.

Musing on the changes that had taken place with "men and things" in our remembrance, we were more than anywhere else impressed with those that have taken place on the estate of Auchencairn. Such alterations and improvements have been made that the old place is scarcely recognisable. We remember well in boyhood having visited this house when it was more familiarly known as "Nutwood," and recollect how we then looked with admiration and pleasure on the comfortable and homely air which rested on everything about the hospitable old mansion. Now we experience a surprise as great as

that of the worthy miller, who, when transported to Elfinland, saw the barren rocky cave transformed into a brilliant hall, illuminated by a thousand golden lustres. Auchencairn house is situated a short distance from the shore, on a naturally rising ground; and although possessing no great architectural beauty, it has, from the striking contrast of the red freestone of which it is built to the bright greens of the foliage in which it is embosomed, a very imposing appearance from a distance. The grounds, though rather limited in extent, are tastefully laid out, and the conservatory and vinery are well worthy a visit. Busts and statuary are in appropriate places, and the entrance-hall is very artistically painted and adorned with allegorical groups and figures of the most renowned celebrities in literature, science, and art. There is also a very good collection of modern British pictures.

Not far from the mansion are gas-works, which supply Auchencairn House with gas-light, and at a turn of the road, a short distance further on, the site of the cottage where, as a boy, we were brought to sea bathing quarters, arrests our attention. As we look upon the scene in the quiet of this summer's afternoon, as through the trees a stream of mellow sunlight pours its purple radiance over the sands of the bay, many happy and pleasing reminiscences of our juvenile years are recalled. Again we picture the preparations for leaving home for this seaside retreat. The hours spent in anxious labour over the fishing apparatus; the hooks dressed and put into the leaves of an old almanac, which served us then as an excellent hook-book; an endless supply of twine for emergencies, and the "gully" fit to bring down a sapling with little trouble, being carefully packed in the *Wallet* as indispensable to the youth of exploring propensities. The wakeful hours on the morning of departure, and then the arrival at the shore. What screaming and running and scolding and chiding. Oh! we were then happy and knew it not. Again we see the terrified visage and cautious shrinking step with which the *saut* water was approached for the first bathe of the season; and how we soon became almost amphibious in our nature—sort of human poodles—scampering *in puris naturalibus* down the little sandy bay and rushing into the water as if it was our native element. And oh! such revelry we boys held there—leaping and dashing the water into each others' faces; and in our attempts at swimming, such doses we had to swallow of the "salt sea brine." Little wonder though we were healthy and spirited, and needed not the apothecary then. Again we are seated in the Fish

House, with old Fergie Graham, the recognised fisherman of the Solway, carving pieces of wood into boat-like shape.

"Blest with the sweet content of youth's obliviousness,"

as he, while mending his nets, awakened our youthful fancy with tales of the adventures of his early days at the deep sea fishing, when "seas rolled in as white as milk along Balcary shore." Again we *paidle* in the Diltamie burn guddling trouts, and scramble among the tree-fringed knolls on the rocky shore, heedless of scratch or torn clothes, in search of the blackberry and wild flowers. All these in "fancy's eye" we see again, and they help to lighten the burden of life's cares. But, alas! walking here in manhood's years how changed is the appearance of all things to us now! Of the cottage which stood snug and loveable looking, embowered in honeysuckle at the head of the wood, only the site remains, and the occupants of other days are not there. All is changed here now, save that the billows still rush foam-crested up "Daft Ann's steps," and the rain cloud lowers the sky over Heston Isle as of yore. Ruskin has well said, man cannot deface the beauty or diminish the grandeur and power of the mighty deep. Neither can he carry his quarrying tools to the clouds, though what with our Royal Societies and progress of intellect we may arrive at, no one can divine.

A brief and very enjoyable walk, brings us again to the village. On our way thither we pass the Bowling and Tennis Greens; and, after our devious and somewhat lengthened rambles, we are glad to see the sign of the inn, where we purpose staying for the night.

BRONZE SAVEALL FROM GALLOWAY.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM AUCHENCAIRN TO DUNDRENNAN.

It was a bright dewy morning when we sauntered up the brae of the village on our way to Dundrennan. The road past the manse was taken, and from the heights by the way pleasing glimpses of old ocean, laughing back the smiles of the glorious sunlit sky, were obtained. The cattle, straying among the daisied pastures, or reclining in picturesque groups in shadow of the trees, seemed to rejoice in the clear, cool, morning air, and presented pictures that would have filled the heart of a Landseer or Bonheur with joy. The feathered songsters were also astir in the hedges as we passed, and from "heaven's blue vault" the larks chanted joyously. The smoke rising from the cottage chimney, bespoke the early morning meal begot of honest toil; and the whole scene was suggestive of pleasurable emotions. We loitered long on the way, and thoroughly enjoyed the short walk to Hazlefield House, very pleasantly situated amongst trees near the road on our right. Of the early owners of this property nothing is known, except that a Bernard Gordon was in possession of Hesselfield in 1585, and that in 1615 a branch of the family of the Maxwells of Terregles appear as the owners.*

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* M'Kerlie in "Lands and their Owners in Galloway."

It is recorded, on very doubtful historical evidence, that Queen Mary passed her last night in Scotland in a house near Hazlefield, which at the time belonged to a family of the name of Maxwell, relations of Lord Herries, who so much befriended the Queen. She was honourably received by the family, and was so much attracted by their beautiful baby boy, on whom she lavished many caresses, that she begged he might be permitted to share her bed. Mary was always much attached to children, and was probably reminded of her own infant by little Maxwell. She presented the infant heir of Hazlefield, at parting, with a small ruby ring from her finger, which, together with the chair on which she sat, and the tablecloth that was used on that memorable occasion, are said to be preserved as heirlooms by the Maxwells of Terregles.

In Sir William Fraser's "Book of Carlaverock" there is an account of the relics of Queen Mary preserved at Terregles, but he makes no mention of the "ring," the "chair," and the "table-cloth," as noted in this tradition quoted from the "History of Galloway," vol. i. p. 523.

Sir William Fraser gives an anecdote of a later Maxwell of Hazlefield, which is worth quoting:—

"The proceedings of the Courts of Barony frequently gave rise to heavy complaints of oppression, which, there is little doubt, were often well founded. In the year 1715, William Makmyn, smith in Auchencairn, in the parish of Kerrick, presented a humble representation to the Earl of Nithsdale, complaining against Robert Maxwell of Hazlefield, his lordship's baillie of the barony of Dundrennan, and praying for redress. He complains that the said Robert Maxwell was, without cause, prejudiced against him, vowing to do him mischief if in the compass of his power. He had the strongest reason for suspicion that the baillie instigated his neighbours to

From Hazlefield the road passes through a comparatively uninteresting district, but commands, from many points, extensive views of the Solway and English coast. This landscape is so varied and extensive in its range that we can only here indicate a few of its more prominent features. On an ordinarily clear day, one obtains from many points a sweeping view of the English coast, almost from St. Bee's Head to Silloth—the towns of Maryport, Workington, Allonby, and Silloth—the smoke of the furnaces in these districts flecking the blue sky with varied hues, being distinctly visible to the naked eye; while in the distance are discerned the lofty summits of the Cumberland hills. In the middle distance we have the expansive Firth, on the bosom of which numerous snowy sails are moving to and fro; while in the immediate foreground the rising grounds of Barlocco slope gently into the brown heath of Stockmoss, again gradually rising into the green and verdant crown of Airds of Balcary. Eastward the cloud-capped Criffel bounds the scene; while the snug hamlet or farmhouse, nestling among the woods or reposing in a bay at the foot of the precipitous and hoary cliffs, mark the parish of Colvend. The rugged barren peaks of Almorness jutting out to sea, with the green isle of Heston lying in the mouth of the Bay of Auchencairn, give to this view the appearance of lake scenery. Landward, towards Bengairn and Screel, the scene has much of the Highland character.

Pursuing our route we take the road to the left. The one to the right, near which is seen Kirkcarswell farmhouse, leads to Kirkcudbright by way of Whinnyliggate. Striking off the main road at Kirkcarswell the old moor road leads to Fellcroft at the west side of the Suie hill. Fellcroft was in old times a wayside inn, and at one time was tenanted by the forefathers of the great African traveller and explorer, John Duncan. The site is now covered by a quaint little shooting Bungalo, tenanted by Mr C. A. Rehder, of London. At this turn we enter a delicious little glen, and are soon in the immediate vicinity of Dundrennan. To-day the glen displays its gayest adorn-

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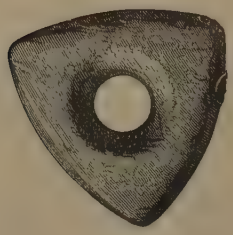
pursue him on groundless and vexatious clamours, that he might pronounce sentences against him to his oppression and ruin. He, in particular, complains that the baillie had instigated Thomas Maxwell of Coull, factor to Sir George Maxwell of Orchardton, who, with one David Cairns, brother to John Cairns of Torr (who was under sentence of exile and banishment by the Lords of Justiciary, in their circuit at Dumfries about three years previous, for rioting and duelling, and other offences, of which he was convicted), had the year passed unjustly framed libels and indictments, against him for his alleged cutting and rooting out timber, and cutting and taking away broom out of Orchyardton and Torr grounds, and who, in the course of vexatious proceedings against him, had held courts for the most part every week in every part of the parish, on purpose to harass and ruin him, in which courts the said David Cairns, who had avowed malice and revenge against him, was both his procurator-fiscal and clerk. They gave sentences against him, notwithstanding all the relevant defences offered by his procurators."—"The Book of Carlaverock," vol. i. pp. 423, 424.

ments of leaf and blossom, and almost hidden from view by the umbrageous foliage, flows a merry little stream. Now, it reposes in a dark pool beneath the spreading trees ; anon, it dances playfully in sunshine, or ripples in bright foam pearls among the moss-clad stones, and again it bounds over the jutting rocks and pebbles, gushing and murmuring in its course to the sea. Its features answer, in many respects, the verse of Burns :—

"Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles 'neath a rocky scaur it strays,
Whyles in a well it dimpl't ;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering dancing dazzle ;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel."

Emerging from the glen, we see on our right, on the farm of Kirkcarsewell, a well preserved moat. There is another on the same farm about a mile to the north-west, both of which are worthy of inspection by those interested in such structures. Feeling something fatigued with our wanderings among the fields, and the sultriness of the day, we enjoy for a little the rest and refreshment which the "Dundrennan Arms" affords, previous to taking a leisurely saunter through the grounds of the Abbey.



CHAPTER V.

DUNDRENNAN AND ENVIRONS.

The parish of Rerrick contains many objects of antiquity, but the most remarkable and interesting is certainly the Abbey of Dundrennan. There are few finer specimens of the Transition architecture in Scotland than the ruins of this ancient abbey. Its situation in the beautiful and secluded valley renders it an object of great attraction apart from its historical interest. The parish of Rerrick has borne at different times, besides its present appellation, the names of Monkton and Dundrennan; the former from the monks who dwelt at the abbey, and the latter from the Irish or Celtic words *Dun-Drainan*, or hill of thorns. In Inglis's *Briar of Threave and Lily of Barholm*, mention is made of these thorns thus :—

> Dundrennan has her Hill of Thorns,
> And Carlinwark has three;
> There is no wild wood that adorns
> The Scottish land from sea to sea,
> That tells the tale of olden time
> In silence, solemn and sublime,
> Like to the hawthorn tree.

The situation chosen by the monks for the site of their monastery shows that they had an eye to comfort as well as the picturesque. The ruins lie on the bank of a fast-flowing rivulet in a hollow, sheltered by hills on all sides except the south. The woods on the rising ground and deep glens near the abbey give additional beauty to the scenery; but it is to be regretted, that with the exception of those on the estate of Girdstingwood, they are fast disappearing. Although the abbey has suffered much from the mouldering hand of time, and not a little from the demolishing spirit of the Reformation period, and dilapidation, for the purpose of building cottages in the neighbourhood, it still retains a sufficiency of architectural beauty to impress the spectator with an idea of its former grandeur and magnificence. The walls are covered with a thick coating of pale grey coloured lichens, which has in no small degree served to preserve the stone from *weathering*, and gives

the old ruins a peculiarly modern appearance. Since the second edition of "The Rambles" appeared in 1896, we have lost by death several old esteemed friends of an antiquarian and archæological turn. Amongst these we have to regret the passing away, in the year 1901, of the Rev. Geo. M'Conachie, who, while minister of Rerrick, took a deep and intelligent interest in the old abbey and its surroundings. Mr M'Conachie furnished for "The Rambles" a description of the ruins and monuments, which we have reproduced here, nothing more informative having since been penned* :—

Dundrennan Abbey was founded in the year 1142, some say by David I., the "sair sanct for the crown," others say that it was founded by Fergus, Lord of Galloway.† The chartulary and original documents seem to have been lost, and it is impossible now to say to which of the two the honour belongs. The monks who inhabited the Abbey were brought from Rievaulx, in Yorkshire. They belonged to the Cistercian order—an order which had its origin at Citeaux in 1098. They were called "white monks" from their dress, which consisted of a white cassock with black scapular and hood, and black woollen girdle. They were also called "Farmer Monks," as by far the greater number of them were engaged in agricultural pursuits. In every Cistercian Abbey the monks were of two distinct classes, the clerical and the laical, or "lay brethren," as they were called. The occupation of the clerical monks, apart from the duties connected with the church, consisted in writing, teaching the young, visiting the sick outside the Abbey, or tending those in the infirmary. At first the number of these must have been at least 13,—12 monks with a superior, and probably there were never more than 20. In Furness Abbey, which was much larger, their number never exceeded 30. The lay brethren were engaged, some in tilling the ground, others worked as artisans within the precincts. The number of these probably amounted to several hundreds, and this may account for the fact that the produce of the Abbey lands, extensive though these were, was sometimes insufficient to supply the wants of the monastery. In 1266 Henry III. granted licence and protection to the Abbot, and monks and fraternity of Dundrennan Abbey in Galloway to export from Ireland yearly up to 120 crannocks of wheat, and as many of flour, and wine and other victuals for the support of their house. In 1280 Edward I. confirms the same charter. (*a*) The scarcity indicated by the above was probably due to the fact that the "lands and churches in Galloway had been despoiled, with unheard of cruelty, by the King's army (Alexander II.) after the rebellion caused by Thomas, the natural son of Alan, Lord of Galloway.(*b*) The Abbey lands included the whole

* In drawing up this account of the abbey the writer has referred to an article in the "Transactions of the Aberdeen Ecclesiological Society" for 1891, and also to the valuable notes in "Hutchison's Memorial of Dundrennan Abbey, 1857," and he acknowledges that much of the information here given was received from visitors to the ruins—the late George Hamilton, Ardendee; the Rev. James Cooper D.D., Aberdeen; Wm. Brown, of Arncliffe Hall, Northallerton, Yorkshire; and many others.

† Fordun (1385), Holinshed (1577), Dempster (1622), give the honour to David I.; Spottiswood (1655), Chalmers (1824), and others, to Fergus.

a Patent Rolls 8 Edward I. m. 5 (17); Deputy Keeper of Public Records' Report, p. 57.

b Chronicle of Melrose.

DUNDRENNAN ABBEY. Capt. H. S. Cowan.

of the parish of Rerrick (with the exception of the bailerie of Kirkcastle), all the barony of Kirkpatrick-Durham, besides other estates throughout Galloway. The outlying farms were let to tenants, and the rent was usually paid in the produce of the farm. In granting feu-charters, as the Abbots did in later times, the fact was never lost sight of that the land was originally given for the support of the Abbey. In a charter of Castlecreavie, of date 1550, Adam, the commendator, requires in addition to a *reddendo* in money, "a day's ploughing in our manor of Newlaw, six days' harvesting, six days in summer cutting peats and turf, and the carrying of 20 loads of peats to our monastery of Dundranane."

Very little is known of the history of the Abbey. The Cistercians, as a rule, devoted themselves more to worship and contemplation, and to the cultivation of the soil, than to intellectual culture. It may have been for this reason that only a very few of the names of the monks of Dundrennan are to be found in the public records of the time. In the mythical period, the wizard, Michael Scott, is credited with having lived for some time in this Abbey. Mention is made also of a certain Richard the Sacrist, (*c*) whose right hand lived for many years after his death.

The following list of Abbots, with approximate dates, has been gathered from various sources:—1, Sylvanus, 1118; 2, Gaufridius, 1222; 3, Matwisal, 1223; 4, Jordanus; 5, Leonius, 1236; 6, Richard, 1239; 7, Adam, 1256: 8, Brianus; 9, Walter, 1290; (*d*) 10, Galfred, 1304; (*e*) 11, Thomas, 1414-1431; 12, Henry, 1437; 13, William, 1455; (*f*) 14, James Hay, 1524; (*g*) 15, John Maxwell, 1525; 16, Adam (commendator), 1541-1550; 17, Henry; 18, Edward Maxwell (commendator), 1567-1605.

It was this Edward Maxwell who received Queen Mary into the Abbey when she fled from the battle of Langside. And here she is believed to have spent her last night in Scotland.

A great part of the lands belonging to the Abbey were sold, or given as gifts, by the last Abbot to his friends and kinsmen. On the death of Edward Maxwell, all that remained of the revenues was given to augment the income of Gavin Hamilton, Bishop of Galloway. In 1621 the revenues were annexed by James VI. to the Chapel Royal at Stirling. Nothing was left to support the monks, who probably left in 1605, when the last Abbot died. After that event no one was sufficiently interested in the buildings, or had the means to keep them in repair, and in course of time the wind and rain and frost did the work of demolition. The Abbey Church seems to have been used as a Parish Church till 1742. After that date the buildings became a convenient quarry to all and sundry for building houses and bridges and fences. An effort was made in 1838 by the late Earl of Selkirk to preserve the ruins. He cleared the chancel and chapter house of the accumulated rubbish, and repaired parts of the walls which

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c "December 31.—In Frisia natalis Richardi Sacristae qui Dundrano Scotiæ monasterio exiens. . . et plurimos sacros libros exscribens a Deo praemium meruit, ut dextra, corpore reliquo corrupto, intacta et vivida, per multos annos viseretur." Dempster "Menologium Scotorum."

d M'Kerlie.

e Bain's Calendar

f Exchequer Rolls, vi. 198.

g History of Beauly.

threatened to fall. Three years later, 1841, the ruins were placed under protection of Government, the work of clearing away the fallen *debris* was completed, parts were restored, and the present boundary was well built.

THE RUINS.—The Abbey ruins show portions of the Church and Chapter House, with fragmentary remains of other buildings adjoining the Chapter House and Cloister Court. The style of architecture belongs to what is known as the Transition period, and would indicate that though the foundation charter may have been granted in 1142, the buildings were not erected for about 30 years after. In no part of the existing ruins do we find an example of the pure Gothic or Early English style, yet the architecture of the west door of the Church and the windows and door of the Chapter House come very near it. The Church was built in the shape of a Latin cross, and like all Cistercian houses was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It measured 207 feet from the west door to the east end of the chancel (inside measurement), and 109½ from north to south in the line of the transepts. Entrance to the ruins is by the west door. The part of the gable which remains has been faced with modern work. The old door remains. It consists of a pointed arch recessed with four sets of triple mouldings. The two inner sets were *restored* in 1842. The mouldings rested on three *attached* plain round shafts, one of which remains. The original bases and capitals resemble those of the Early English type. The tooth ornament seen on the capitals is what is called the "nail head," and is very common in Norman work. It gave place to what was called the "dog-tooth," which is almost always to be found in the Early English.

THE NAVE.—Inside the door was the nave. It measured 32 feet in width, by 131 from the door to the middle of the pillars that supported the tower. To north and south of the nave were the wings or aisles. It was divided from these on each side by seven clustered columns, or nine, including the wall piers and those of the tower. The base of the south-west pier may be seen on the right hand on entering. It is of the Early English type. The pier consisted of twelve round clustered columns, those facing the cardinal points being pointed. The aisles were 15½ feet wide. They were covered by a lean-to roof; the pitch of that which covered the north aisle may be seen on the wall of the north transept. Under it is part of the window, of the Norman type, and near it may be seen part of a rib of the groining of the roof of the north aisle. At the intersection of the nave and chancel with the transepts was the central tower. The Cistercians were not allowed to build high towers, not even of wood. This one would rise probably not more than 10 or 12 feet above the ridge of the roof of the church, and would end in a saddle roof. Parts of the piers that supported it on the west side still remain. The side of the north pier that faced the choir measures, at the base, 1½ feet more than that of the corresponding south pier. The addition seems to be of modern work. The part of the north pier remaining is about 28 feet high, and supports the arch between the aisle of the nave, and the transept. The arch is pointed (obtuse). The mouldings are plain and bold, of the Norman type, as are also the abaci and capitals below them.

THE CHANCEL.—On a line with nave was the chancel, measuring 47½ feet by 26. The wall piers that supported the chancel arch and the central tower are entire, and are about 36 feet in height, with Norman capitals and abaci. The east

wall with its large window is entirely gone. The chancel was otherwise lighted by six round-headed clerestory windows; four still remain. Between two of these may be seen a clustered column resting on a foliated corbel, and terminating above in a Norman capital and abacus, on which rested the groining of the roof. The triforium passage in the centre of the wall is also seen—part of the western-most windows are blocked by it as it passes over the roof of the aisles. In the south wall, under the lower string course, and opposite the place where the high altar stood, is seen the remains of a double trefoil-headed piscina. It seems to have been divided by a horizontal shelf—used as a *credence*, on which were placed the sacred vessels. Judging from what remains of the mouldings, I am of opinion that it was inserted into the wall at a later date than the building of the Chancel. In the piscina was a basin, with drain leading down to the ground, into which the officiating priest poured the water after washing his hands and rinsing the chalice. Attached to the wall to the west of the piscina are three pointed arches, which indicate the position of the sedilia, or seats of the priests who assisted at mass. Between the sedilia and the wall pier is a trefoil-headed door. On the north side is also a door leading from the chancel into the transept aisle. A great part of the north wall was re-built by the late Lord Selkirk, who inserted these doors in 1838.

North Transept.—This transept measures from east to west, including the aisle, 44 feet, and 40 feet from north to south. The height of the walls is about 45 feet, that of the gable 60 feet. About 12 feet of the gable top was blown down in 1839. The door facing the north is round-headed, and finished internally by the string course forming a semi-circle over it. Externally it has two bowtell mouldings, which rested on shafts with foliated capitals and square abaci. This transept was lighted by twelve windows. There are four in the west wall, in pairs, each pair starting from a string course. They are plain Norman work deeply splayed, and the lower two are finished externally with a beautiful bowtell moulding. The triforium passage, which was carried all round the church, and which was used in lighting and draping the church, may be seen here and in the north wall. It is reached by a stair in the north-west angle of the transept. In the gable were five windows. Two of these are large, and are similar to those on the west side. Over these windows the wall is deeply recessed, the two semi-circular arches (one is depressed) fill the whole breadth, and rest in the middle on a cluster of three round shafts that end in a corbel which resembles a Prince of Wales' feather. Over these are two lancet windows (one has lost the top), plain internally, and finished externally with mouldings of the Early English type. Above these was a small triangular window, which the villagers called the "bell-hole." It fell in 1839. This transept was lighted on the east by three clerestory windows similar to those in the chancel. Below the clerestory is the triforium arcade, consisting of three groups of four lancet blind windows, beautifully finished with mouldings partly Norman, partly Gothic. Below the arcade are three pointed arches, supported by piers of 12 clustered columns like those that were in the nave. The piers have plain Norman capitals and bases. The mouldings of the arches are also Norman. Between the arches may be seen beautifully foliated corbels. Beyond the piers was the transept aisle, divided into three compartments, each with an

altar, but no separate chapel,* and separated from the transept by a wooden screen, which fitted into the niches to be seen in the bases of the piers. Only a small part remains of the east wall of this aisle. The window to the north was preserved by the repairs of the late Lord Selkirk. Part of the vaulting may be seen with plain Norman ribs and boss.

South Transept.—The south transept was of the same extent as the north. The east side is entire, but only a small part of the west side remains. The gable, too, shows only the eastern part. The east side of a large window similar to those in the north transept may be seen. The south transept is evidently of earlier construction than the north. The arches are *stilted*. The *hood-moulding* of one is broken, and gives the arch the appearance of being out of shape. The whole ornamentation more resembles the Norman than any part of the building. Above the arches is the triforium gallery. It has six dumpy lancet windows in three groups of two each, and (which is unusual) the windows are open. Over these are the clerestory round-headed windows. The aisle evidently had three windows; part of one is seen, and near it part of the groining of the roof. In the south wall are the remains of a piscina, showing a trefoil arch, with a beautiful specimen of the bowtell moulding round it. A door, replacing an older one, leads into a vaulted chamber, which is supposed to have been a mortuary.† To the east between the church and the Chapter House was the slype. In the slype on the south wall of the transept is seen a plain Norman buttress; other examples are to be seen on the chancel and north transept, Chapter House. The architecture shows a great advance on that of the chancel and transepts. Unfortunately, the whitish friendly *lichen*, so persistent in the other parts, has not been able, owing to the nature of the stone, to preserve the mouldings in their sharpness; but enough remains to show what the Chapter House must have been. It measured 51½ by 35. The west wall, and about 4 feet of the north and east, remain. The remains show that the roof was supported by six octagonal pillars, with equal round filleted mouldings. Over it was the *scriptorium* or library; parts of two of the windows remain. The ornamentation of the Chapter House is very rich. The *fillet* is used profusely on the *rounds*. The arches, the triple mouldings, the capitals and bases resemble those of the Early English type. The Norman *nail-head* toothing, however, is still retained. On the cusps of the cinquefoil arched door may be seen the interlacing of stem and leaves of some three-leaved plant. The windows show that they have been in part *restored*, but the old material has been inserted unaltered. They each consist of two *lancets* between round shafts (the middle one is lost). In the space above these are incised crosses formed by lilies; one by lilies and Scotch thistles.

Refectory.—South of the Chapter House was the Refectory, with the Dorter or Monk's dormitory over it. It was about 27 feet wide, and probably three or four times as long. The vaulting was supported by a single row of plain octagonal pillars; part of one is still standing. Opening from the Refectory on the east side are the remains of a lavatory (?), 13½ by 9, and still

* Bloxam's Principles of Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture.
† Bloxam.

farther to the east the remains of what was probably the Abbot's lodgings. On the west side are small enclosures, probably office-houses connected with the kitchen on one side and the Cloisters on the other.

The Cloister Court formed a square of about 104 feet. It probably led to the Locutorium or Monk's parlour. From the mouldings it would seem to be of later construction than the Chapter House. To the west of the Cloister Court are six barrel-shaped vaults of unequal size (used probably as storehouses); over them was probably the strangers' dormitory. The north wall of the Cloisters has been repaired to the height of five fieet, and in it have been inserted some of the beautiful Early English corbels that supported the roof of the Cloisters. To the east is part of a door leading into the church. In Cistercian Abbeys this door was reserved for the use of the Abbot and Prior, and for procession, &c., from the church to the Chapter House. A door to the west of the Cloisters was used by the monks entering the church.*

MONUMENTS.—The most interesting monumental stones are those known as the Abbot, the Cellarer, the Nun, the Prior's stone, and the "Belted Knight." The Abbot's stone and the Cellarer's were removed from the Chapter House in 1888, and placed in the walled-up door west of the nave. The Abbot's stone represents a monk clad in travelling dress. The head is uncovered, showing the hair at the sides and a tuft in front. The right hand rests upon the breast: above it may be seen the hilt and cross-guard of a dagger, which pierces the heart. The left arm is extended downward, reaching half across the body, and the hand holds the pastoral staff. This staff passes diagonally across the body. The crook is turned inwards. (In the Abbot's seal figured in Hutchison's *Memorials* it is turned outwards.) At the dexter corner of the stone deeply separated from head and shoulder is a flower having six petals. There seems to have been one of the same kind on the tomb of Alan, Lord Galloway. The meaning attached to it is not known. In Cutts' "Sepulchral Slabs and Crosses" it is said that this flower was "rather common in Norman work." The Abbot stands on a human figure clad only in a kilt. The legs and feet pass over the side of the stone. From a gash under the ribs on the right hand side the entrails are protruding. The left arm grasps the foot of the Abbot, and the head is pierced by the Abbot's staff. The sculptor evidently wished to show that the Abbot in his official capacity, as the representative of Christianity, had gained a victory over those within his jurisdiction, and that he had met his death by a dagger. The victory is shown by the Abbot standing on the man whose death is indicated by the gash in the side.† It is difficult to assign a date to the effigy. From the dress it might refer to any time from 1100 to 1400 (Hutchison, p. 26). If the above interpretation be correct that this represents an Abbot who had been assassinated, the fact would certainly have been noticed in the Melrose Chronicle if it had occurred previous to 1270. The six-petalled flower "rather common in Norman work" points to an early date. It is not unlikely that it may refer to what had taken place during the troublous times that preceded the close of the 13th century. The Abbey sustained damages (destruction and burnings) estimated at £8000, and a petition to King Edward I. (1280) for restitution was granted (Bain's Cal. ii., No. 1123).

* Bloxam. † Trans. Abdn. Eccl. Society.

The Cellarer's stone represents (in low relief) a monk *tonsured*, clad in an alb (or dalmatic) with hood (attached probably) thrown back. The hands

CELLARER DOUGLAS, IN DUNDRENNAN ABBEY, FROM HUTCHISON'S DRAWING

are open, and crossed on the breast in the attitude adopted for clerics.* He stands on two monstrosities, or uncreated animals of the serpent tribe, with bodies transversely striped, and tails crossed (not *nowed*), and heads turned up at right angles. Out of the mouth of the one rises an oak tree, and from the other an olive. Above there may be seen the representation of a book and clasp, part of a composite flower and leaf, a sunk segment of a circle and a star; over these in the border is part of what may have been a cresset or crucible. In the angle on the sinster side are three leaves (olive?) and a berry; diagonally opposite is the figure of a bird, like a raven, falling dead. The inscription in beautifully formed *excised* letters runs:—[Hic] jacet dōpn pa[tricius d]oglas quondā cellerarīs de dundraynā qui olbiit anno dm mccccIxxx. orate p[ro eo].† The monk standing on two of the serpent tribe would seem to indicate that he had gained a victory over sin (Hutchison, p. 25), which had brought strength on the one hand and peace on the other‡—indicated by the oak and the olive. The book, the star, etc., would seem to represent that he was learned in botany, geometry, astronomy, and alchemy. The dead bird in the one corner and the evergreen in the other may suggest death and immortality. Facing the Cellarer's stone is one with the inscription in raised Roman letters:—"Here lys a[n]e richt honourable [m]an. Sir Will[iam Li]wingstoun of Culter Knight Brother to the noble Earle of Linlithgov qvha died 2 May anno 1607. Christ alone is lyf, and death is my gain." There are also two shields of arms on it. The upper and larger has the Linlithgow arms—quarterly, 1st and 4th, three cinquefoils; 2nd and 3rd, a bend between six billets. The other shield had the Lamington arms—nine estoilles; only one star and part of other two remain. Sir W. Livingston married Margaret Baillie of Lamington, the widow of the last Abbot (commendator).

THE NUN STONE is near the above. It was removed from the south transept and placed on the remains of the north west wall pier of the nave. It consists of five fragments, which were re-arranged when the slab was set up in its present position. This arrangement has changed the order of the words of the inscription from that which appears in the drawing from Hutchison's *Memorials*. The fragment containing the letters *uondam* has been transferred from the dexter to the sinister side, and that containing the letters *chea* from the sinister to the dexter side. The lines of fracture of the stone and the folds of the drapery necessitated the change. The figure represents a young woman clad in a long dress, gathered in at the waist by a belt. Over it is a mantle reaching to the knees, a wimple enfolds the neck, and the veil is thrown back over the head. The hands are raised, and crossed in front of the breast. The feet rest upon two dogs *couchant gardant* turned tail to tail. The broad pendent ears, the long tail, and the fore leg lying in front, and the shape of the feet, indicate that the animals were intended to represent dogs—the fore legs, of a lamb at rest, are under the body, bent backwards. The inscription is sadly defective. It reads:—"Hic jacet . . uondam domina pr . . chea . . biit anō d

* De Caumont Abécédaire d'archéolgie.

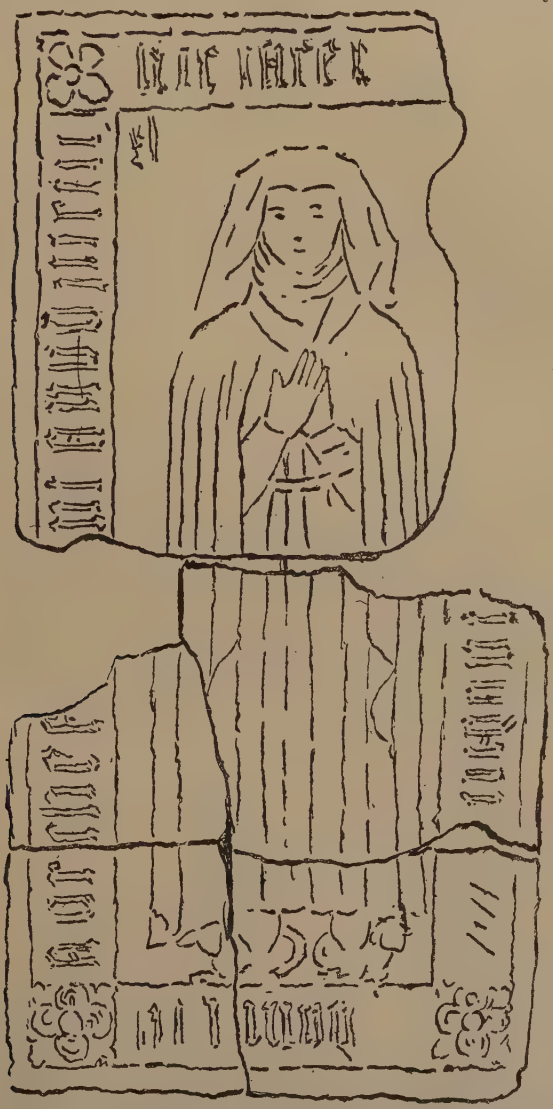
† Here lies Master Patrick Douglas, formerly Cellarer of Dundrennan, who died A.D. 1480. Pray for him.

‡ v. Trans. Abdn. Eccl. Society.

mccccxl." The original may have been—"Hic jacet in Jesu Sibylla quondam domina pricheac quae obiit anō d mccccxl." (Here rests in Jesu Sibyl, at one

NUN'S SLAB, DUNDRENNAN ABBEY, FROM HUTCHISON'S DRAWING.

time Lady of Prichy, who died in the year of our Lord, 1440.) Part of the stone, as figured in Hutchison's *Memorials*, containing the letters V S I, is now lost. The figure evidently represents a nun. The presence of the wimple, and more particularly the hands crossed on the breast,* would have been very unusual in



NUN'S SLAB, DUNDRENNAN ABBEY (PRESENT STATE).

De Caumont.*

the case of a lay person. It is not known whom the figure is intended to represent. It is probable the lady was connected with a Galloway family, and that this stone was brought here by her relatives from the Nunnery where she died.

THE PRIOR'S STONE was removed a few feet from the door of the Chapter House and placed in front of the north-west window. It is broken in the middle, and part is wanting. The inscription, preceded by a Maltese Cross, is in letters of the Lombardic character, and reads: "✠ Frater . . . . s de Blakomor prior huiv[s] dom." The Lombardic character was commonly used from A.D. 1000 to 1350. The last instance known bears the date 1361. (Cutts, p. 53.)

THE BELTED KNIGHT.—The effigy called the Belted Knight is in the north transept, in a niche cut out of the wall, formed by a Norman arch with a single round filleted moulding. It is said to represent Alan, Lord of Galloway, Chief-Constable of Scotland, son of Roland, and great-grandson of Fergus, one of the reputed founders of the Abbey. The face, arms, and legs of the effigy are wanting. The remains show chain armour at the neck, the armpits, and knees, and on the head. The rest of the body is covered by the buff surcoat, worn by Knights over their armour. A belt buckled in front encircles the waist, another passes over the right shoulder. The remains of the right hand show that it had closed over the sword. Above the right shoulder is a hexagonal socket, which probably contained the figure of a flower of six petals like that in the Abbot's stone. Though the effigy is wanting from the knees downwards, it clearly has been cross-legged. Another example of the same kind is to be seen in Dornoch Cathedral. These are the only examples that have been found in Scotland. They indicated in later times that the Knights represented by them had been benefactors of the church.

Alan married the daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of King William the Lion, and gained in England and Scotland the epithet of "the great." "He died in 1233, and was interred in the Abbey Church of Dundrennan before the high altar, and had this monkish epitaph:—

M semel et bis C si jungas X ter et I ter,
Hoc anno subiit mortis Alanus iter.
Gloria Scotorum, rosa cleri, flos laicorum,
Dandi larga manus, jacet hic venerandus Alanus.
Tot bona qui dederat vix fuit, est, vel erit.
O tu qui legere vel qui cupis ista videre,
Disce bona facere, sic mortuus non moriere.
Qui legis haec metra, quae continet haec mea petra,
Ores ut petra Christus me ponat in aethra." *

In the same wall on the west side is a niche, said to have contained an effigy of the spouse of Alan; but the arch is pointed, and the mouldings round

* Crawford's Peerage of Scotland, p. 155. The epitaph may be thus translated:—In 1233 died the venerated Alan, a man profuse in giving—the glory of the Scots, the rose of the clergy, the flower of the laity. There never was, is, or will be one who gave so much. O thou who desirest to read or to see those things, learn to do good deeds, so being mortal you will not die. Who readest these verses which this my stone contains, pray that Christ the Rock may give me a place in heaven.

it seem to indicate a much later date. Under it is a stone to the memory of the wife of Robert Bowis, minister of Rerrick, dated 1681.

"This slab also covers the remains of her husband, who was the last 'Episcopalian minister' of the parish (Register of Synod of Galloway from October 1664 to April 1671)." A tombstone in the choir bears the following inscription :—

> "Heir lyes Edward Cultane, sometime malster in Burn, who departed this life the 19th day of September, and of his age 60, and the yeire of God 1667."

In the contiguous burying-ground there are some interesting tombstones. "In the south-east corner is an enclosed mausoleum, in which are planted four Irish yews, belonging to the family of Maitland of Dundrennan. Thomas, the eldest son of Adam Maitland, assumed the title of Lord Dundrennan on being made a Scottish judge, and his shield of arms is placed at the head of a series of epitaphs to various members of the family." Sir Halliday Macartney, M.D., K.C.M.G., a native of the Stewartry, for many years honourably associated with the Chinese Legation, and who died on 8th June, 1906, is also buried in the Abbey grounds.

So as to preserve the ruins, as far as possible from decay, there have recently been effected by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests considerable judicious repairs and alterations on them. The ivy with which it was in many parts totally covered, to the detriment of the stone with which it combined so harmoniously, has been entirely removed. The masonry has been in several parts strengthened, and the walks excavated and cleaned of grass and other vegetation.

The thoughts of the contemplative visitor pacing the grass-grown and gravelled walks of the sacred aisle, or standing beside these interesting sculptured tombs, involuntarily turn on life's fleeting nature, and the mutability of man's most beautiful and costly handiwork. Centuries have passed away. The work of the artist still is traceable, but the artists— where are they? All, alas! long ages since, gone to their final reckoning, and these, "their footprints on the sands of time," will soon too be washed away in time's advancing tide. Where once the Latin hymns were chanted by the choristers in the still eve, the daw and owl, the sparrow and the starling, are now the ministers; and over the ground once sacred to the tread of the Abbot and his train in religious procession, lichens covering the walls conceal the minor faults of the mason's chisel, and the green turf covers the pavement worn by the bare feet of the old monks: it is nature teaching us "to throw the mantle of charity over the failures of the men of the past, and to remember only the good, and the truth and the love that were in them." The time-honoured ruins are still firm, and in their

mouldering decay may still last many years. Our wish on leaving the precincts was—

> Long may the airy columns of the sacred aisle
> Throw graceful shadow o'er the lovely rural vale,
> Long may they yet defy the fury of the blast,
> To tell to coming age the glories of the past.

The village of Dundrennan consists chiefly of a single row of houses, facing the ruins, and has a neat and comfortable appearance. The Parish Church is situated near the centre of the village, and, with its circular windows and tiny spire, is a great ornament to the place. The Manse, a handsome modern building, lies to the south-west of the Abbey. The old Manse, which stood close to the Abbey Cloisters, when pulled down in 1875, was found to have been almost entirely built of stones taken from the ruins, which, in fact, were used as a quarry for all the neighbourhood ; even for some of the bridges the stones were specified to be taken from this Abbey. It is worthy of remark that there have only been six incumbents of Rerrick since the Revolution. The first of these was the Rev. Alexander Telfer, who is now chiefly known as the author of "A true relation of an Apparition, expressions and actings of a Spirit, which infested the house of Andrew Mackie, in Ringcroft of Stocking, in the Paroch of Rerrick, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, 1695." It is embodied in Nicholson's *Legends of Galloway ;* and it is a curious illustration of the superstition of the times, that the truth of the details of supernatural agency contained in the relation "is attested, as what they saw, heard, and felt," by the ministers of Kells, Borgue, Crossmichael, Parton, and Kelton, and by several of the most respectable parishioners of Rerrick. Mr Telfair was succeeded by Mr William Jameson, author of *An Essay on Virtue and Harmony*, published in 1749. Mr Jameson died in 1790, and was succeeded by Mr James Thomson, who died in 1826. His son occupied the benefice after him ; and, after an incumbency of fifty years, was also succeeded by his son, the Rev. James Thomson, who retired in 1877 when the Rev. George M'Conachie, M.A., was chosen as minister. He died on 3rd May, 1901, and the Rev. Archibald H. Christie, the present incumbent, was appointed to the charge. Mr John Copland in the prosecution of his art, as a landscape painter, has had a studio in Dundrennan for many years. In the environs of the village there are scenes of considerable natural beauty. So the artist has not to go far afield for subjects. Near by is the beautiful valley, from the adjacent heights of which on Dundrennan estate there are

extensive views of the surrounding country, with a wide expanse of the sea. In the Clonrick Woods there are fine tree studies inviting to the artist. And near Portcheek, a short distance from the village, there is a romantic glen, with a fine cascade, known as "The Grey Mare's Tail," about 60 feet in height; and on the Abbey burn there are some exquisite snatches of landscape, consisting of undulating grounds, old gnarled trees, cottages, and bridges—with the old, quaint, and picturesque Monks Mill, all appearing in that beautiful abandon, which the artist loves. From some of these scenes Mr Copland has drawn his most important exhibition pictures.

MONKS MILL.

The road from Dundrennan to Port Mary passes through a narrow and secluded valley, beneath the spreading trees of which the Abbey-burn murmurs on its course to the sea. Passing old Netherlaw, in a retired and pleasant situation among the woods, the road leads directly to the shore, at the Abbey-burn-foot, where are a few cottages, forming very picturesque groups near the shore of the creek. Within a short distance from the old mansion house of Netherlaw, the present proprietor of the estate, Mr W. Brown, has erected a fine modern mansion, with extensive gardens and ornamental grounds, together

with several fine cottages here and there among the woods, which has greatly enhanced the appearance of the district.

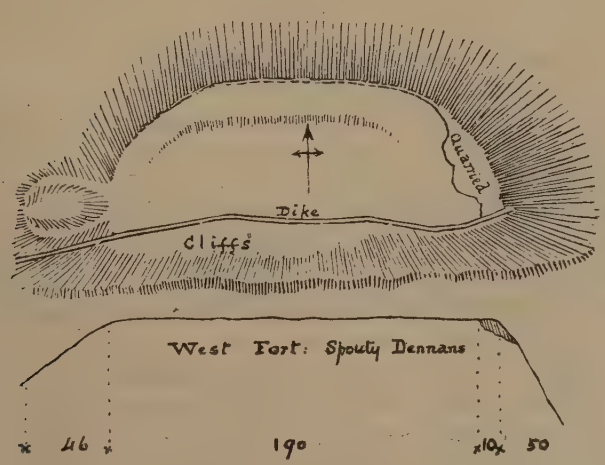
At Port Mary a granite boulder is still pointed out as having been used by the hapless Queen Mary as a stepping-stone to the boat in which she embarked on her ill-fated voyage to England. It is situated in a little creek, surrounded by precipitous cliffs, and now called Port Mary, in commemoration of the event. The thoughts of the contemplative rambler, on arriving at this interesting spot, cannot but turn to the melancholy event with which it is associated, and a feeling of sympathy with the beautiful, accomplished, and unfortunate Queen, must ever be strong in the bosom of every true Scotsman.

Readers of Scottish history will remember that after the battle of Langside, fought on the 13th May, 1568, the Queen fled, on the recommendation of Lord Herries, who accompanied her, to Dundrennan. The route taken by the Queen and her followers on that occasion was by way of Terregles House, Corra Castle, and Hazlefield to Dundrennan Abbey.* Edward Maxwell, who was then Abbot of Dundrennan, along with his relations, Lord Herries and Lord Maxwell, as also Gordon of Lochinvar, Maclellan of Bombie, and many others connected with this district, subscribed a bond immediately before the battle of Langside obliging themselves to protect the Queen. A consultation having been held as to what course should be adopted, she resolved, contrary to the entreaty and remonstrance of Lord Herries and her other friends, to throw herself into the hands of Queen Elizabeth, and accordingly sailed from this spot in a fisher's boat, and arrived with some difficulty at Workington on the opposite shore, attended by eighteen or twenty persons. There is, however, some difference of opinion on this point. Miss Agnes Strickland, in her *Lives of the Queens of Scotland* (vol. vi., note at page 102), says "Port Mary, on the Scottish coast, has been latterly pointed out as the place where Mary embarked, and Maryport, on the opposite shore, as that where she landed, with the confident assertion

* So soone as the Queen saw the day lost she was carried from the field by the Lords Herreis, Fleming, and Livistoune. Prettie George Douglas and William the Fundlin escapt also with the Queen. She rode all night, and did not halt until she came to the Sanquhir. From thence she went to Terregles, The Lord Herreis hous, where she rested some few dayes, and then, against her friends advyce, she resolved to goe to England, and commit herselfe to the protection of Queen Elisabeth, in hopes, by her assistance, to be repossessed again in her kingdome. So she imbarked at a creek neer Dundrennan, in Galloway, and carried the Lord Herreis to attend her with his counsel, and landed at Cockermouth, in Cumberland. Heer she stayed, and sent the Lord Herreis to Londone in hopes to be receaved with honor. . . . . But before his returne the Lord Scroop, who was Warden upon the English syd, and lived at Carleile Castle, was commanded to carrie her to the Castle of Carleile, where, with a shadow of honor, she was kept under strict guard, from whence she was transported, &c.—Historical Memoirs of the reign of Queen Mary of Scots, by Lord Herries, 1836.

that these derived their names from these circumstances ; but this is a vulgar error of modern times. The names of both are of recent date, and have no reference to the Royal voyager. Maryport, which was called Ellensport till nearly the close of the last century, received its name from a rich merchant of that place, who made the harbour, and named it after his daughter." Port Mary was Nether Riddick up to the beginning of this century.

A field, which terminates in a narrow promontory, a short distance from Port Mary, is locally known as the Castleyards. Coles, in his *Motes and Forts*, refers to this as in connection with the *West Fort, Spouty Dennans*, and remarks that "this, and its almost contiguous *East Fort*, forms a remarkable couple of structures. They may be said to spring like two trees from a root or base, the only division between them being a ravine which, narrowing as it approaches the cliff-edges, sunders the two forts like a knife-blade and forms a water-fall, which, doubtless, has given the curiously hybrid name to this strange site—'The Forts of the Waterfall.' Both are formed on the very summit of the massive beetling sea precipices, so close that there is merely a base of 30 feet—and that steeply sloping—of grassy ground between the actual rock-front and the dike which runs along the cliff-crest." The *West Fort*, of which we give an illustration, is long and narrow, measuring 200 feet by 55, *i.e.*, from the dike inland.



SPOUTY DENNANS.

The secluded residence of Port Mary is immediately contiguous to the shore, and commands sea views of boundless extent and beauty. This shore, almost as far as Balcary, is composed of a series of bold and lofty cliffs, so impressive that they are believed to have furnished to the author of *Waverley* the material for much of the scenery of *Guy Mannering*. On reaching the shore near Port Mary, and looking over the cliff, the visitor cannot fail to be attracted by a remarkable natural vein of *Barytes* rising boldly from the tide mark, which, from its resemblance to a person in a state of suspension, has long borne the name of "*the hangit man.*"

A few miles beyond this, on the Barlocco shore, are two large caverns, called the Black and White Coves,* which are well worthy of inspection. They are seen to the best advantage from the sea when approached in a boat. From the land they are so very difficult of access that they are seldom visited by that way. The Black Cove is a dark and gloomy "lonesome cave forlorn." It has a thoroughly Salvator Rosa look about it, and would be an excellent den for a family of sea lions; while the White Cove, hanging with the deep green fronds of the sea spleenwort fern (*Asplenium marinum*), and resounding with the cooing of the rock-pigeons that build in the recesses of its roof, would be a fair and fitting habitation for the triton and sea nymph. On the way to Rerrick Churchyard, Orroland House, which has evidently seen better days, but is now used as a farm house, is passed. Rerrick Churchyard is next reached. Part of a wall of the old church still stands, on a stone of which is carved, "This Church, originally a Chapel, was enlarged in 1743, taken down in 1865." There is little to be seen here note-worthy, save the usual doleful literature of the churchyard.

Passing down the old road leading to Orroland Bay, we observe the beautifully situated Orroland Lodge, erected a few years ago by the late Captain Cutlar Fergusson. It is finely posed on a jutting headland overlooking the solway, with an extensive view of the opposite coast of Cumberland.

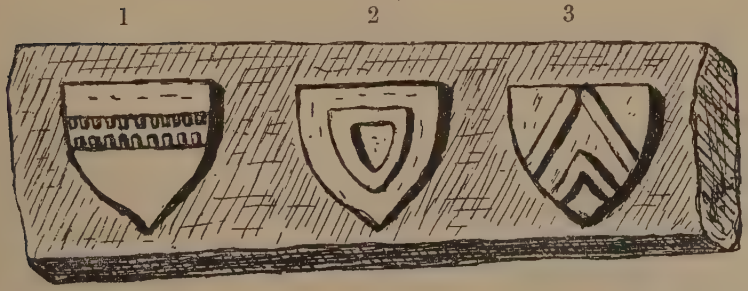
Pursuing our walk to Dundrennan village, we cross the Abbey-burn by a bridge, which is supposed to have been built from the stones of the Abbey. It was supported on two square ribs of very solid work, but from repairs made upon it in 1894 only one rib is now to be seen. It forms a nearly perfect round arch. Originally its dimensions

* The Black Cave is 256 feet long, 90 wide, and 40 in height; and the length of the White Cave is 252 feet, greatest width 190 feet, height 60 feet.

seem to have been much less, about 5 feet having latterly been added to it on the north side.

How cheering to the plodding pedestrian, as the shades of evening close around his path, is the sign of the pretty little wayside inn, where the stranger with a slight air of respectability about him, and a little cash in his pocket, laying aside his knapsack and staff, is sure to meet with an hospitable welcome. To ramblers like ourselves, "living by the way," there is, as has been so well and quaintly said by the author of the *Sketch Book*:—"A momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, the little parlour, some 12 feet square, his undisputed empire. "Shall I not take mine ease at mine inn?" thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlour" of the *Dundrennan Arms*.

STONE IN COACH HOUSE, DUNDRENNAN ABBEY.



1. Shield of Stewart.
2. Shield of John Balliol, son of Devorgilla.
3. Shield of M'Lellan of Bombie.

CHAPTER VI.

DUNDRENNAN TO KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

As we reached the *Dundrennan Arms* the sound of distant thunder made us aware that a storm was approaching, and soon the clouds over the sea assumed the appearance of a wall of inky darkness, and the lurid and frequent flashes of lightning showed on the dark background in full relief the grey skeleton ruins of the old Abbey. During the night the dark clouds passed away, and the morning dawned serenely beautiful, as, rising with the "wakerife laverocks," we passed through the village of Dundrennan on the way to Kirkcudbright.

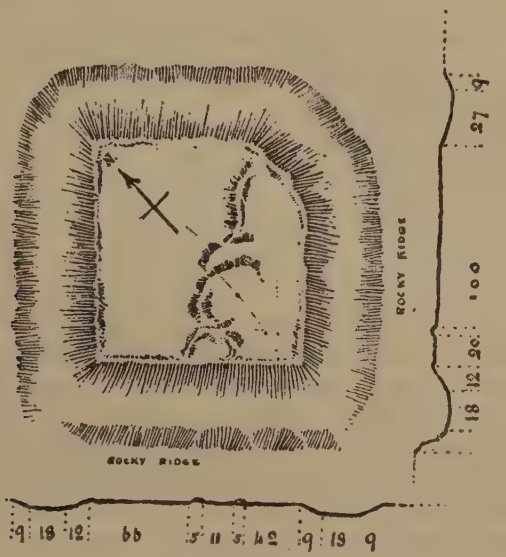
There are several roads from this to Kirkcudbright, but we choose the one leading past Girdstingwood House, a handsome and substantial building, situated in a position that commands a beautiful view of the vale and the ruins, and embraces within its range an extensive prospect of the sea, with the Cumberland hills in the distance. Passing Overlaw, near to the road, and Balig, where the "Galloways," in the rearing of which, the Messrs Shennan have gained such reputation, ruminate in the rich pastures, we arrive at the Churchyard of Dunrod. It occupies an exposed situation near the road, but contains nothing worthy of note, excepting the remains of the old Pre-Reforma, tion Church, a portion of the baptismal font,* and a curious old stone with a Maltese cross engraved on it. In the garden of a cottage by which we entered the field, which leads to the churchyard from the public road, we were shown a roughly-sculptured stone, evidently very old, and part of the remains of the old church.

Dunrod at one time formed a separate parish, but was along with Galtway, in the 17th century annexed to the ancient parish of Kirkcudbright. The churchyard surrounds the site of the old parish church, and it is evident that there was at one time a village here. Old people living about fifty years ago remembered having seen "100

* More refined specimens of baptismal fonts occur—one in Birnie Church, Morayshire, and one in the burying-ground of Dunrod, Galloway, both very characteristic specimens of pure Norman date.—"Characteristics of Old Church Architecture of Scotland," p. 95. [This font has been removed from Dunrod, and placed, along with other archæological remains, in front of the Museum, Kirkcudbright.]

smoking lums" there, where not a vestige now remains; now a few old ash trees are all that show where the village existed. In 1160 we find Fergus retiring into the Abbey of Holyrood, and bestowing upon it the town or village and church of Dunrodden.*

To the south of the churchyard the remains of a Roman Camp is easily traced, and within sight is the field on the farm of Howwell where the first prehistoric rock-sculptures, in the form of cups and rings, were discovered in the summer of 1886 by the late William Thomson,



"Roman" Camp, Dunrod.

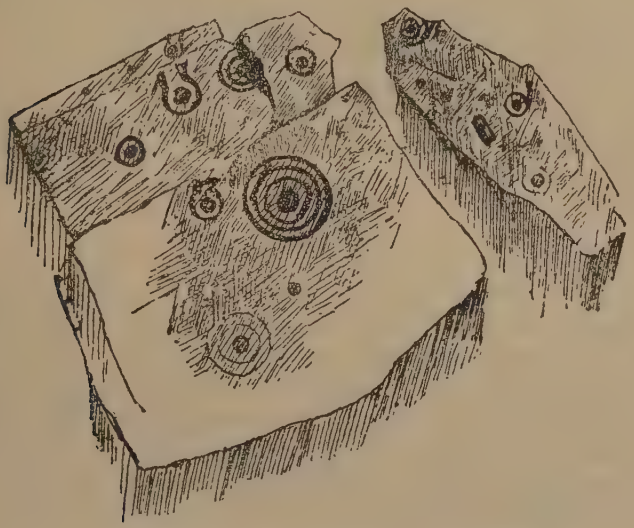
shoemaker, Kirkcudbright. Since then there have been brought to light many numerous and remarkable examples. They are generally found in connection with old camps, hut circles, cairns, barrows, stone cists, &c. The object and meaning of these strange symbols still baffle the researches of the most ingenious investigators. Sir James Y. Simpson, in his work on "Archaic Sculpturings of Cup Circles," writes of them—"Without attempting to solve the mystery connected with these archaic cup and ring cuttings, I would venture to remark that there is one use

* Galloway seems always to have been the focus of intestine trouble. The Celtic population never amalgamated with the rest of Scotland. In 1160 the great insurrection broke out. Malcolm the Maiden twice invaded Galloway, and was twice repulsed; on the third occasion he conquered, and Fergus, the lord of the country, became a Canon regular at Holyrood, bestowing Dunrod upon the Abbey—"Life of St. Ninian," by Bishop Forbes.

for which some of these olden stone carvings were in all probability devoted—namely, ornamentation. From the very earliest historic periods in the architecture of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, &c., down to our day, circles, single or double, and spirals, have formed, under various modifications, perhaps the most common fundamental types of lapidary decoration. In prehistoric times the same taste for circular sculpturings, however rough and rude, seems to have swayed the minds of Archaic man. This observation as to the probable ornamental origin of our cup and ring carvings holds, in my opinion, far more strongly in respect to some antique stone-cuttings in Ireland and in Brittany than to the ruder and simpler forms that I have described as existing in Scotland and England."

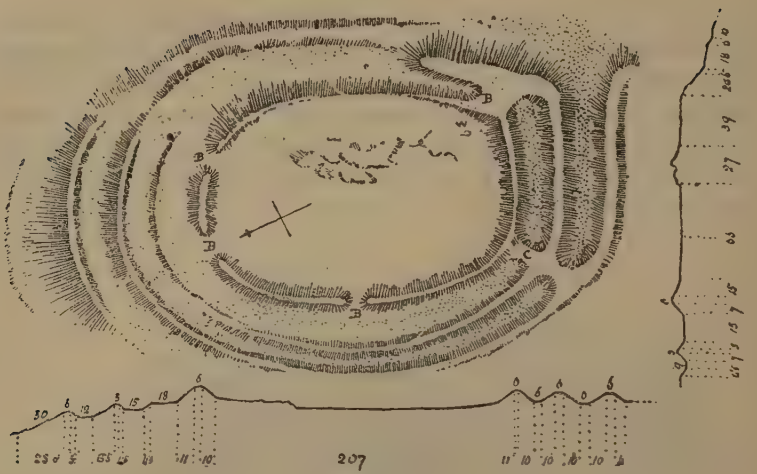
"At the same time, these ancient rock-cuttings in Scotland and England present indisputably, wherever they occur, the same Archaic 'handwriting on the wall'—they are everywhere so similar in their type of art—so nearly and entirely like each to other in all localities in their general artistic conception and details, as to prove that they originated in some fixed community of objects or ideas among those that cut and formed them—whether their object was ornamental, or symbolic, or both. But, whatever else was their object, that they were emblems or symbols connected in some way with the religious thoughts and doctrines of those that carved them, appears to me to be rendered probable, at least, by the position and circumstances in which we occasionally find them placed. For in several instances we have seen that they are engraved on the outer or inner surface of the stone lids of the ancient kistvaen and mortuary urn. The remains of the dead which occupied these cists and urns were covered over with stones covered with these rude concentric circles, apparently just as afterwards —in early Christian times—they were covered with cut emblems of the cross placed in the same position. Man has ever conjoined together things sacred and things sepulchral—for the innate dread of death and the grave has ever led him, in ancient, as in modern times, to invest his burial rites and customs with the characters and emblems of his religious creed." Since the most learned archæologists of the day can only advance possible approximate opinions as to the race or races who first sculptured these lapidary cup and ring cuttings, with our limited archæological knowledge any attempt to determine with any accuracy their exact age or the date or dates of their formation would be mere conjecture. There is no doubt, however, that such must be very remote. Recently rocks inscribed with "cup and ring markings"

have been discovered by Mr John Smith, the author of "Prehistoric Man in Ayrshire," of similar form to those found in the neighbourhood of Kirkcudbright. Some of the figures have a resemblance to the constellation of Ursa Major, which may suggest an astronomical record, while the phallic symbol is the base of most of the designs, and to that extent they bear out Mr Smith's surmise that the significance of the markings is religious.



SCULPTURED ROCK SURFACE AT DRUMMORE.

Passing Townhead School we leave the Queen's highway in order to visit the remains of an ancient British Fort, situated on the farm of Drummore, and supposed by some to be the *Caerbantorigum* of Ptolemy, a name said to signify in the ancient British language "the fortified place on the white or shining rounded hill"—*Caer* being a fort, *ban* white, and *torr* a rounded hill. Whatever other purposes this encampment may have been designed to serve, it must have been well adapted for a look-out station. In its vicinity on the slope of a hill are four large boulders, the remains of what is called a "Druidical Circle," and several rock surfaces showing different cup and ring carvings. From its elevated position it commands an extensive prospect of the surrounding country, and overlooks the Solway Firth and the Irish Sea.



DRUMMORE FORT.

The two primitive tribes which held the province of Galloway are known in history as the *Novantes* and the *Selgovæ*. The Novantes possessed the portion lying between the Dee and the Irish Sea, extending on the north as far as the chain of hills which now separates Galloway from Ayrshire. The Selgovæ inhabited the eastern part of Galloway, as far as the Dee, which was their western boundary. To both of these tribes belonged many forts, particularly along the Dee, numerous vestiges of which are still observable in this district. The most important in size and strength, however, was *Caerbantorigum*, which may be considered to have been their frontier garrison. Chalmers, in his learned work *Caledonia*, the third volume of which referring to Kirkcudbrightshire was published in 1824, says—"This was in situation, size, and strength, one of the most important British fortresses in this country. It is of an oval form, and a rampart composed of stone and earth with a deep fosse surround it, which remain pretty entire." At the present time the site of the fort is quite discernible, the rampart and fosse being easily traced. At the bottom of the hill was a well, now covered with stones, which is thought to have supplied the garrison with water.

A plate of gold in shape of a crescent or half-moon, similar in design to a Druid knife, which may probably have been one, is said to have been found in the neighbourhood of the fortress, on the lands of Balmae, by some men engaged in making ditches.

There was a circle of large stones at the foot of the hill, of the kind popularly known as Druidical, but a few years ago they were nearly all split up and removed for building purposes.

About a mile and a half from Drummore Hill, on the farm of Milton, there are the remains of a British fort, which, like other native encampments is of a circular form ; and on Bombie Mains, Castlecreavie, and Little Sypland, and near Whinnyliggate, not far from Kirkcudbright, there are supposed Roman camps in the vicinity of many small British forts.

On again reaching the highway we pass Drummore farm-house, and Howwell, a substantial house of recent erection, in a fine situation among green fields and rich pastures, on our way to the site of the ancient Castle of Raeberry. This castle belonged to the Maclellans. It stood upon a rock overhanging a terrific precipice, and must have been a stronghold of great security. Tradition tells us that it was disjoined from the mainland by a deep fosse with a strong wall, across which was a huge drawbridge. At present nothing remains but the site and fosse. On the shore beneath the castle is a spouting horn, being a small cave, with an aperture at the far end, through which the waves dash at half tide, and are forced up in a column 50 or 60 feet in height, and descend in spray on the rocks around. The following incident recorded in connection with this Castle shows the outrageous proceedings of the Douglases when they held sway, as if absolute monarchs in Scotland. Sir Patrick Maclellan, Tutor of Bombie, Sheriff of Kirkcudbright, and chief of a powerful clan, having taken part with Herries of Terregles, who was his kinsman, against some of the partisans of Douglas, thereby so excited the indignation of the imperious oppressor that he commenced open hostility against him. He attacked Raeberry Castle, Maclellan's chief residence, but finding it impregnable, he succeeded in gaining an entrance by bribing one of the warders to leave a wicket of the sally port unbolted on a certain night. By this wicket Douglas entered at the head of a chosen band, and taking Sir Patrick prisoner, carried him off to the dungeon of Threave, there to suffer under the power of hereditary jurisdiction. A ladleful of gold was the stipulated reward of the warder's treachery, but when the miscreant appeared at Threave to receive the proffered boon, the metal was molten by the command of Douglas, and poured down his throat.*

Sir Patrick Gray of Foulis, uncle of Sir Patrick Maclellan, who

* Chalmers' "Caledonia," vol. iii., p. 260.

commanded the body-guard of James the Second, obtained from the King a warrant requiring from Douglas the release of his nephew. When Gray appeared at Threave Castle, the Earl, instantly suspecting his errand, addressed him with apparent friendliness: "You have not dined," he said, without suffering him to open his commission, "it is ill talking between a fou man and a fasting." This mark of seeming hospitality was, however, merely a deception to allow Douglas time to carry out his cruel designs; for while Gray was seated at the dinner-table the unfortunate prisoner was beheaded in the courtyard of the Castle. His repast ended, the King's letter was presented and opened. "Sir Patrick," quoth Douglas, leading Gray to the courtyard, "right glad had I been to honour the King's messenger, but you have come too late. Yonder lies your sister's son without the head, you are welcome to his dead body." Gray, suppressing his wrath, quitted the court, and mounting his horse, when safe over the drawbridge, turned to the Earl, and swore with a deadly oath that he would requite the injury with Douglas's heart's blood. "To horse!" cried the enraged noble; and summoning his retainers, Sir Patrick was pursued till within a few miles of Edinburgh. Gray, however, had an opportunity of keeping his vow; for, being upon guard in the King's ante-chamber in Stirling Castle, when James, incensed at the insolence of the Earl, struck him with his dagger, Sir Patrick rushed in and finished him with his pole-axe.*

An old song, to be found in Mactaggart's *Gallovidian Encyclopædia*, gives a very different version of the encounter at Raeberry Castle from the above. It is as follows:—

"I met wi' a man the other night
And he was singing fu' merry,
How Black Douglas, the bluidy Knight,
Was gouked at Raeberry.

For the MacLellan lap owre the scaur
Wi' his naig, and swam the ferry,
He snored out, owre Barnhoury bar,
And left far ahin Raeberry.

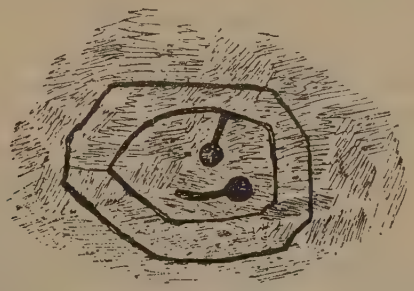
O! he has sailed the Solway sea
Without either ship or wherry,
And saved his craig frae being drawn, did he,
Owre the Castle-wa' o' Raeberry.

* Pitscottie's "History," pp. 62, 63, 64; Balfour's "Annuals," vol. i. p. 180.

For curse confound the de'il o' Threave,
His neebors he dis herry;
But Gallowa will never be his slave,
Nor the braw Lord o' Raeberry."

At the foot of the bridle-path which leads from the Castle to the shore may still be seen St. Margaret's Well, which probably gives the name to Howwell, a corruption of Holywell. On Raeberry Hill is a large stone with marks representing a hand commonly known as Wallace's "Putting Stone." According to Hamilton in *The origin of the word Kirkcudbright*, this "stone is the last remnant of the Druidical circle, from which the place was named—Raeberry, the circle on the hill—its companions having either disappeared over the cliff, as it crumbled away under the exposure to the blasts and storms from the sea, or more probably been taken to build Raeberry Castle.' To the geologist, the form of the face of Raeberry Hill is so curious that it presents many features of interest.

About two miles further on we pass Balmae House, the residence of the Countess of Selkirk. It is an imposing looking edifice, in an elevated situation, sheltered by woods, and overlooking the Ross bay. Close to the house there is a beautifully quaint, and picturesquely laid out old garden, containing many very rare and valuable plants and shrubs, and old-fashioned favourite flowers, in which her ladyship takes great delight. Not far from the mansion-house there are several glaciated rocks with carvings upon them of a coarser type, and on a



ROCK SCULPTURE, BALMAE.

much larger scale than those we had seen at Dunrod and Drummore.

Here we make a *detour* through the fields to the right to inspect a group of rock sculptures situated in a small plantation on the home farm of Grange. The cups and rings represented are of the

type usually found in the district, and in our investigations we had the pleasure and gratification to bring to light from under the turf several very perfect specimens. In close proximity to these rock sculptures the foundations of a circular mound, which may probably be a tumulus, are easily traced. We now proceed to the old churchyard of the Gata or Galtway, which, according to those versed in *place names*, is Danish, and is equivalent to the old Scots *Gait*, or great high road through the country, otherwise the *king's hie gait, the king's hie streit.* It is situated about two miles from Kirkcudbright, in a quiet, sequestered, sunny spot surrounded by trees. In it there is a monument to Thomas Lidderdale of St. Mary's Isle, on which is the following inscription :—

Hic . Jacet . Tomas Lidderdale, Sanctæ . Insulæ . Mariæ . Dominus . qui . obit . ū decimo . Die . Febri 1st . anno. 1687 ætatis 57.

Also,

Here lies David Lidderdale of Torrs, son of the above Thomas, who died 12th April, 1732, aged 57.

Maister Robert Richardson, who was presented to the Priorate of St. Mary's Isle on the decease of his immediate predecessor, Prior Robert Strivelin, otherwise Stirling, is also buried here. He was the last Prior, and held the offices of Lord High Treasurer and Master of the Mint in Scotland. There is a stone within the enclosure to his memory, but the inscription in Lombardic letters is not now decipherable. We tried rubbings from it, but failed to make anything intelligible out of them. The Prior's daughter, Katherine, married James Lidderdale, to whom the lands belonging to the Priory of Saint Mary's Isle were granted by charter, and Thomas, his son, in fee farm by Robert Richardson, described as usufructor, and Wm. Rutherford, perpetual commendator, which the King confirmed on 4th November, 1573. There is also a stone here to the memory of one of the Gordons, the last of the Troquhain family, who resided in the Millhouse. In 1853 one of the first gold coins discovered in Scotland was found in a field near the Galtway Kirkyard, made of gold got from the Leadhills, Dumfriesshire. Galtway Hill with its crowning *Cairn* is adjacent to the churchyard, and is conspicuous as the central height for a great area round, commanding no fewer than twenty-two forts, moats and cairns, besides petroglyphs innumerable. In the neighbourhood of the old burying ground there are also cup and ring markings of the ordinary type. In a field to the north of it, where tradition says there stood an old village, the foundations of

which can still be traced, we found some very fine specimens. But in a field on the farm of High Banks near-by is to be seen the most in-

CUP-MARKED SURFACE, HIGH BANKS.

teresting group of incised rocks found in the district. There was also discovered in a field known as Woodfield on this farm in April, 1890, three large cairns, on opening which there were found in the cists three urns formed of burnt clay, beautifully moulded, and containing bones

1 2 3

URNS FOUND AT HIGH BANKS, KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

which must have been placed in them after cremation. One of the urns, No. 1 of plate, about 6½ inches in height, ornamented with old Celtic ornamentation, is of a kind known to belong to the Bronze Age, "and might have lain undisturbed where it was found at least 2000 years." The urn No. 2 is about six inches in height, and six and a half inches in diameter, with no cover, ornamented on the outside with a running pattern and lines going round the upper part; and lines converging from near the shoulder to the bottom. It is more glazed on the outside, and the burnt clay of which it is composed is much thicker, and the mouth coarser and larger than No. 1. The urn No. 3 is a plain urn, and with the other two is now deposited in the Kirkcudbrightshire Museum. In October, 1893, there was discovered, when ploughing in a field known as "The Constables," near Whinnyliggate School, three miles east of Kirkcudbright, a small perforated urn of a broad double cone shape, two inches in height, as shown in our illustration. In respect of its triangular perforation, it is believed to be the first example of this variety found in Scotland. Its incised lines of ornamentation are similar to those on an urn found at Killucken, Tyrone, Ireland, which figures in Dr Anderson's work, *Scotland in Pagan Times*. Leaving the quiet of this secluded resting-place of the dead, in which we have lingered so long, we proceed by a road leading through the fields to Kirkcudbright, and pass on our right the farm house of Banks, near to which we stop to admire a fine group of Clydesdale horses, in the breeding and rearing of which the tenant, Mr William Montgomery, has a wide reputation. Before reaching the public road at the foot of Gilroanie brae we pass through an avenue, about a quarter of a mile in length, of fine old gnarled thorns, supposed to be from two to three hundred years old, meeting on both sides of the path, and forming quite an arcade—popularly known as "The Dardanelles." A short way further on, the Millhouse, the architecture of which dates from the time of Queen Mary, is seen on the right among fine old trees near the road. Situated near the "trotting burn's meander" this quaint old house is an excellent subject for the artist. Some of the old gnarled trees around must be coeval with the time worn, and somewhat dilapidated building. We have now arrived at

PERFORATED URN FOUND AT WHINNIELEGGATE, KIRKCUDBRIGHT (2 inches in height).

THE ROSS ISLE, KIRKCUDBRIGHT. M. M'L. H.

EVENING AT THE LAKE, KIRKCUDBRIGHT. M. M'L. H.

the sawmill—near by is what is known locally as the Mute or Moat Hill, which, though no trace of artificial work is discernible, the name leads one to suppose that it has its origin in the existence of some fort or moat in ancient times. From this point is obtained a beautiful glimpse of the estuary of the river, apparently landlocked by the Little Ross Island, which lies off the great "Ross," signifying a promontory running into the sea. A narrow passage of 480 yards separates the Ross Isle, which is nearly a quarter of a mile in greatest length from the mainland. The island is somewhat oval in form, and a mysterious cavern or underground chamber in it is worthy of mention. The lighthouse station on its summit is also interesting as being one of the last designed by Robert Stevenson, the engineer of the famous Bell Rock Lighthouse, and father of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, the eminent novelist. The station, consisting of tower, two dwelling-houses, and the necessary store houses, is surrounded by a wall white-washed, thus serving as a landmark by day. The tower rises to the height of 65 feet, and is crowned with a lantern.

The keepers, in addition to their ordinary duties, make meteorological observations, notice the lighthouses which may be seen at midnight from the station, and record whether they are seen or not, report on any casualties to vessels happening in the district, and generally on any unusual occurrence. The lighthouse is visited once a fortnight by the attending boatman from Kirkcudbright, and each morning a signal is given from the station to say whether all is well. A number of years ago one of the keepers and the boatman, when returning to the lighthouse from Kirkcudbright, were drowned when crossing the bar of the Dee. King William's fleet on its passage to Ireland continued for some time wind-bound in the Ross bay. He erected a battery on the Torrs heights, some traces of which may still be seen. When at the Saw-mill we would recommend the rambler to proceed along the Lake shore and through "The Lake Wood" as far as the Torrs Cliffs. This wood is the great point of attraction to the casual visitor. The wood is part of the Isle estate, and before entering by the gate visitors must insert their names in a book kept lying on a desk at the Lodge door. This is all that is required. Otherwise the proprietor, with praiseworthy liberality and consideration, permits strangers to have access to the grounds, and to enjoy, without hindrance, this delightful walk along the shore. As we proceed, the spreading trees and thorns, some of them of a great age, form an agreeable shade from the afternoon sun. At many points there are

very pleasing snatches of landscape and fine tree studies in bosky places, and never for long are we out of sight and sound of the sea. On the way, the lifeboat house, the bathing bay, and other pretty little outlooks to the azure sea, and the Ross Isle are passed. Often have we walked and sketched in this wood, and it never seems to become commonplace. There is always some new choice feature of the shadowy wood and the gleaming rocks on the shore, to excite our admiration afresh. By the wayside and in the woods there is a lengthened study of floral beauty. A short distance before leaving the wood for the open fields we strike a path to the right which leads to the Flint Bay, so called from the numerons pieces of flint strewn among the pebbles on the shore, and supposed to have been cast up here from the wreck of a sloop laden with flint.

TORRS POINT AND CLIFFS.

From this bay there is an imposing view of the Torrs Point, with its bold and rocky cliffs, where the woodbine and wild flowers grow on their rugged sides, and the eerie cry of the sea fowl mingles with the moan of the sea. Here there is a remarkable natural cavern, called Torrs Cove, thus described in the *Gazetteer of Scotland*:—"The entrance to it is narrow, being little more than sufficient to admit a

man on his hands and knees to pass into the cave, then gradually widening it rises to a height of more than 12 feet, after which it again contracts at the farthest end. The roof is pendant with icicles of stalactite, the constant dropping from which forms on the floor stalagmite crustations. The door is said to have been originally built with stone, and to have had a lintel at the top, which is buried in ruins. The cave is thought to have been sometimes used as a hiding-place in former times." Lord Cockburn, in his *Circuit Journeys*, when staying at Cumstoun in September, 1844, visited this cave, as one of the sights of the district, but was in no way impressed with it. The cave, he said, "is perfect nonsense. A narrow, wet, dirty slit in a rock, produced by the washing away of the loose matter between two vertically laminated rocks, and answering Scott's scenery in no one respect, either outside or in." This description of the interior of the cave is much the appearance it has at the present time. As many memories of smuggling days still linger about this coast, it may have been used for the storage of contraband goods by the smugglers.

Retracing our steps along the shore to the Saw-mill, St. Mary's Isle the residence of Captain Hope, R.N., is seen embowered amongst the woods of the beautiful peninsula. In 1778 the celebrated Paul Jones paid a rather unwelcome visit to St. Mary's Isle for the purpose of carrying off its noble owner, the Earl of Selkirk; but being disappointed in this on account of the Earl's absence in England, he allowed some of the party to proceed to the mansion-house and demand the silver plate. The various articles were delivered to them by the Countess of Selkirk, and conveyed to the ship by the sailors. Jones, however, some time afterwards redeemed the plate at a considerable sum, and gallantly returned it, in perfect safety, with profuse apologies to the lady.*

* The following is a verbatim copy of the letter written by the Countess of Selkirk, and addressed to William Craik, Esq., Arbigland, giving an account of the landing of Paul Jones' party at St. Mary's Isle :—

St. Mary's Isle, April 25, 1778.

Sir,—Mr Jeffery being abroad when your letter came, I was desired to open it, and believe upon perusing it, an answer by my own hand will be full as satisfactory. The visit we had on Thursday was by no means desirable, but I have the satisfaction to be able to assure my friend that I neither was allarmed at the time, nor have suffered in the least degree since. They took pains to make themselves be understood a press-gang, till they had surrounded the house, and the principal one had asked for me. I went down without scruple, they informed me what they were, said their orders were to take my Lord prisoner, or if he was absent, to demand the plate. I was so sensible of the mercy it was that my Lord was absent that I never hesitated about the other, I apprehended the consequence of a refusal or a search to be so much worse that I would not permit the servants to conceal, as they meant to do. I must confess I now regret that, as I might have saved some of the best, for it came afterwards to be firmly believed that they were much allarmed, but at the time that was not observed, and could not otherwise be learned as nobody was permitted to leave the house, they asked nothing but plate, and I find more of this is left than I at first supposed, but unluckily it is either the least useful or what is useful happens to be the worst of its kind. The value of it I never suffered to give me a thought till last night that after the

About a mile from Kirkcudbright, and in the Black Morrow Wood, at a short distance from the road, is a Well known as the "Black Morrow Well," which is supposed to derive its name from the following incident, of which there is a tradition, told in the *History of Galloway*, respecting the capture of a gipsy chief named Murray:—"His giant strength and ferocity made him the terror of the Stewartry, but as his chief residence was in the wood near Kirkcudbright, called to this day the 'Black Morrow' (at that time forming part of the Barony of Bombie), the lower and more wealthy part of the district suffered most by his depredations. Young MacLellan, son of the former laird of Bombie, anxious to recover his father's lands, but not daring to attack Black Murray personally, filled a well beside his cave in the wood with spirits, of which the outlaw drank so freely that he soon fell asleep, which MacLellan perceiving, sprang from his

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bustle was over my spirits did fail me, and I began to reckon what I might have saved, and consider what better might have been done; but I revived with daylight, and am resolved if possible not to let myself sink again. I am sure I behaved at the time with the most perfect composure, I may even say indifference, and did what I then thought best, if I had done otherwise, it might have turned out worse, I shall therefore allow no more reflections, and as few regrets as possible. The only real concern which I cannot remove is to think how my Lord must be affected if he hears this before he hears from me, and that is most likely, for though I wrote and enclosed in the packet that was sent off express to London on Thursday evening, yet I have no reason to think it will find him there, for on Sunday last I had a letter telling me I need not write again, as he meant to leave town before he could get any letter I should write after that. If you hear we have gone to England do not apprehend we have run away, for in that letter my Lord said he would tell me in his next when and where to meet him on the road, and that letter I expect every post. The people really behaved very civilly, the men who surrounded the house never offered to come in nor even ask for anything, they were well armed, each a musket and bayonet, two large pistols and a hanger, their number I cannot tell, they were called at first forty, afterwards fifteen. I reckon they were not near the first, but am persuaded more than the last. The youngest of the officers was a civil-looking lad, in American uniform, but it seems had had a blue greatcoat as a disguise, he meddled little, the other dressed in blue behaved civilly, but with so confident a look and so saucy a manner, that I daresay he could have been very rough had he seen it necessary. They told me they were of the Ranger frigate, belonging to the States of America, commanded by Captain Paul Jones, Esq., whom I understand you know better than me, being John Paul, who they say was born in your ground, and was once a gardener of yours, and afterwards had the command of a trading vessel in this place, and is understood to have deserved the gallows oftener than once, it seems it is known this is the name he takes, and he was seen on the Isle, though the *tenderness of his heart* they said would not allow him to come to the house. The frigate was at a good distance before the boat reached it, and were seen to make all the sail they could till they passed the Burrowhead, and a cutter from Whitehaven dogged them all day, but lost them in the dark about the Mull of Galloway. As we have not yet heard of them I fear they have escaped. The alarm still continued, so a watch was placed on the Isle all night, of a great many men, a good deal of arms, also on the two points of the Bay, I never did apprehend their return, which would have been a very foolish undertaking as they were then so well known, so I would not leave the house, but I let Mrs Wood take my two girls to Dumfries with her, and part of the younger children being at Carlinwork I sent another after them. But I was not left alone, for my good friend Miss Elliot, who is as tenderly attached to me as ever friend could be, had never been ten yards from me since and had they taken me on board, or even to America, was resolved to be of the party. We are all settled now as before, and I expect the girls home to-night. This has proved a very long letter, much more so than I thought of or than was necessary; but may I beg you will send it to Mrs Maxwell of Kirkconnel, I daresay I shall hear from her and if I do before this reaches her, she will be so kind as take this for an answer, for I have a great deal of writing and it is rather fatiguing. Mrs Maxwell will be pleased to understand that I sent her letter to my Lord, which I hope he would get before he left London. I once thought of writing north myself, in the expectation mine might reach first, but expecting a letter on Tuesday to bid us set out to meet my Lord on Wednesday, put it out of my head one post, and the next I was so engaged with my American friends, she will not be surprised I forget it, so much time has now elapsed I hope my Lord's may reach us soon, if he thinks it can be of use. I beg my compliments to all your family, and am sir with sincere regard your very humble servant,

H. Selkirk.

hiding place, and at one blow severed the head of Black Murray from his body.*

A short walk from this brings us to Parkhouse, situated close to the road, and the principal entrance gate to St Mary's Isle is next reached. The old lodge with its "straw bonnet" of the old-fashioned pattern, which to those of artistic tastes was regarded as a work of art, we regret to see has been removed, and as a substitute for it a commonplace cottage, the duplicate of which may be seen anywhere in the country, has been erected.† The rambling, old-fashioned, but substantial old mansion of "The Isle" has been removed by the present owner Captain Hope, nephew of the late Earl of Selkirk, and a building more in accordance with the requirements of modern times was, in the year 1897, erected in its place. In excavating the foundations, there was turned up for the second time, numerous bones, which leads one to assume that in this neighbourhood may have been the graveyard of the Priory. There are some fine old trees in the grounds, among them a sycamore associated with the memory of Professor Dugald Stewart, who lived at St. Mary's Isle for a season during the absence of his friend the Earl of Selkirk abroad. His favourite seat for meditation was under the shade of this venerable tree. One of the members of his family at the time was Lord Palmerston. The first introducton of Burns to Basil William Hamilton Douglas, Lord Daer, took place at Catrine, the seat of Professor Stewart. His Lordship's kind and frank manner had such an impression on the poet's mind that he composed the lines "On meeting with Lord Daer." After that meeting, Burns on various occasions visited his friend Lord Daer, at St. Mary's Isle, and it was at the table of the Earl of Selkirk that the celebrated "Selkirk Grace" was given by him—

"Some hae meat that canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit,"

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* In Crawford's "Peerage," as quoted in the "History of Galloway," this same incident is alluded to as follows:—"In the reign of James II. it happened that a company of saracens or gipsies, from Ireland, infested the country of Galloway, whereupon the king emitted a proclamation, bearing that whoever should disperse them, and bring in their captain dead or alive, should have the Barony of Bombie for his reward. So it chanced that a brave young gentleman, the laird of Bombie's son, fortun'd to kill the person for which the reward was promised, and he brought his head on the point of his sword to the king, and thereupon was immediately seized in the Barony of Bombie, and to perpetuate the memory of that brave and remarkable action, he took for his crest a moor's head on the point of a sword, and 'Think On' for his motto."

† These old picturesque cottages are more or less works of art, while every modern one, from an architectural point of view, is a piece of degradation.—William Morris.

The ancient name of the island was Trahil, Trayle, or Tre-hel,* but after the foundation of the Priory by Fergus in the 12th century, dedicated to St. Mary, it received the name of St. Mary's Isle. No vestige of the Priory buildings now remains; but a font, which it is supposed, was presented by M'Lellan of Bombie to Dundrennan Abbey is to be seen at St. Mary's Isle. It is richly ornamented, and bears an inscription round its rim.† There are also sculpturings of shields (one of which is the M'Lellans'), and representation of a fox, a bird, and other devices. The edifice was surrounded by high walls, and the outer gate, called the Great Cross, stood at the distance of half a mile from the Priory; the inner gate led immediately to the cells inhabited by the monks, and was distinguished by the name of the Little Cross.

The gates have also long ago been demolished. The Prior of St. Mary's Isle, like other priors, had a seat in Parliament. David Panther, Paniter, or Painter, was Prior early in the sixteenth century. He was also Vicar of Carstairs, and Commendator of Cambuskenneth Abbey, also Secretary of State during Queen Mary's minority, and was sent as Ambassador to the French Court, where he remained seven years. He was afterwards Bishop of Ross, and in 1550 was engaged as Commissioner to France to bring about a peace between England and Scotland, in which he succeeded. He died at Stirling 1st October, 1558, and was succeeded by Robert Strivlin as Prior, on whose death Robert Richardson, who sat as commendator in the Parliament of 1560, when the state of religion was discussed, was presented to the Priory as narrated at page 78 when referring to his tomb in Gata Churchyard.

The Priory was connected with the ancient parish of the Gata, or Galtway, now united with the parish of Kirkcudbright.

From the lodge of St. Mary's Isle a fine avenue of lime trees extends to within a few yards of the boundaries of the burgh of Kirkcudbright. About half-way up is Oakley House, occupied by Dr Murray Stewart, in an agreeable situation, shaded with trees.

Feeling somewhat tired with our devious peregrinations, we are fain, as the gloaming of the long summer day is upon us, to seek the rest and refreshment to be found at the "Selkirk Arms." While waiting mine host's cup which cheers, our poetical companion by the way, entertained us with the reading of lines he had composed for the

* Tre-hel, the house and the river holm.—Sheriffs of Galloway, vol. i., p. 114.

† The inscription is now difficult to decipher. The reading of it given by Chambers in his "Picture of Scotland," published in 1830, seems strangely out of place on a font. It is as follows:—"Hic Jacet J. E. Anno Domini 1404: Ave Maria! Ora pro nobis."

visitors' book, which, being descriptive of the scenery of our wanderings, are a fitting close to this chapter :—

Where the Dee in sunlight glancing
Flows so calmly past the Isle,
And the wavelets brightly dancing
Kiss the shore for many a mile;
Where the thorns so sweetly scented
Throw their shadows o'er the glade,
And the flowers so richly painted
Variegate the hazel shade;

Where the streamlet flowing brightly
In the half o'ershadowed dell,
And the roadways gleam so lightly
With the daisy and blue-bell;
Where the beacon light is gleaming
O'er the moonlit shining sea,
To guide the sailor fondly dreaming
Of his love on banks of Dee;

We've been all the long day wand'ring,
As so swiftly passed the hours,
With the Abbey burn meand'ring
Through the glen's deep shady bow'rs;
But, now foot-sore, wan and weary,
We will leave the landscape's charms,
For the comforts warm and cheery
Found aye at the "Selkirk Arms."

CHAPTER VII.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT AND ENVIRONS.

The Royal Burgh of Kirkcudbright is no *parvenu*. Baxter, in his learned work, pronounces it to have been a fair town under the classic name *Benutium*, at the birth of Christ or thereabouts. Its Celtic name is supposed to have been Caer-cuabrit, or the fortified place on the bend of the river; and the Church, on getting possession of the land, changed the ancient name to one of a similar sound, but of a saintly connection, hence the Kirk of Cuthbert the Saint. It has since been variously called Kirkcuthbert, Kirkcubright, Kilcubright, Kirkcubrie, Kilcubrig, and Kirkcudbright. The last is the name now generally given to it in writings and in formal discourse, but Kirkcubrie is its colloquial appellation.

By Hector Beoce in 1526 its position is briefly and quaintly stated thus: "Kirkcoubrie, ane rich toun and full of merchandise."

At the present day it is a beautifully picturesque old town. Although many of its hoary lineaments have, under the mouldering hand of time, passed away, and others are removed to give place to the supposed adornment of modern times, it still contains the relics of antiquity in its very bosom, many deeply interesting and suggestive to the antiquary, while around are scenes full of attraction to the lover of nature.

Everywhere around us nowadays, we see thriving villages and towns; but few can boast the hoary antiquity of Kirkcudbright. Ages before a solitary hamlet marked the sites of its flourishing rivals, Castle-Douglas and Dalbeattie, it was a town of considerable note, entertaining and sheltering royalty. From this creek of the river's brink the patriot Wallace may have, amid the shouts and farewells of its populace, set sail for France after his defeat at Falkirk.* Here the stately burgess, in sword, bonnet, buckles, and hose, cheek-by-jowl

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* "Off Kyrcubrae he purpost hys passage,
Seine he feyt and gaiff yem gudlye wage."
"Blind Harry," Bk. ix.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT. William Mouncey.

with the clown and gaping hostel boy, may have gazed with wonder and admiration on the gaudy trappings and prancing steeds of a king of the Stuart line, as he and his retinue passed beyond the gate of an evening, for an airing among the sylvan slopes and verdant links of the flowing Dee. At this corner of the street noble Kenmure may have encountered Grierson of Lag on that day when, fired with revenge for the brutal murder of his kinsman, Bell of Whiteside, he would have drawn his sword and laid the persecutor a corpse at his feet, but for the interference of one whose name is still feared and detested by the peasantry of Galloway—Graham of Clavers—who stayed the wrath of the noble viscount. And were the stones of the old ruined Castle gifted with a tongue, full many a tale they could unfold of royal meetings, midnight schemings, and carousals.†

The early records of the burgh, which go back more than 300 years, faithfully depict, in the forcible language of the period, the ancient laws and customs, character and mode of life, and social condition of the people of Kirkcudbright of the past. They are also valuable in so far as they tend to throw light on interesting events which have occurred in and around the town from a remote period. The burgh from being the residence—and in the district—of many powerful families, who acted a conspicuous part in the affairs of the country, is frequently mentioned in history as connected with events of national importance, so that its history may be said to comprise, to a considerable extent, that of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright as the royal burgh of Wigtown does, in a similar way, that of Wigtownshire.

The Town Council, as constituted in ancient times, possessed extraordinary powers, and the position of its Alderman or Provost was

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† If it be uncertain whether Wallace carried out his purpose, there is no doubt that the courageous Charlotte de la Tremoille, Countess of Derby, spent a few days here waiting for a fair wind to waft her across to the Isle of Man. She gives us a glimpse of the old town in the 17th century, in the following letter:—

"Dear Sister,—I had the honour of writing to you two days before my departure from the Isle of Man, which was on the 26th of last month, when I told you my resolution to go through this country to Holland, to remedy, if possible, this sad business; but, finding that the English army had come here in great force, I could not travel without a passport. I have sent to ask for one, and I shall wait for it in the Isle of Man, to which place I return to-day, please God; with a fair wind it is but a ten hours' voyage. I have been here fifteen days, suffering every imaginable inconvenience, being reduced to eat oaten bread, and some of us to lodge in the house of the chief person of the place, though I never saw anything so dirty. But this is nothing to the religion. I fear greatly the result of this war, and I assure you that those who are in power are not so much in favour of monarchy as against the Duke of Hamilton and his faction. The king behaves with wonderful prudence; he is obliged to listen continually to sermons against his father, blaming him for all the blood that was shed; and those which I have heard in this place are horrible, having nothing of devotion in them, nor explaining any point of religion, but being full of sedition; warning people by their names, and treating of everything with such ignorance, and without the least respect or reverence, that I am so scandalised I do not think I could live with a quiet conscience among these atheists.

"Kirkcudbright, August, 1650."

considered by the community of such honour and dignity that the landed gentry of the district aspired to, and frequently occupied the civic chair. The importance of the magisterial office in these early days was enhanced in the eyes of the populace by a staff of subordinate officials, which appears to have been provided on a very liberal scale. Besides the Provost and Bailies and Councillors there was a Clerk, Treasurer, Dean, Kirkmaster,* Town Piper, Town Drummer, Water Bailie; and a Town Herd was appointed to attend to the stock of the burgesses, grazing on the common lands.

To the municipal rulers of these rude and turbulent times were given a wide jurisdiction and extensive powers in the administration of the town's affairs. To them was relegated by Royal Charter the power to "make Statute and ordain Acts, Laws, Statutes, and Constitutions" which had effect not only in the burgh, but over a great part of the Stewartry. The burghs of barony of Monigaff and Prestoun being "under its precincts," the Magistrates had a right to impose customs on all cattle and merchandise entering the Stewartry from Wigtownshire over the river Cree. The Magistrates were also privileged to judge and determine both civil and criminal actions within the burgh, and in many instances united ecclesiastical with magisterial functions. The education of the burgh was also under their superintendence, and the narrow and exclusive views which they show in the management of the school under their immediate charge were such as effectually to prevent the success of any other rival seminary in the town. The record of date 1st November, 1682, "discharges" or forbids any school to be kept within the burgh by any person except the school "to be keeped by Maister John Lewis and his doctor, and ordains all children to repair to the High School." At the time when these records begin James Dodds was minister, but he combined with his clerical work the duty of instructing the young in the secular branches of education. His appointment is recorded by a minnte in these terms:—"The qlk day the bailie, counsall and communitie ratifies the feeing (hiring) and conducing of James Dodds, minister, to be thair schole maister and binds and oblisses thame to pay hym thairfoir yeirly, sa lang as he sall serve, xx merks; his entrie thairto at

* That the duties of the Kirkmaster were similar to those of the Beadle and Sexton of our day is shown in a minute of 11th June, 1578. The qlk day the township ratifies the Act and Ordinance made by the minister and elders tuching the payment to the Kirkmaster of ijs (two shillings) for ilk marriage, and xijd (twelve pence) for the baptisme of ilk substantious mannis bairn; vjd (six pence) for the simpil (*i.e.*, common) folk; the Kirkmaster fylland ane form and buik to the brydgrum and bryd, and thairin to the solemnization, and haifand ane besein and towell to the baptisme.

Mertymes last wes; and als the said James sall haif of ilk toun bairn that he leiris (learns) xijd quarterlie; and this by (besides) the thrie punds for his chalmer maill 'provided for in former Acts.'" For "suir payment" of his salary Mr Dodds was assigned the rent of the Ferry boat, which was set by the town for twenty merks.

In January, 1582, William Turner was appointed "to tetch the grammar scule" for a fee of fifty merks, to be paid quarterly at Candlemas, Beltane, Lammas, and All-hallowmas, "and the said tounschip findand to him ane sufficient scule-hous mail-frie" (rent free). During Mr Turner's term of office the school must have grown in importance. On the renewal of his appointment in 1584, he is taken bound "to haif ane doctour (assistant teacher) under him, sufficient to teach the first and second parts." Mr James Dickson succeeded Mr Turner in 1586, when the salary was reduced to forty merks. The fees were payable in advance, and then there seems to have been a system in vogue of turning out feeless scholars. A minute touching on this point states—"And the toun bairnis to pay thair quarter feis afoir the terme, and gif they pey nocht within ten days efter the terme, the said James to expell thame furth of the scule."

In 1590 the Rev. David Blythe, with ane sufficient learnit doctor under him," was appointed schoolmaster. His duties were similar to those of the Rev. James Dodds, but it appears that in his time the combining of ministerial functions with those of the schoolmaster was not a success, and in less than a year and a half after his appointment we find the bailies, with consent of the whole Council and community, "dischairgis Mr David Blythe, minister, of the schuill, as schuil mr. thairof, in respect thai haid fund him insufficient to wait thairon, becaus of his office of the ministrie and uthir effairis."

The name of Gledstane was in early times one of pretty frequent occurrence in Galloway and other parts of the south of Scotland. In 1576 Johnne Gledstaines was Treasurer of the Burgh, and Bailie Herbert Gledstaines was its first representative in Parliament whose name has been preserved. He was also on several occasions its Commissioner in the Convention of Royal Burghs, a body which "exercised a close supervision over the municipal affairs of Scotland, as well as an acknowledged and important influence in all matters affecting its foreign trade."

In the records of the Convention, edited by Dr Marwick, it is stated that Bailie Gladstone, M.P., was unable to sign his name; for in the Convention of 1582 he was one of four who subscribed the Acts

passed " with our hands at the pen led by Johnnie Guthrie, notar, at owre command." This inability to sign his name, strange as it may now appear in one holding high public station, was not then at all singular. Sir Andrew Agnew in the *Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway* gives a case in point. On the 3d of April, 1661, we find Sir Patrick Agnew at Lochnaw signing the contract of his grandson William with his cousin, Elizabeth Agnew, the heiress of Wigg; it being specially noted that " William M'Kie, notary's public, subscribed for Elizabeth who could not write." Sir Andrew naively remarks—" Let us hope she could embroider and make jams."

William Gladstains was one of the Commissioners from Dumfries at another meeting of the Convention held in 1582, and a clergyman of the same family and Christian name as the Bailie seems to have been the predecessor of the noted John Blackadder in Troqueer—Halbert Gledstains at Troqueer being one of the signatures attached to the copy of the Solemn League and Covenant, which was subscribed at Dumfries.* And from the Council records another Herbert Gledstains, who had been more fortunate in respect to education than his namesake the Bailie, was in 1592 appointed schoolmaster of Kirkcudbright as successor to the Rev. David Blythe. In 1593 he gave place to Mr Johnne Callandar. Another holder of the office was named John Scharpro. These Gledstanes were in all probability the forbears of the great Statesman and scholar, the late William Ewart Gladstone. In the year 1629 George Rutherford, brother of the famous Covenanting divine, Samuel Rutherford, of Anwoth, was appointed schoolmaster and reader in Kirkcudbright. The duties of these offices he discharged to the satisfaction of the Magistrates till the year 1636, when through his non-conformity to the Established religion he had to resign his charge, and remove from Kirkcudbright.

The Magistrates also levied the customs, regulated trade, fixed the prices of certain provisions and beverages, and enacted municipal laws regarding church attendance and other matters. Their exclusive policy in regard to trade and commerce seems to have been characteristic of the age; and in these days of free trade and unbounded liberty of the subject, appears so oppressive and despotic that it could only have been tolerated by a people still under the bonds of serfdom. None but burgesses were allowed to traffic in any kind of merchandise in the burgh. The statutes even went the length of prohibiting householders

* M'Dowall's History of Dumfries.

from letting their houses without first consulting the magistrates. And no person in the burgh could receive any traveller into their house "unless they be brought to the bailies and licensed as bearers of a sufficient testimonial."* The spirit of monopoly which the Burghal Parliament of these early times showed in regard to education, trade, and commerce extended to all other social matters connected with the town. Some of their enactments being palpably so self interested as to arouse suspicions that they were sometimes actuated more by a desire to bring "grist to their own mill" than the prosperity of the town "which they always had before themselves." In the enactments letting the small customs and other burgh dues the principal of exclusive dealing prevails. Thus in a minute of 19th April, 1590 :— "Nae boat with yill or other gear, to discharge the said yill or gear in ony ither port without the burgh under pain of confiscation. No boat to carry passengers except the Ferry boat, and no person is to seek remead but from the Provost and Magistrates of the Burgh." The Town Council also carried on extensive dealings on behalf of the community. They were entitled to the first offer of goods brought to the market. This was a burghal privilege zealously guarded, and all offenders against the right, which was termed "forestalling the mercat," were rigorously dealt with.

Ale at this time was the universal drink of the humbler classes—tea and coffee being then unknown—and it seems to have been the duty of the Town Council to regulate its price. It being enacted in October, 1576, by a Court of the Burgh Magistrates, termed in old documents the "assize of ale," that "the qlk day the Baillies and Counsall hes statute and ordaint that na aill be sauld frae Tuisday nixtis dearer nor iiijd (4d) the pint under the pain of xxs (20s) to be

* On 15th June, 1588.—1. A minute ordains whatever person buys hens or sich-like, that they produce the same to three of their next neighbours, whereby it may be known how they came by them ; gif the sellers thereof be suspected, or gif they be indwellers and resetters in this burgh, and wha does on the contrary, the hens foresaid shall be esteemed theft and the buyers thereof tine their freedom and excluded the town.

2. Statutes and ordains nae unfreeman or woman tak upon them to buy or sell ony manner of thing within the liberties of the said burgh, but such as shall subserve to their ain use and sustentation, or to brew ; ilk person under the pain of 5 merks for ilk fault.

3. Ordains that nane be made free, but such as are worthy of the freedom of the said burgh, and keeping skait and stent with other charges.

4. That nae flesh be eaten on Friday or Saturday, either publicly or privately, and that the same be apprehended the owner of the house shall pay 5 merks for ilk fault.

5. Nae flesher to blaw flesh under the pain of confiscation thereof, and that nane be slain until Saturday after nine hours under pain foresaid.

6. That nae landward flesher bring beaf or mutton to the burgh to be sold, but he bring the skin and hide with him, and that it be not sold but in the town and to the freemen thereof, and that nae flesher buy skins or hides, nor he flays himself under confiscation of the same.

7. That nae yill be sold dearer than 6d a pint under pain of 40s for 1st fault, £4 for the 2d, £6 for the 3d, and tinsel of the yill and the disposing of the same to the poor of the town.

8. That nae candle-maker, bread-bakers, and sellers thereof sell candle or bread until the price be now fixed by the Council, and the same tried to be sufficient under the pain of escheating thereof.

upliftit be the Thesaurar for ilk falt, by (besides) the Baillies unlawes (fine) and that becaus the assyis (jury) above writtin past furth thair-upoun, and fund that it mycht be sua sauld."

The use of ale was not, however, restricted solely to purposes dietetic, and the authorities then, as in our own day, were alive to the dangerous effects on excited and unruly spirits of prolonged carousals over "the nappy;" and, strange though it may seem, in their enactments for the peace and well-being of the town, anticipated even the grandmotherly legislation of these modern times in the institution of the ten o'clock movement. A minute of 1603 stating that ale houses are required to be closed at ten o'clock, mention being made of a fine of forty shillings each having been imposed upon two men for "drink-ane in Bettie Gillis hous after ten hour at evin."

In 1583 the Town Council were greatly exercised concerning the prevalence of lawless conduct in the burgh. So as to check the disorder, and taking into consideration that several offences in this respect had been allowed hitherto to go insufficiently punished,* a set of laws were adopted fixing the penalties for certain offences, in the exacting or modifying of which, however, the Magistrates had a discretionary power; but the officers were charged to be diligent in poinding for them when the parties have been tried.

Not only did the Council exercise an oversight over secular affairs, they undertook the censorship of morals and religion as well. Statutes being framed in 1596 whereby any person who should "ban, sweir, curs, raill or speak any evill or profane speichess contempteuslie or flyte on the gate (street) should pay a penalty of forty pence." At this time the reformation feeling appears to have been strong, and the care of the Council for the morals of the people led them to enforce by civil penalties attendance at church, not only at the diets of worship on the Sabbath day, but at two services on week days. It being "statute and ordaint that all the inhabitants of this burgh observe and keep the Sabbothe day in the kirk, befoir and afternone; and that

* 1. That whatever person chances to draw bluid upon anither the drawer thereof shall pay to the town's collector or tacksman thereof for the bluid ten merks money, and weight shall pay also, without prejudice of amendment to the party.

2. That whatsoever person shall strike anither *bauch strokes* the *bauch striker* either with a weapon or a cuff, the doer thereof shall pay five merks without prejudice of the parties amends.

3. That whatsoever person blasphemes, slanders, or injures any Magistrate, Provost, or Bailie, or others, his neighbours, shall pay the town five merks money.

4. That all slanderers of their neighbours, common bardis (a scold) and flytaris (brawler) shall pay for ilk fault to the town five merks.

5. Whoever deforces an officer in the execution of ony part of his office shall pay £5 money, without prejudice to the town to take the rest of their gear in escheat of the town's will. The penalties to be recovered under these statutes were let for one year to Wm. M'Ghie and Thomas Hall for "twintie-aucht pounds."

nane be absent thairfra; and that they convene to the examinations ilk day advertissit: ilk persoun for ilk falt xld."

By a minute of 19th April, 1590, the building of the "Heigh Port" called the Meikle Yett was let to Herbert Gledstane, who "obliges him and his successors to big sufficientlie with great paines; and shall make a battling thairof of freestone, new battlings sufficientlie graithit and the walls thereof laid with lime—the walls thereof extending in breadth as it was else foundit, of the widness of the Port as it was else, and the height thereof being that himself and his grey horse, riding therin may but *reik in hand* to the *Pien stane* thereof. For the whilk they shall pay to the said Herbert £50 of money, to be completed before midsummer next, and the said Herbert shall furnish banns and timmer to the same, the same as the Port of Dumfries, and shall cast down the biggin that is else biggit and big the same anew."

In the year 1595, Galloway, with the rest of Scotland, experienced all the horrors of famine, and the frequent companion of poor harvests, "the Pest or Plague," visited Kirkcudbright in the following year, as is shown by a minute in which the Council for "certane plesins and guid service done by Janet Mertene at the time of the Pest awarded her 'five merks money' the price of the freedom of Alex. Gordon 'for hir keep.'" And in 1599 the Town Council, alarmed by another visitation of it to the neighbouring town of Dumfries, ordains that "the haill inhabitants in this burgh, that raises reek therein, shall keep watch in their ain persons under pain of 40s and tinsel of their freedom; and that nane haunt or gang to Dumfries or beneath the water of Urr, or resett ony beneath the said water under the above pain without consent of the Bailies." We thus have a glimpse of the troubles which sometimes beset our worthy forbears in those unsettled and unruly times; and the following minute shows the measures they had to adopt in order to guard against tumults within and "Raiders" without their gates. It was ordained that "there be ane watch nichtly keepit in the toun, and that six persons nichtly keep the samen with sufficient weapons and that nae person be admitted watchman, but sufficient men to that effect at the sicht of the Bailies, and if ony be slow or negligent in his watch his putter forth shall pay 40s, and the watchman to be punished in the stocks or gorgets at the toun's pleasure, and that in case of ony tumult or uproar in the toun, ilk person to be in readiness at the shout or clink of the common bell to come to the gate, *boundit with weapons*, under the pain of tinsel of his freedom and banishment frae the toun

for ever and also under the pain of £10." It is also minuted that M'Clellan of Auchlane, Provost, is to bring home from Edinburgh "ane dozen of Halybuiths (Halberts) and twenty-four lances for arming the town."*

In 1598 the Council having had under consideration the necessity of having a "qualified man to propone, reason and speak in the common affairs of the Burgh, nominated and elected Robert Bell, Procurator for the Common weal." His duties were similar to those of the Town-clerk of our day, and he was sworn "to fulfil the same to the best of his knowledge."

From the records of 1694 to 1720 we find the manners of the inhabitants in a very bad condition. Crimes varying in guilt from "bluid, batterie, and ryot," duelling and murder, to drawing water on a Sunday, or giving pawkie language to a bailie, were of daily occurrence. In the former year the Magistrates were troubled with the apprehending and securing of John M'Millan, blacksmith, Barnboard, who had been committed to the Tolbooth for the "murdering of Bargatton." He had "broken prison" and made his escape, but "is of new apprehended" and delivered to the care of Bailie Livingston. He was put in irons under a strict guard both night and day, and lodged in a pit so dark and dismal that the prisoner "could not have the benefit of the light of day to instruct him to eternal lyfe," and he humbly craves the Magistrates "to cause some of their wrichts to cut a cart (card) breadth off the pitt door above." Scattered all through these minutes there are scenes and occurrences which illustrate in a strong light the humorous peculiarities of the Kirkcubrians of those old times, and none are more amusing or fruitful of subject matter for the delineator of Scottish humour than the acts of the Town Council themselves. There is something unique in the answer which they return to the prisoner's petition for more light. That they grant warrant to "any wricht to cutt ane hole out of the middle of the door consisting of three inches all wayes, upon which hole they ordain James M'Min to put ane iron grate at the sight of Bailie Livingston, and the Threasurer and Physcal, or any two of them." The Scotch caution shown by the Council in granting this concession is quite in keeping with the primitive ways of our worthy forbears.

* In December, 1650, Capt. Dawson, one of Cromwell's officers, reports a raid upon "Kilcobright," which he put under requisition, and destroyed all the arms for which he had not conveyance, taking at the same time 60 muskets and fire locks, eight great barrels of powder, each containing nearly three ordinary barrels, match and ball proportionable, and great store of meal and beef. He adds that on the march he had taken forty horses and some prisoners.—Sir Andrew Agnew's "Sheriffs of Galloway."

These crimes and offences were not confined to the poor and uneducated. Amongst the offenders are to be found ladies of high degree, landowners and farmers, magistrates and burgh officials, schoolmasters and excisemen. Lady Auchlane, elder, is accused of having "*in the dark cluds and silence of the nicht* cam to Jean Kirk's house and taken away a pot, without any shadow of law, and delivered the same to the laird of Auchlane her son, who was put in prison until he find caution for restoration thereof." One day the treasurer fights with a violer and breaks his fiddle; on another at the head of a mob he assaults the Tolbooth and rescues two prisoners. The Town-clerk and half-a-dozen country gentlemen from St. Mary's Isle, Orroland, &c., after cruelly wounding and mangling a messenger-at-arms on a market day, parade the streets with drawn swords, and, upon Bailie Meek requiring them to surrender themselves prisoners "they all came in ane furious maner and did assasinat and fall upon the said bailyie by cutting and wounding his heid with drawn swords (some whereof was bruk upon his head), as also cutt the jaylour's heid, and persewed the assistants with drawen swords."

In 1750 bands of lawless depredators called gypsies or tinklers continued to infest the country and harass the inhabitants by their insolence, their threats, and their robberies. Stringent measures were adopted to free the district of these dangerous and lawless vagrants, and on the 31st May of that year three prisoners—Henry Greig, Margaret Stewart, and Anne Gibson (a daughter of Billy Marshall's)—were brought to trial. Their procurator acknowledged some of the crimes brought against them, and stated that "in order to save the Court from further trouble they were willing to subject themselves to transportation to any of His Majesty's plantations, never to return." This was accepted by the Court in the case of the women; but so far as concerned Henry Greig, *alias* John Wilson, the Procurator-Fiscal refused to consent thereto, looking upon it as inconsistent with his duty to enter into any compromise with so great a criminal. The prisoner was accordingly found guilty of "theft, robbery, and house-breaking," and it was discerned and adjudged "the said Henry Greig, *alias* Wilson, be taken upon Friday the sixth day of July next to come (1750) from the Tolbooth of Kirkcudbright to the ordinary place of execution of the burgh, and there between the hours of two and four o'clock of the afternoon, to be hanged by the neck on a gibbet until he should be dead." The event excited great interest at the time, and for many years afterwards, in Kirkcudbright and district. Indeed,

nothing had equalled it from the time in the preceding century when a woman, Elspeth M'Ewon, condemned for witchcraft, was burned in a field now called Dr Clark's, or Silver Craigs Park. In the year 1856, says a writer in the scrap book of the Kirkcudbright Museum, we heard Miss Culton of Auchenabony tell that one of her forefathers, on leaving the town by the old road over the Barrhill, witnessed the cremation. The fact of his having done so was handed down from generation to generation. At the time of Henry Greig's execution, James Murray of Broughton was Provost of Kirkcudbright.

In 1761 there seems to have been dissatisfaction caused by the farmers and grain dealers storing up grain and meal for exportation, rather than sell it to the townspeople at a lower price. This practice excited much popular indignation against the farmers and "meal-mongers." At this time a complaint was made to the Town Council by David Corrie and two other merchants that some evil-disposed persons had bored holes in the bottom of their sloop at five or six different places. They then threw loose her cables fixed upon the shore, which acts, if they had not been soon discovered by the hands on board, the sloop and goods had all perished. David Corrie also complained that when going to bed, a large stone was thrown at his window with such violence that not only the glass, but the whole frame was shattered; that had it entered the room, the complainer, who was sitting close by the window, had in all probability been murdered. A further complaint being, that he had received by the hands of one Peter Gourlay an anonymous incendiary letter, containing threatenings to burn his house if he persisted in exporting corn. This threatening letter is quite a curiosity of the times, of the same illiterate style, and rude character, as the boybotting missives of our own day prevalent in Ireland.*

In McDowall's History of Dumfries it is recorded that in 1771 there was a bread riot of such magnitude in the town of Dumfries that the civil power was helpless to deal with it, and the aid of the military had to be got to quell it.

"The insalubrious condition of Scottish towns during the sixteenth

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* The incendiary letter is as follows:—I ould advas you to Forbeir such Leik Work as this Korn or Els Bay God who is in the Heavnes ye shall Repent it or this day month not only your Barn shall be Bront Bot your fayer House likwayes. New-lay and Neder-reick shall be bront. Your Black Cattel shall be shot and cot bay the Hoch and jei shall be at a very great Los, but consider the Los of your own Soul. How kan ye think to be saved ye Hipkret ye ar com of the Persakcoters ye Blackgard ye are agresever of the jost. But I need not expect no other thing at your hand. Somtem the Riches is sent for a cors and so are they to you who thinks yeurself jost. Remember this Letter it will show you a good Exempel it is me it is I, it is me it is I, it is me it is me it is me it is I, ye Blok Hed thet.

and seventeenth centuries, and even at a period nearer to our own times, was such as to create disgust. The Magistrates were not inactive, but the habits of the burgesses and their servants were essentially filthy. While ventilation was unpractised; there was also no sewerage, and heaps of offensive rubbish abounded at every turn."*

Kirkcudbright was no exception. From the burgh records it appears that there was "a great number of ruinous houses, the Old Castle included, within the burgh," and that the "samyn hes byen so moir then three yeirs, yea then threttie yeirs, and that upon the high street, verrie much to the observatioune of strangers in reproch of the place."† That the inhabitants did "lay yr dung and make yr middins on the king's heigh street, and at and about the mercat cross and uther public places."‡ The draw wells were so unprotected that fatal accidents frequently occurred.§ The gardens were unfenced, and contained only "bowkeall, unzions, cabbage, and parsenips." There was no proper schoolhouse, and the church was in lamentable disrepair. The tolbooth was a mere apology for a prison; debtor and criminal, unless guarded by a watch of the burgesses, walked out of it "in a maisterfull manner," in defiance of the jailor.

An anonymous English traveller, supposed to be Defoe, who visited the town in 1722, thus described it:—"Kirkcudbright is an ancient town, with the prettiest navigable river I have seen in Britain. It runs as smooth as the Medway at Chatham; and there is depth of water and room enough to hold all the fleet of England, so that the Britannia may throw her anchor into the churchyard. It is also landlocked from all winds; and there is an island which shuts its mouth, with good fresh water springs in it, which, if fortified, would secure the fleets from all attempts of an enemy.

"The town consists of a tolerable street, the houses all built of stone, but not at all after the manner of England—even the dress, manners, and customs differ very much from the English.

"The common people all wear bonnets instead of hats. They wear them only on Sundays and extraordinary occasions. There is nothing of the gaiety of the English, but a sedate gravity in every face, without the stiffness of the Spaniards: and I take this to be owing to their praying and frequent long graces, which give their looks a

* Roger's Social Life in Scotland, vol. i., p. 303.
† "Burgh Records," 17th December, 1720.
‡ *Ibid*, 20th January, 1725.
§ *Ibid*, 16th February, 1706.

religious cast. Taciturnity and dullness gain the character of a discreet man, and a gentleman of wit is called a sharp man.

"I arrived here on Saturday night at a good inn, but the room where I lay, I believe, had not been washed, in a hundred years. Next day I expected, as in England, a piece of good beef and a pudding to dinner; but my landlord told me that they never dress dinner on a Sunday, so that I must either take up with bread and butter and a fresh egg, or fast till after the evening sermon, when they never fail of a hot supper. Certainly no nation on earth observes the Sabbath with that strictness of devotion and resignation to the will of God. They all pray in their families before they go to church, and between sermons they fast. After sermon everybody retires to his own home and reads some book of devotion till supper (which is generally very good on Sundays), after which they sing psalms till they go to bed."*

In 1793 matters had so much improved, that Heron in his *Journey through Scotland*, then writes, "the inhabitants of Kirkcudbright are undeniably a virtuous people. The gentry and the well-educated part of the community bear a greater proportion in numbers to the poor, the labouring, and the illiterate, than in most other places. Consequently their spirit and manners are predominant. A degree of liberal intelligence may be observed among the lowest classes, such as the same classes do not display in other places."

Chambers, in his *Picture of Scotland*, 1830, wrote—"It is a town of very pleasing appearance; for it is not only regular, clean, and neat, but possesses considerable charms in the way of natural scenery, and derives a certain degree of almost city-like grandeur from the towers of the jail, and of the ruined abode of the ancient Lords of Kirkcudbright, which at a little distance are seen to overtop the ordinary buildings. The streets of Kirkcudbright are all laid out in squares or parallelograms, like the new town of Edinburgh; and there is no town in Scotland which possesses such a proportion of new houses."

Leaving our readers to contrast this cursory sketch of the social condition of the burgh with its present state, we will proceed to our ramble through the town and environs.†

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* "A Journey through Scotland," in familiar letters from a gentleman here to his friend in London, being the third volume, which completes Great Britain; by the author of "A Journey through England." London: J. Pemberton, Fleet Street. 1723.

† The following notes on the Manuscripts of the Burgh by Dr John Stuart are very interesting:—

"The earliest authentic notice of Kirkcudbright relates to its ecclesiastical history. During the occupation of Galloway by the Saxons, they founded a bishopric at Whithorn, the see of the earliest establishment of St. Ninian, and in the few parochial dedications to Saxon saints through-

Kirkcudbright, at the present day, derives its chief importance from being the county town and seat of the Sheriff and Commissary Courts. It was at one time proposed to remove these to Castle-Douglas, as occupying a more central and convenient situation in the Stewartry; and it was only when the line of railway was continued to Kirkcudbright that the scheme was dropped. Had this removal been effected, it would not have been difficult to foresee the venerable old town lapsing into a state of utter quietude and neglect, with its streets mossgrown, and houses and gardens fitting abodes for the recluse. The inhabitants, however, alive to the benefits accruing from the adoption of any means calculated to abridge their distance from the great world, bestirred themselves, and by the energy and ceaseless labours of their magistracy, councillors, inhabitants, and assistance of "ain born bairns" resident abroad, this object was accomplished; and the two steeds of the roadway and the deep now cast fiery glances on each other, while with their impatient snortings and puffings they awake into life and action the natural drowsiness of the old burgh.

The traveller, on entering the town by the railway station, cannot fail to be struck with the improvements which have recently been

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out the district, we seem to recognise the spots where the population and influence of the new race were concentrated. It was thus that a church dedicated to St. Cuthbert was here raised near the fertile estuary of the Dee, while one in the adjoining parish of Kelton had St. Oswald for its patron saint. In the pages of Reginald of Durham we obtain a curious glimpse of the church at Kirkcudbright, a few years after the middle of the 12th century.

"It happened that in the year 1164, Ailred, the Abbot of Rievaux, was on a journey in Galloway, and was at Kirkcudbright on the festival of the saint from whom the place is called. On this occasion a bull of a fierce temper was brought to the church as an oblation, and was baited in the churchyard by the young clerics, notwithstanding the remonstrances of their aged brethren, who warned the others of the danger of violating the 'peace' of the saint within the limits of his sanctuary. The younger men persisted in their frolic, and one of them ridiculed the idea of St. Cuthbert's presence, and the consequent sanctity of the place, even though his church was one of stone. The bull, after being baited for a time, broke loose from its tormentors, and, rushing through the crowd, he attacked the young cleric who had just spoken, and gored him, without attempting to hurt any other person.

"Besides the existence of St. Cuthbert's Church, with a set of clerics attached to it, we may infer from this notice the novelty of stone churches at the period, and that the materials of such buildings in ordinary cases continued to be of wood, after what Bede styles the mos Scottorum, or custom of the Scots, but which was a custom with a more diffused sanction than might be inferred from this expression.

"The church of Kirkcuthbert soon afterwards was granted by Uchtred, Lord of Galloway, to the monastery of canons regular at Holyrood, a house in which his father, Fergus, had recently ended his days as a monk.

"At Kirkcudbright was a house of Greyfriars, founded in the 13th century, but unfortunately none of its records have been preserved. When Edward I. was here in July, 1300, he made an offering of 7s at the altar of the church of the monastery. On one of his pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Ninian at Whithorn, King James IV. made an offering at the church of the Greyfriars of £5 12s to buy a eucharist.

"Although the town of Kirkcudbright must have been one of considerable importance from an early period, it did not become a Royal Burgh until the middle of the 15th century, when it received a charter of incorporation from King James II., dated 26th October, 1455.

"It was selected, however, by Edward I., as a temporary place of residence for himself and his court in the year 1300, when occupied in the subjection of Galloway. He arrived there on the 19th of July, and remained for ten days. During his stay he received from the town of Drogheda a present of eighty hogsheads of wine. It also gave shelter to King Henry VI. and his queen, after the battle of Towton, in 1461.

"A charter (1455) of King James II. was granted to the town soon after the Galloway possessions of the house of Douglas had become vested in the Crown by the forfeiture of this

effected in this quarter. There seems to be a general flitting to this locality, and the many handsome villages and cottages of recent erection, with flower-plots in front, in a state of great neatness and luxuriance, help much to adorn the natural beauties of the river's bank.

The railway station is handsome and commodious, with a covered platform, and accommodation in every way suited to the traffic. Opposite to the station is the Free Church, a very handsome new building, with tall, tapering, well-proportioned spire, and fine stained glass windows. Adjoining it is the Johnston Free School, an elegant stone building, with a centre tower and wings. On leaving the station, and proceeding into the town, the most imposing object that attracts the eye of the visitor is the old castle, clad in its mantle of green ivy, overlooking the river. This venerable ruin adds much to the picturesque beauty of the town, and, conjointly with the tower of the castellated Court-House, forms a prominent landmark at a distance. It was built on the lands of the Franciscan House by Sir Thomas Maclellan of Bombie, in 1570, and bears that date on the escutcheon above the doorway. It is a massive building, still in fair preservation, and, with a little care, may yet stand many years. It is now the property of Captain Hope of St. Mary's Isle.

History says that the church belonging to the Grey Friars stood

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powerful house. The privileges which the town thus acquired excited the jealousy of the burgh of Dumfries, and a plea between the towns came before the Lords Auditors, by whom, in October, 1467, it was remitted for the decision of the Lords of Council.

"The oldest paper in the collection of the burgh is a transcript of this charter, which was made within the chapel of the Greyfriars of Kirkcudbright, at the instance of William M'Lellan, of Bomby, provost of the burgh, on the 13th of February, 1466, in presence of Hugh Witherspune, Vicar of Kirkcudbright, commissary for a Reverend Father Ninian, Bishop of Whithorn, then sitting in judgment. The deed narrates that for greater evidence the seal of John Wardlaw, prior of St. Mary's Isle, was affixed, in presence of Robert Falstone, rector of Kirkcrist; John Wotherspone, vicar of Dunrod; Robert Wardlaw and John Inglis, chaplains; Thomas Maclellan, Esquire, and Gilbert M'Taddull, with many others.

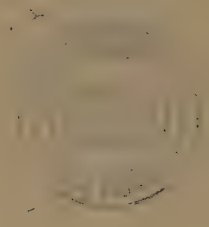
"On the 26th of February, 1509-10, the burgh received a grant from King James IV. of the castle of the Douglases at Kirkcudbright, with its annexed lands of Castlemains. I did not see the original charter, but it is engrossed along with the earlier one of James II., in a charter granted to the burgh by King Charles I., on 13th August, 1633.

"There is one old volume of the Records of the Burgh Court, in which are a good many notices of interest. It contains the record of suits before the baillies, as well as copies of documents recorded for preservation.

"One of the latter is Letters of Legitimation by Queen Mary, with consent of her tutor, the Duke of Chatelherault, in favour of Michael Dion and Cuthbert Dion, bastards, brothers, sons natural of the late Herbert Dion, vicar of the parish of Kirkcormo. The document was recorded on 11th October, 1577, but it is imperfect.

"The first entry of the ordinary proceedings of the Court on 17th December, 1576, as follows:—'The quhilk day Barnard M'Cawel acclamis Elizabeth Hendersoun in certane cravingis, contenit in ane acclame, quhilk he referris to hir aith at the next Court.' Then follows entries of proceedings at the instance of James Lidderdaill of Isle (St. Mary's Isle) against various persons on whom he made claims. Occasionally inquests are summoned, and cases are decided by them. There are elections of office-bearers, statutes and ordinances about trading, and regulations regarding prices of provisions. In January, 1577, precautionary regulations occur on the subject of the plague, then raging on the Borders. Mixed with these are charters conveying tenements in the burgh, and proceedings in the service of heirs."

KIRKCUDBRIGHT CASTLE. Rev. Jos. W. Ebsworth.



near the castle. It was founded in the reign of Alexander II. ; but, in consequence of the ancient records having been carried off at the Reformation, it is very obscurely known to history. John Carpenter, —Brother Carpenter—one of the fraternity, in the reign of David II., was distinguished for his mechanical genius ; and, by his dexterity in engineering, he so fortified the castle of Dumbarton as to earn from the king a yearly pension of £20 in guerdon of his services. In 1564, the Friers' Kirk was, on a petition by the General Assembly which sat in Edinburgh, granted by Queen Mary to the magistrates of the town to be used as a parish church. It continued to be used as such till 1730 ; and, when it became unserviceable, it yielded up its site to a successor for the use of the whole modern united parish ; but on it becoming unsuitable, a more commodious building was erected on another site. Part of the walls of the old church still remain, and are now occupied as a Female School. Below that portion of it known as the old aisle is the tomb in which the mortal remains of the Maclellans were deposited. We were told by one who had assisted to remove the slab from the mouth of the vault, that at the time of opening several of the coffins remained nearly entire, and the cloths with which they were covered, along with pieces of silken trimmings, were as perfect to look upon as when entombed, but with the slightest touch or breath of air they mouldered to dust. The coffins were made of plain oak. There is a beautiful monument here to the memory of Sir Thomas Maclellan of Bombie, who died in 1597. Underneath a semi-circular arch lies a recumbent figure, in full armour, carved in stone, of Sir Thomas Maclellan, and above the sides of the circle of the arch are two heads, supposed to represent Sir Thomas and his lady, Grizel Maxwell, the former having the characteristic ruff of that time round his neck and the latter wearing flowing hair. A slab with a Latin inscription on it is placed above the arch, which is finished with three *round filleted* mouldings, and a hood moulding also *filleted*. Above the slab there are the arms of Lord Kirkcudbright, with the motto, "Think on," and a shield with the Maclellan's *chevron* on it, along with the arms of the Burgh, of which Sir Thomas was Provost. Under the arch there are three stones built into the wall. The middle one has on it a death's head, with a sand glass on one side (dexter) and a book on the other, and cross bones under ; and a scroll over with the words *Memento mori*. The stone on the left side (dexter) has a *left* hand in the centre, the palm turned outward and the forefinger extended ; and round the stone, the words *Respice finem* (look to the end). The remaining stone has a right hand

similarly displayed, and the words *Mors mihi vita est* (death is life to me.) The inscription is as follows:—

HDOMINVS.SITVS.EST.T.MCLELLANVS.ET.VXOR.
D.GRISSEL.MAXVELL.MARMOR.VTRVMQVE.TEGIT.
HIS.GENITVS.R.D.KIRKCVDBRIVS.ECCE.SEPUVLCHRVM.
POSVIT.HOC.CHARI.PATRIS.HONORE.SVI.
ILLE.OBIIT.ANNO.DOM.,1597.

Here is buried Mr T. Maclellan and his wife, Lady Grissel Maxwell (she was daughter of Lord Herries); the marble covers both. Their son Robert, Lord Kirkcudbright, placed (raised) this sepulchre in honour of his own dear father, who died A.D. 1597.

Up to Reformation times it had been the common practice to bury within the walls of the Freiris Kirk, but the magistrates in 1590 passed an Act whereby this usage was to be discontinued. It was received with much dissatisfaction by the community; the penalties attached, however, were such as to make the observance of the order effectual,

and from that time, with the exception of the old aisle, which was reserved as a burial place of the Maclellans, Lords Kirkcudbright, there have been no interments in it.* In ancient times a burial ground was situated around this old church, and in levelling the grounds near it, some years ago, many bones and other sepulchral remains were turned up. The present parish church was built in 1836, and is a large and handsome structure, with spire and clock. The grounds around it have recently been much improved, and are now protected by a well-built wall and railing. A handsome monument inside the church was erected by the whole inhabitants of the parish, in 1837, to the memory of their pastor, the Rev. G. Hamilton, who was instrumental in obtaining the new church, but died before its completion. Among the celebrated ministers of Kirkcudbright were John Welch, the eminent Covenanting divine, who was married to Elizabeth Knox, the daughter of the reformer, John Knox; John Maclellan, who wrote a description of Galloway, for Blaeu's Atlas, published in 1662; the Rev. Dr Thomas Blacklock, the blind poet, whose encouraging letter to Burns, when "Hungry ruin held him in the wind," opened up such new prospects for his poetic ambition that he relinquished his schemes for emigrating to the West Indies, and posted to Edinburgh to arrange for the publication of a second edition of his poems. The Rev. Robert Muter, D.D., was also a man of original mind; he wrote the "Statistical Account of the Parish" for Sir John Sinclair.

Pursuing the walk from here, which passes through the town parks, we come to the site of the ancient castle of the Lords of Galloway. A few grassy mounds are the only vestiges which remain to mark the spot where once stood the spacious domains of royalty. This castle was situated near the river, and has evidently been surrounded by a fosse, into which the tide probably flowed to render it secure. The following account is given in the *Imperial Gazetteer*:—

"The Castle—now vulgarly called Castledykes, but known in ancient writings as Castlemains—belonged originally to the Lords of Galloway, when they ruled the province as a regality, separate from

* The minute forbidding the practice is as follows:—"The qlk day the Provost, Bailzeis, Counsall and Communitie of the said burgh, understanding perfytelie that the Auld Kirkyaird appointit be thame for buriall of the personis deceissand within the said town and parochin is sufficientlie biggit and dykit, and sa ordainit yeirlie to be uphauldin for the same effect: Quhairthrow bestiall is debarrit fra passin thairin, and sa is decent and honest for the said buriall, and that be the lawes and actis of the realme the kirk aucht to be haldin void of ony buriall, and the samen to be maid in the kirkyaird appointit thairto as said is: Thairfoir statutis and ordains that na person or personis be bureit or bidit (earthed) in the paroche kirk of the said burgh, sumtyme callit the Freiris Kirk thairof, and gif ony contravenis the samen ordains the Kirkmaster to poynd the executors of the defunct persone bureit thairin, or the effects of the defunct in the said kirk for the soume of x lb (£10) money; and he to keip the samen and be anserabil thairfor to the toun."

Scotland; and seems to have been built to command the entrance of the harbour. Coming into the possession of John Balliol, as successor to the Lords of Galloway, it was for some time, during the war of 1300, the residence of Edward I.;* and, passing into the hands of the Douglases on the forfeiture of Edward Balliol, it remained with them till 1455, when their crimes drew down upon them summary castigation, and in that year was visited by James II. when on his march to crush their malign power. Becoming now the property of the Crown, it afforded, in 1461, a retreat to Henry VI. after his defeat at Towton, and was his place of residence while his Queen, Margaret, went to Linlithgow Palace, and afterwards took up her residence in the Convent of the Dominican Friars in Edinburgh.† In 1508 it was the temporary residence of James IV., who, while occupying it, was hospitably entertained by the burgh; and next year, by a charter dated at Edinburgh, it was gifted, along with some attached lands, to the magistrates, for the common good of the inhabitants."

Leaving the pleasant walk through the parks, we follow the road leading past the Academy, a large substantial building, with a portico in front, which affords shelter for the scholars in bad weather. This

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* It was about this time that the Pope sent his letter to Edward desiring him to prove his rights over Scotland at the Holy Court. The bull was sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury to be delivered by him into Edward's hand. Mr Hill Burton describes the prelate's difficulties, moral and physical:—

"Never was prelate more hardly beset. There was all the unpleasantness of conveying an unpleasant message to a man not blessed with a placid and forgiving temper, and there were the difficulties of the journey—for King Edward was away at the northern extremity of his kingdom, menacing Scotland. The Archbishop recounted all his difficulties and dangers to his master, and we thus get a glimpse of some of the physical and social conditions caused by the war. After having consumed several days in preparation for his formidable journey, he set off, apparently, in the summer of 1300, and reached Carlisle in twenty days. There, to his dismay, he found that the King had gone with his army into Galloway. He met with some discreet laymen, and with clerical persons worthy of all confidence, from whom he found that the country swarmed with armed Scots; and even supposing him to get through with safety, there was no food in it for his retinue. No one, not even among the clergy, was zealous enough to carry a message intimating his arrival, or even endeavour to procure a safe-conduct for him. He fell at last on a shrewd device. Remaining at Carlisle he sent two of his retinue by sea, who reached the army of Edward with much risk of capture, and with like risk brought answer to his question, how he could with safety endeavour to get an audience. The answer sent him was, that the King could suggest no better way than this: the Queen and he were on some future day to have a meeting, and the Bishop might join escorts with her.

"The prospect of this arrangement, however, was indefinite, and the inducements to wait on were extremely meagre, for he mentions that, during nearly six weeks while his messengers were absent, having to be so near the border of Scotland, he was glad to obtain sufficiency without aspiring at abundance of food. He heard at last that the king had come back to the castle of Caerlaverock, which had some time ago been taken. He then managed to get himself and his equipage conveyed across the Solway at low tide, encountering more peril than he seems to have known of. And so, the triumphant conclusion of his adventures was, that he unexpectedly came upon the king at dinner, on the Friday after the Feast of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, or towards the end of August."—"History of Scotland," vol. ii. p. 315.

† The King Herry is at Kirkhowbre, with four men and a childe. Queen Margaret is at Edinburgh and hir son—30th August, 1461—A letter of Sir Robert Whytinghame—Original letters of the Paston Family. Doubts are expressed as to this visit in Vol. vii. of the Exchequer Rolls, apparently on authorities quoted by Miss Strickland—But any loose notices can hardly weigh against a contemporary letter of unquestioned authenticity—Agnew's "Sheriffs of Galloway."

Academy has for many years been justly celebrated as a classical and commercial seminary.

In the field between the Academy and the High Street stands a stunted old hawthorn, close to which was the site of the dwelling of Mr John Welsh, Knox's son-in-law, who was minister of Kirkcudbright between 1594 and 1602.

In connection with the Academy, the name of the Rev. William Mackenzie, author of the *History of Galloway*, deserves fitting mention. He was a native of Kirkcudbright, and was licensed as a preacher in 1818. When a young man he was appointed Master of the English School in the Academy of his native town, and in that capacity was very successful. Having earned a competency, he retired from his labours as a teacher, and devoted his leisure hours to the cultivation of a naturally refined taste, and occasionally courted the muse. His *Verses on taking leave of the Old Church of Kirkcudbright; On Visiting Threave Castle;* and *To a Skeleton*, are of considerable merit. At this period of his life, at the instigation of the late Mr John Nicholson, who contemplated issuing a reprint of Symson's *History of Galloway*, he wrote the *History of Galloway*, in two volumes. This very difficult undertaking was ably performed. It is a work of great labour and research. It was printed and published in 1841 by Nicholson, who lent valuable assistance in collecting materials.

In 1843 Mr Mackenzie was presented to the parish of Skirling, and continued to perform the duties of his ministry until within a few months of his death. He died on 20th February, 1854, in the 64th year of his age, and his remains rest in the romantic churchyard of Skirling.

From the Academy we return to the Old Court-House and Jail, at the corner of the High Street, supposed to have been erected about the middle of the 16th century. It is a very curious-looking old edifice, surmounted by a very neat tower and spire, the stones of which were taken from the ruins of Dundrennan Abbey. A minute of the Council records that in 1642 a movement was made by the magistrates and Council of the Burgh to have a new steeple erected in which to place their clock and bells—the present very picturesque spire and its quaint clock dial with one hand, and Hollandish bells, being the outcome of their resolution.* The old clock is now preserved in the museum at Kirkcudbright. Chambers, in *The Picture of Scotland*,

* Att Kirkcudbright, the ffourt day of January, the yeir of God JmVIC, ffourtie twa years (1642). The qlk day the Proveist, Baillies and Counsell of the Burgh of Kirkcudbryt, with advyse

in 1830, wrote of the Old Jail and Court-House:—"Though by no means an elaborate piece of architecture, either in point of size or ornament, this venerable fabric seems to have been considered no small matter at the time of its erection (1584) from the inscription on its front—*Nisi dominus edificaverit frustra.*" In front of it stands the Old Mercat Cross of the town, purporting to have been erected in 1504.

THE TOLBOOTH, KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

Here the capacious wassail bowl of the burgh, presented by Mr Hamilton of Bargeny, M.P., soon after the Union, is brought forth on festive occasions, such as coronations and royal marriages, &c. The bowl is of walnut wood, hooped with brass, and capable of holding nine gallons. In proximity to the Castle and the Old Tolbooth and Court-House are several buildings, which were the town houses of the County gentry. In old times Kirkcudbright, as the royal burgh, was the centre of hospitality; and in it the surrounding gentry, for a time, took up their abode, entering fully into the festivities, amusements, and pastimes of the place. The Earl of Galloway, Murrays

and consent of the remanent burgess and communitie of the said burgh. Having takin to thair serious consideracun the los and want of thair "knok" throw the falt of ane steiple and bel hous

of Broughton, Ewarts of Mulloch, Gordons of Lochinvar, Gordons of Campbelltown, Glendonwyns of Parton, and M'Ghies of Airie had their own houses, and repaired to them, in the season, much in the same way as our county families do now to the metropolis.

At the Cross also hung the *jougs*, that in feudal times grasped in their iron embrace the neck of the culprit, while undergoing the degrading sentence of a public exhibition, so many days of the year. It is not many years since these "monsters of justice" were taken down, our guide having a piece of them in his possession. A portion of the old building is now occupied by the Kirkcudbright Rifle Volunteers as an armoury and drill room, for which it is admirably suited. The entrance-door to the tower is reached by a flight of steps leading from the main street. Having procured a guide with the key, after considerable difficulty, passing from one "Robinson Crusoe" ladder to another, we reached the top of the tower, and were amply repaid for all our scramblings and genuflexions by the extent and beauty of the prospect which it commands. Immediately below is the "auld toun," embosomed in its sylvan surroundings. While looking towards the north the scene is truly delightful, the banks of the river, from Tongland to the sea, being peculiarly rich in natural beauty. In the foreground is the river sparkling in the sun's rays, and winding like a silver thread among the green meadows; while the grounds around Cumstoun, sloping gently to the river's margin, are clothed with plantations of great freshness and beauty. Further on, towards the Vale of Tarff, the eye passes over a succession of gently swelling knolls and well cultivated fields and hills, their sides and summits interspersed with clumps of wood and fine belts of planting, backed by the brown heathy peaks of Kirkconnel and Barstobrick. Towards the west we have the sparsely wooded grounds and rich alluvial pasturages of Borgue, with the river in the middle distance,

to put thair knock and bellis in (the auld tolbuith qlk of befor keepit thair knok and bell being now ruinous and decaiyit), and of haveing takin to thair consideraun the neeessitie of ane steiple and bel hous to keip their knok and bel, qlk is ane speciall ornament belanging to every burgh; and qlk they are bund be the antient lawes of the burrows of this kingdome to mantein and uphauld and lykewayes they takeing to thair serious consideraun the decay of thair comon guid and that it is superspendit upon the comon effaires of this burgh. Thairfoir the said Proveist, Baillies and Counsell of the said burgh with adyyse and consent of the remanent burgess and comunitie of the said burgh. Have all in ane voice cheirfullie and voluntarily offered theimselff is to be stentit in thair guids for buying of ane piece of grund qr it may be maist and best convenientlie had for biggin of the said bell hous and steiple and for fournishing of materialls and paying of workmen to big the saym and for that effect they by yir pnts do nominate and appoynt certain members of the Counsell, or the maist pairt of theme to convene wt the magrats of the said burgh qu soevir they should be requyrt for setting of the foirsaid stent. Quha being conveint and haveing acceptit the foirsaid charge upon them. Have all in ane voyce (q a war pret) maid and set down the stent efter. Spcit to be payit by the haill burgess and inhabitants to the said burgh to William Halliday and Geo. Callander or any of thame. Collectors appoyntit for uplifting of the said stent and qa ar obleigt to be comptable thairfoir to the Proveist, Baillies and Counsell of the said burgh in manir efter mentionat.

still forming an agreeable rest to the eye; while, almost lost in the silvery haze, we discern the broad brow of Cairnsmore-of-Fleet. On facing to the right about, the eye rests on marine and inland views of great extent and loveliness. Before us is the river broadening out so as to resemble, as it is called, a lake. To the right the high lands and thriving plantations of Kirkeoch and Senwick sloping gradually to the sea; and to the left the precipitous cliffs of the Torrs Point present a bold headland. The Ross Isle, with its lighthouse, lies in the mouth of the river, while the densely wooded peninsula of St. Mary's Isle invades the estuary with its sylvan foliage. The environs of Kirkcudbright are truly delightful, and the objects of historical and traditional interest which are situated in the neighbourhood are well worthy of a visit. The beautiful scenery of the Banks of the Dee in this locality has been often and justly admired. The Rev. Dugald Stewart Williamson, the late gifted minister of Tongland, has thus feelingly sung in its praise:—

"Till life has vanished let me deem
I hear the ripple of thy stream,
And see thy beauteous vale!

O! may the earliest sound and sight
That gave my infant heart delight,
The latest be to fail!

More bright and beautiful on earth
May other landscapes shine;
For me their charms are little worth
E'en though resembling thine."

The poet Nicholson also alludes to its charms in many of his poems; and Mactaggart, author of the *Gallovidian Encyclopædia*, in a long descriptive poem, entitled *Mine Address to the Dee*, written when a student at Edinburgh, also writes of its many beauties and attractions:—

"The Dee is king of all the streams
That roll to Scotland's southern sea,
On it I had my youthful dreams,
Its banks are ever dear to me.

* * * *

The Nith, the Urr, the Fleet, and Cree
Are waters not to match with it,
No stately ship on them we see
For navigation they're unfit.

* * * *

Upon its banks what waving wood
And fertile glades for ever green,
What salmon spouting in the flood
And pellocks hunting them are seen."

In front of the old Tolbooth is a Cistern with a tablet, which bears the following inscription :—

> "This fount, not riches, life supplies,
> Art gives what nature here denies,
> Posterity must surely bliss
> St. Cuthbert's sons who puchased this."

In High Street there are several ancient-looking houses, with devices and dates upon them, now undecipherable. Within a few yards of the Cross we note a tablet on the walls of the old house of

THE DOO-COTS, HIGH STREET, KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

the Ewarts, on which has been carved their coat-of-arms and a date which cannot now be made out with any degree of accuracy. And about 100 yards to the west of the Tolbooth the attention of the visitor was arrested by the antique, grim-visaged old buildings standing with their gables to the street, "like some hard-grained and stubborn rock in a tide race, an embodied protest against the spirit of change" which is taking place all around in the burgh. These ancient fabrics were known as the "Doo-Cots," and at one time were houses of some importance. In their later years time and man seemed to have dealt hardly with them, and they were entirely removed in the year 1896. As showing specimens of the domestic architecture of old times this is to be regretted. Broughton House, the residence

of the distinguished artist, Mr Edward Atkinson Hornel, is situated in this street. Adjoining the house, at the back, is the artist's commodious and well-lighted studio. From the large garden in which the studio is placed, there are pretty peeps of the river and the finely wooded hills of Kirkchrist and Kirkeoch. The garden, in which Mr Hornel, who has a taste for gardening, spends much of his leisure time, contains many rare plants, shrubs, and flowers. Mr Hornel was born at Bacchus Marsh, Victoria; but, though an Australian by birth he has been a resident in the picturesque old town of Kirkcudbright nearly all his days, and is thoroughly Scotch by development. We have known him intimately from his youth, and were early impressed with that individuality and strength of character which, in the face of much adverse criticism, he has consistently shown in all his ways and artistic productions.

Mr Hornel studied first in the Edinburgh School of Art—the Trustees' Academy—then under the mastership of Mr Hodder, and attended its classes for three years. The methods of teaching in those days consisted in the ordinary routine of freehand outline, and shaded drawing. The student was taught no painting, and the irksomeness of the monotonous round of duty, so disheartened the pupils that it was little wonder they sought inspiration elsewhere. From Edinburgh Mr Hornel went to Antwerp and for two years he attended the Academy under the late Mons Verlat with excellent results. After leaving Antwerp he returned to Kirkcudbright, and at first painted mostly landscapes and studies of trees in the woodland glades of the Barrhill near the town. Later, as his powers developed, he varied these studies by the introduction of figure subjects, mostly field workers and rustic children, occasionally painting a portrait. Mr Hornel in these early days painted a great deal in the open air, making very careful studies from Nature. He was continually experimenting with colour schemes, and the fine results he afterwards secured, were the outcome of continued and incessant hard work, and close observation of Nature. He is still a hard-working student of Nature, and no one draws and sketches in colour with more painstaking care the leading features of the subject before him. True, he is now, and has always been, a thorough-going impressionist, but all his impressions are taken direct from Nature. His pictures, so unconventional in their colour schemes and lines of composition, are so far removed from the common place in Art that he has had for years to endure the hostile and often contemptuous opinions

of the Art critics. "It was almost inevitable," wrote Mr Edward Pennington eight years ago, "that around Mr Hornel's pictures a critical storm should have arisen. As a matter of fact, a place has been found for him at well-nigh every point of the line of ascent from charlatan to genius. It is, in fact, hardly possible anywhere to find evidence of a genuine effort to get at Mr Hornel's *motif*, his impelling idea, his inspiring aim. He met with a kindlier reception abroad, but at home, while his works were long held purely decorative, the richness and charm of his colour were slowly recognised." Mr Hornel's representations of rustic children revelling in the joyousness of youth and freedom, among his gorgeous and luscious colour schemes, appeared to many little more than daubs, "inexpressive, mysterious, without motive, art or beauty."

Mr Hornel's first success was obtained in Liverpool, when in the year 1892, the Corporation gave formal recognition to his merits as a colourist, by purchasing his picture of "Summer." This was not carried through, however, without causing in the Council, violent opposition to the acquisition of a picture, which was to most of the members a perfect puzzle in the harmonies of colour. At the time, this "Art battle" in the Council, as represented in the newspapers, caused considerable excitement in the city, and was keenly discussed in Art circles. It was, however, soon forgotten, and Mr Hornel's powers as an "exponent of the music of colour" were so evident, the Corporation of Liverpool in the year 1894 purchased another of his works, "The Captive Butterfly" for the city's permanent collection without any show of opposition. "Since that time," writes Mr Rimbault Dibdin in *The Studio*, "while Mr Hornel has never swerved from his devotion to colour, and has greatly developed his exquisite sense of it, he has learned to be more merciful to those who demand lucidity of form. He has even begun to deal in distances—not at all in the spirit of Copley Feilding, but yet in a masterly style which shows that his one-plane compositions were not the result of inability to express atmosphere and manage perspective. With distances, however, as with his foregrounds, there is no quest of novelty for its own sake."

Mr Hornel first exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy in the year 1883. The picture he sent was "A Glimpse of Kirkcudbright," and he continued to exhibit there up to 1900. At the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, he has been a regular exhibitor since 1886. He has also exhibited in several galleries on the Continent, America, and London.

In the year 1893 Mr Hornel went with Mr George Henry to Japan, and made a stay of eighteen months in the land of the Cherry Blossom. He brought back with him numerous sketches, and finished pictures, showing the marvellous colours of the native costumes on the streets, about the harbours, and among the trees in blossom, when under the bright sunshine of the land of the Mikado.

In addition to Liverpool, other galleries in which Hornel's pictures have a place are those of Glasgow, Leeds, Bradford, Rochdale, Bury, Toronto, Buffalo, U.S.A., and Ghent. Mr Hornel, though still a comparatively young man, has attained a high place in the world of Art. His pictures are bought and admired, and it is pleasing to think that these gallery pictures, and others equally famous in private collections, have emanated from his studio in Kirkcudbright.

The varied features of the scenery around Kirkcudbright have many attractions for the artist, and for many years it has been a favourite artistic haunt. Within a small compass there is an inexhaustible store of subjects for pictures, and for some years past artists of eminence have turned to good account its capabilities. To us the quaint old town and its picturesque surroundings have always been attractive. In our rambles among the scenery and antiquities of Galloway, we have always laid aside our knapsack to sojourn for a time in this "Dreamthorp" of the Stewartry. In retrospective glimpses of our sketching days with our friends of the "Kirkcudbright School," no more enjoyable or profitable reminiscences recur than those associated with our holidays spent in and around the ancient Royal Burgh. The delightful wild hyacinth and primrose carpeted glades of the Barrhill—the fantastic weather-blown thorns, and the queer old orchards, so suggestive of quaint pictures, to be found at the Buckland burn—the graceful hanging trees around the Cannee dam, so Corot-like in their simplicity; but, in the correct representation of their subtleties of form, colour, and light and shade, such stumbling-blocks to the artist—and the fresh and vigorous pastoral landscapes of distant blue mountain, green meadow, and hill and valley in the course of the Dee, to be seen from the summits of the numerous hills and knolls near by, cannot fail to fill with admiration and delight the minds of all endowed with artistic feeling, and perception of the beautiful in Nature. On the farm of Loch Fergus, a short distance from the town, where Mr George Henry, Glasgow, now A.R.A., painted his famous "Galloway Landscape," so characteristic of the scenery of the district, the artist will find many subjects for pictures; and in the Glenley

Glen, "the glen of the shimmering light," not far away, there are at every turn charming "bits" for the pencil of the sketcher, and cool sequestered glades and ferny nooks inviting to the lover of the picturesque.

Near to the Cross are the County Buildings, a handsome and commodious edifice, both externally and internally. It is to be regretted that such an imposing structure should not have been placed on a more advantageous site. Here it is quite buried in a narrow street. In the neighbourhood of the Tolbooth is the site of St. Andrew's Church. Thomas Maclellan of Bombie, the Provost, who was its patron, had apparently a proprietary right in the building. In March, 1570, he disposed of it and the Friars' Kirk, which he, in 1569, had received from King James as a personal gift, along with the monastery, to the town, the price being two hundred merks and a hundred bolls of lime, the latter, it is understood, to assist in building the present castle erected on a portion of the ground. St. Andrew's Church was for some time used as a Tolbooth in place of the one demolished in 1865. In 1580 there is an entry in the burgh records which puts a different complexion on the disposal of the two churches. It bears that "The Richt Honble. Provost M'Clellan had excambed the two churches, with the town, for a tenement called the Peelhous, but the transaction had never been completed by the recording and giving of seasin." To remedy this, the town of new dispones the said tenement to the Provost, subject to an annual burden of £12, the property "to be halden of their sovrane lord in free burgage," he on the other part ratifying the conveyance of the two churches to the town which are to be held of him in blanche "for payment of ane rois (rose) at mid-summer, gif it beis requirit." To the inquiring tourist, possessed of Grose-like propensities for "auld nick nackets," and a taste for legendary lore, the removal by death of the late John Nicholson was much felt on visiting Kirkcudbright. He was acquainted with all the traditions, oral and written, connected with Galloway; and possessed a retentive memory, and the "nack" of telling a story to advantage, which made an hour in his company as instructive as it was enjoyable. Mr Nicholson was born in the parish of Tongland in 1777, and in early life followed the trade of a weaver, for a short time adopting the military profession by enlisting into the Scots Greys. His bent, however, was antiquities; and on leaving the service he settled down in Kirkcudbright as a bookseller and printer. From his press were issued the *History of Galloway*, the

Traditions of Galloway, and a number of other works. He was also publisher and proprietor of the *Stewartry Times, Galloway Register and Advertiser*. He died at Kirkcudbright on 11th September, 1866, leaving an only son, James, who succeeded him in the business, and inherited also the antiquarian leanings of his father. James for some years conducted the newspaper with success, but, like his uncle, the poet, he was naturally indolent and thoughtless of the future. He had no ambition to increase and develop the printing and bookselling business which the progress of the times required. His printing press became antiquated and unprofitable in competition with the up-to-date machines which came into use. So the issue of the newspaper ceased after having run altogether about eight years. The printing business was also, in great part, relinquished, and with other adverses of fortune in his later years the shop came to be closed. With his thoughts continually dwelling in the past, "Jamie" was ill adapted to fight the battle for existence in the days of excessive competition which came upon him. Of a quiet, retiring, likeable nature, our old friend Jamie, the antiquary, as he was locally known, was never communicative with strangers, but with those of similar tastes to his own he was a delightful, well-informed companion, in a ramble among the auld hoolet-haunted castles, abbeys, and kirkyards in the district. Like his father, "Jamie" was a very "dungeon o' wut an' lair" on all subjects connected with the traditions, geneaologies, place-names, and folk-lore of the Stewartry. Many an "auld warl crack" hae we had and enjoyable hoor hae we spent wi' oor auld and sage frien', "Jamie." He died on 1st January, 1900, and his ashes lie with his kindred in St. Cuthbert's Kirkyard among the stones of which he so often pensively sauntered.

The late William Thomson, shoemaker and botanist, was another Kirkcubrie worthy whom we used to meet with often in our rambles about the burgh. "Wullie," when we first "forgaithered" with him in the early eighties, when the subject of cup and ring markings was the main topic of discussion among local antiquaries, took great interest in these mysterious relics of the past. The fine group of cups and rings at Low Milton was discovered by him, and he had some original views of his own to advance in regard to their origin. But these he was careful to give merely as his own opinion, "an' o' coorse no' muckle to be relied on." William, according to one who knew him well, "was a man of strong individuality, original in thought, cautious in speech, penetrative in observation, and the possessor of many admirable traits

of character." He was a sincere lover of nature "in a' her shows and forms," and in his botanical and entomological researches had wandered all over the hills and glens of the Stewartry. In the outings of the old Field Naturalists' Club of Kirkcudbright he took a lively interest, and the Dumfries and Galloway Antiquarian Society conferred upon him the distinction of honorary membership. In Armstrong's novel of "The Cobbler of Kirkiebrae" William is pictured as the leading character. Of "Auld Wull" we retain many pleasant memories. Alas! he, too, has gone over to the majority, and now lies at rest among his confreres in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard.

In Saint Cuthbert Street is the United Presbyterian Church. The office of the National Bank, a plain, substantial building, is situated in Castle Street.

The Town Hall and Literary Institute of Kirkcudbright is a large square building at the corner of St. Mary Street, opposite the Parish Church. This building contains an excellent library, connected with the Institute. The Museum was under the same roof until its removal, a few years ago, to the handsome and commodious and well appointed premises erected on the other side of the street. The Museum is well furnished with objects of natural history, botany, and mineralogy, and specimens of local antiquities. For many years it was under the careful supervision of Mr John M'Kie, R.N., who, though retired from taking an active part in its management, still continues to take a deep interest in the success of the Institution, and the valuable collection is always to be seen in perfect order. Near by is the Church Hall in connection with the Established Church—a handsome and substantial looking building. The office of the Bank of Scotland is a few doors farther on, and it is undoubtedly the most handsome building in the town. Its front is built of grey freestone, with carved Corinthian pillars; and the breadth of the street allowing ample room for a favourable view, it has a very airy and tasteful appearance. In the square opposite the Commercial Hotel is a Celtic cross, erected by the Countess of Selkirk in memory of her husband. It is a piece of very fine artistic work, and a decided ornament to the town.

On reading the history of the town we are pleased to find that the old burgh has laudably striven to be foremost in the career of improvement. In 1763 water was introduced; in 1777 a public library was established; building societies were formed in 1808 and 1810, which erected a large number of houses, adding much to the comfort and convenience of the inhabitants; and in 1838 the inhabitants of Kirk-

cudbright had the honour of introducing the first gas company into Galloway. It was at an earlier period introduced into the burgh of Maxwelltown by pipes from Dumfries, but Kirkcudbright was the first place in Galloway in which gas was manufactured.

Few towns enjoy the advantage of such agreeable walks as are to be found in the environs of Kirkcudbright. Along the seashore, by the banks of the Dee, and in the woods on the slopes above the town, there is an endless variety of pleasant paths. It is due to the memory of the late Earl of Selkirk to mention that there is almost no restriction of the liberty of wandering through these woods, and it is pleasant to observe that Captain Hope, the present proprietor, still continues to adhere to the traditions of his ancestors by allowing these privileges to the inhabitants, a boon which ought to be greatly appreciated and the amenities of the estate carefully respected.

The town was formerly encompassed by a wall and a deep ditch. None of the wall is now visible, though the fosse or ditch may still be traced. The space within the wall was almost a square, each side being about 350 yards long. The town had one gate at the river, and another on the side next the Barrhill, called the Meikle Yett. The tide flowed into the fosse, and at high water completely surrounded the town. Kirkcudbright, built according to the plan followed by the whole old towns in Scotland, had one High Street or high way. Some of the descriptive designations within the ancient burgh are rather curious. There was the Old Tolbuith, the ancient quondam Kirk of Sanct Androis Kirk, the "Prebendaries Yaird," the "Peel Yetts," the "Moat Well," the "Grain Mills," the "Crek Gait," and the road which leads from the "Mekill Yet" to the Church of Saint Cuthbert. Houses stood built with their gables to the street, and closes radiated from each side of it. The gates at the Meikle Yett were taken down within the last century. Two perforated stones in the pavement are here still visible, in which the pivots of the two divisions of the gate turned. The old pillars, the last of the ancient buildings of the town, were taken down about 1825 or 1826 for the purpose of allowing the late Dr Shand's house to be built, and the two globular ornamental stones which stood above the pillars were removed to the present entrance of St. Cuthbert's Churchyard. An English party, who marched against the town in 1548, in the warfare about the marriage treaty between Mary and Edward VI., narrate that as they approached "Kirkcobrie, they who saw us coming barred their gates, and kept their dykes,

for the town is dyked on both sides, with a gate to the waterward, and a gate on the overend to the fellward."

St. Cuthbert's Churchyard is about a quarter of a mile north of the burgh. The glebe of the parish nearly surrounds the churchyard, and close by, in an elevated situation, a commodious new manse has been built. On our way we pass the springs which formed the original source of the supply of water to the town. The road to the cemetery, being on rising ground, affords fine views of the surrounding country.

For many years the writer has spent holidays in the neighbourhood of Kirkcudbright, and around the old town many pleasurable associations cluster. But, as we leave the precints of the Auld *Kirk Yaird*, and stroll leisurely along the Golf Course, from which there is an extensive and fine view of the Dee Valley, thoughts arise in the mind "overspread with the melancholy which belongs to the days that are no more—the sad thoughts of dear friends which are departed, and of loved voices we shall hear no more this side the grave." As we pass Woodlea, we are led involuntarily to think of many pleasant sketching rambles among the woods and glades of the Barrhill in the company of our friend, the late William Mouncey, and of many enjoyable and informative discussions on Art and Nature in his studio. Mouncey died at Woodlea in December, 1901, and was buried in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard. He was a native of Kirkcudbright, and for some years followed the business of a house painter and decorator. But he early developed a strong love for Art, and every spare moment during the intervals of work, in his trade, were devoted to drawing and sketching in the fields. For many years his only reward was the pleasure this afforded him; but, after a time, his love for Art made him renounce the house painting and enter the lists of artists. His individuality, and strength of character, soon developed, and the steady growth of his executive efforts were marked by style, good colour and composition, and intelligent suggestion. His pictures nearly all represented aspects of the rich scenery around Kirkcudbright, and his gifts, as an artist, were soon recognised beyond the confines of his native county. Mouncey was a poet-painter. His landscapes revealed his love for Nature, especially in its subtlest aspects, and its mystery and melody. His pictures were exhibited in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and on the Continent, and since his death have kept up their full value in picture salerooms. By Mouncey's death, at the early age of 49 years, the landscape art of Scotland sustained a serious loss. Mr W. S. Macgeorge, A.R.S.A., and Mr H.

Ivan Neilson, have had studios in close proximity to the town for several years, and the subjects of many of their most important exhibition pictures have been found in the Barrhill woods, on the banks of the Lake, and on the Dee in the neighbourhood of Tongland. Mr Macgeorge, combining landscape with figures, has produced many very pleasing and artistic pictures, showing fine warm mellow colour. He has also painted some interesting cottage interiors with figures, and has executed several excellent portrait commissions. He has exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy from the year 1881—his first exhibit being a water colour entitled "The Lover's Walk," near Castle-Douglas, his native town. He has also frequently exhibited in the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, and has had pictures well placed in the Royal Academy, London, and in other English provincial exhibitions, and in America. Mr Neilson is mainly a landscape painter, occasionally introducing figures and cattle with effect, and he has exhibited several landscapes showing good colour and dexterous *technique*.

This cemetery marks the site of the ancient church which was dedicated to St. Cuthbert. Of the early history of this church very little is known with certainty, further than that it, with its tithes and revenues, were given early in the 12th century by Uchtred, son of Fergus, Lord of Galloway, to the monks of Holyrood. The church was doubtless of great antiquity, and probably was founded either during the age of St. Cuthbert, or soon after the period when that celebrated saint flourished.* St. Cuthbert possessed great influence in his time, and several churches both in England and Scotland were dedicated to him. From a note to Vol. 1 of the *History of Galloway*, containing an interesting account of his life, we quote briefly:—"St. Cuthbert took the monastic habit at Melrose under Eata, afterwards Bishop of Hagulstad and Lindisfarne, Boisil being prior. Eata took Cuthbert to Ripon, till Wilfred was appointed abbot. Then he returned to Melrose. On the death of Boisil, of the great plague, in 664, Cuthbert was promoted to his place, and he commenced to evangelise the barbarous people in the villages in the neighbourhood. After many years thus spent, Eata removed him to Lindisfarne. After governing Lindisfarne as prior for some years, he betook himself, for solitude and contemplation, to the Isle of Farne, at a distance of nine miles. There he built himself a small dwelling, with a trench about it, and the necessary cells—a rath, in short—where he produced a stream of water from the hard rock. He was after many years present

* "The Kirk and the Manse," by the Rev. Robt. M. Fraser, A.M.

at the Synod of Adtwiford, on the Alne, where Theodore was present when he was reluctantly appointed bishop. He was consecrated at York by Theodore and six other bishops, and Eata returning to Hugulstad, Cuthbert presided over Lindisfarne. After spending two years in his bishopric, he returned to Fern, and died in 687."

In the *Aberdeen Breviary* we get a short account of his death and burial.

"After two years in the duties of the episcopate, feeling that his end was drawing near he returned to the hermit's life. After two months in the desert, he was suddenly seized with illness, and after three weeks he died, and was honourably buried in Lindisfarne. Even years after, on opening his tomb, his body was found incorrupt. The body was now set up as a shrine to which multitudes of pilgrims resorted, to the great enrichment of the church."

At the entrance-gate to the churchyard is a monument to the memory of the Ewarts of Mullock, a very old Stewartry family, and the ancestors of a former indefatigable member for the Dumfries burghs. It is dated 1644, with carvings of emblematical figures, and is profusely lettered; but as it is cut in the quaint style of that century, and placed at a considerable height from the ground, it is scarcely decipherable. The arch, pillars, and capitals are apparently work of the twelfth century. The epitaph on the stone is attributed to Dr Samuel Rutherford of Anwoth, a personal friend of John Ewart of Mullock.

A most curious and interesting stone has been erected to the memory of Billy Marshall, the famous Gallovidian gipsy or *tinkler*. The one side bears the inscription—"The remains of Wm. Marshall, Tinkler, who died 28 Novemr., 1792, at the advanced age of 120 years." On the other side of the stone are carved two rams' horns and two tablespoons crossed.

Billy Marshall was a wonderful character in his day, and, as M'Taggart says, "had both the good and bad qualities of man about him in a very large degree. He was kind, yet he was a murderer; an honest soul, yet a thief; at times a generous savage, at other times a wild pagan; he knew both civilised and uncivilised life; the dark and fair side of human nature; had no fear; was seldom sick; could sleep on moor as soundly as on feather-bed; took whisky to excess; but lived to a patriarchal age. He was buried in state by the hammermen of Kirkcudbright, who would not permit the Earl of Selkirk to lay his head in the grave, merely because his lordship was not one of their incorporated body." An anecdote is told of him that

FRONT VIEW.

BACK VIEW.

having joined the army and gone to the wars in Flanders, he one day accosted his commanding officer, who was a Galloway gentleman—"Sir, ha'e ony word to sen' to your friends in Scotland at present?" "What by that?" returned the officer; "is there any person going home?" "Ay," continued Billy, "Keltonhill Fair is just at han'. I ha'e never been absent frae it since my shanks could carry me to it, nor do I intend to let this year be the first." The officer, knowing his nature, knew it would be in vain to try to keep him in the ranks, so bade him tell his father and friends how he was; he also gave him a note to take to his sweetheart. So Marshall departed, was at Keltonhill Fair accordingly, and ever after that paid much respect to the family of M'Culloch of Ardwall, one of whom, it would seem, was the commanding officer alluded to.

Amongst the remarkable stones in this churchyard are two in the east end, which mark the graves of two Covenanters. On 18th December, 1684, Claverhouse surprised six of these sufferers for the cause of right and truth in a place called Auchencloy, in the parish of Girthon. He ordered four of them to be instantly shot, while William Hunter and Robert Smith were carried prisoners to Kirkcudbright, where a mock trial was gone through. They were found guilty, hanged, and afterwards beheaded. The inscription on the gravestone is still quite legible, and is as follows:—

"William Huntre—Robert Smith 1684—
This monument shall show posterity
Two headles martyres under it doth ly
By bloody Grahme were taken and surpris'd
Brought to this toune and afterwards were saiz'd
By unjust law were sentenced to die
Them first they hang'd then headed cruelly
Captains Douglas, Bruc, Grahame of Cleverhous
Were these that caused them be handled thus
And when they were into the gibbet come
To stope their speech they did beat up the drum
And all becawse that they would not comply
With indulgen and bloody prelacie—
In face of cruel Bruce, Douglas, Grahame
They did maintain that Christ was Lord supream
And boldly ouned both the Covenants
At Kirkcudbright thus ended these two saints."—

Galloway, in the days of prelatic persecution, was the scene of much oppression and suffering, and in those times it was famous for the number of its adherents to the cause of the Covenants. When post-Reformation Episcopacy was forced on Scotland, the inhabitants of

Kirkcudbright simultaneously rose to prevent the settlement of an Episcopalian minister in their church. A judicial commission, appointed by the Privy Council, made inquiry into their conduct, and adjudged some women as ringleaders to the pillory. "Whether the women or the Privy Council," sardonically remarks the author of *Caledonia*, "were on that occasion the most actuated by zeal, it is not easy to decide."

Alongside of the martyrs' stone is the tombstone of Robert Maxwell of Hazelfield, erected to the memory of his daughter—having a coat-of-arms of the Maxwells of Nithsdale, the Carsons of Rusko, and the Gordons of Kenmure. Near by is a tombstone of the Kirkpatricks of Raeberry, a member of this family having been at one time Provost of Kirkcudbright.

John Hallume, an inoffensive lad, about 18 years of age, was pursued by a Lieutenant Livingston, with a party of dragoons, and without being asked a single question, fired upon and wounded. He was again barbarously cut on the head by a sword. Conveying him a prisoner to Kirkcudbright, they ordered him to take the abjuration oath. Upon his refusing to do so a jury of soldiers was empanelled, who, as a matter of course, found him guilty, and he was executed in the usual manner. His body was also interred in the churchyard of Kirkcudbright, and the stone bears the following inscription :—"Here lyes JOHN HALLUME. who was wounded in his taking, and by unjust law sentenced to be hanged. All this done by Capt. Douglas, for his adherence to Scotland's Reformation Covenants Nationall and Solemn League, 1685."

There are many very ancient and curiously carved stones in this churchyard, which would amply repay a leisurely inspection by those who possess in any measure the tastes of Old Mortality.

CHAPTER VIII.

TONGLAND.

Leaving the churchyard we follow the high road up the hill, which leads through a pretty wooded dell to the farm of Loch Fergus. It is about one mile from the town. Here, on the right of the road, is a level field which at one time formed the bed of a lake. Near its centre was an island called Palace Isle, on which stood the seat of the ancient Lords of Galloway. Another smaller island near it was called Stable Isle. Uchtred, son of Fergus, Lord of Galloway, while residing here, was attacked by his brother Gilbert, on the 22nd September, 1174, deprived of his eyes and tongue, and then murdered. Alan is believed to have died in this Castle.* In February, 1499, the dwelling of Loch-fergus was burned by Thomas Huthinson and Carynis in ye Copswoode.† All that remains to mark the site of this palace is a wooded knoll, where the peaceful ewe and lambs love to bask in the sun. An anchor, several pieces of silver coin, and old-fashioned curling-stones were found during some draining operations which, about thirty years ago, were made in this meadow.

The road leading from Kirkcudbright to Tongland Bridge, two miles on, passes near some pleasant residences, the most prominent of which is Ardendee, which commands one of the finest views in the whole district, or indeed in the south of Scotland. Tongland Bridge was built from a design by Telford, at a cost of upwards of £7000. The arch is circular, and the span 110 feet. It is a strong and elegant structure, in a picturesque situation. The Railway Bridge, showing some engineering skill, is close by, and the picturesque old bridge which was built in 1737 represented in our engraving is a quarter of a mile higher up. The channel of the Dee in the neighbourhood is rocky and rugged, and its banks precipitous and richly wooded. The best view of the river when swollen, is obtained from this old bridge. "It appears there," writes the late Rev. Dugald

* "Land and their Owners in Galloway," vol. 4, p. 193
† "Pitcairn's Criminal Trials."

S. Williamson, minister of Tongland,* "in a straight line for nearly a quarter of a mile, and, the series of rocky shelves causing it to rise in successive undulations, the river resembles the convolutions of an enormmous serpent, while the large streaks and patches of foam that diverge from their crests, give an animation and a savage beauty to the torrent which it would be hard to match in many Scottish rivers." Mr Williamson was inducted as minister of Tongland parish in the year 1832. He was a man of varied attainments. In the pulpit he excelled as a preacher, and his able and learned account of the habits of the salmon, drawn from his own observations at Tongland, as contained in the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, shows that he was possessed of a scientific turn of mind and a strong liking for natural history. He was also a poet of considerable genius. One of his poems, "Musings on the River Dee by Moonlight," was greatly esteemed by the poet, Wordsworth. The opening verse is worth quoting :—

The antique bridge that spans the Dee
To-night was visited by me—
A lovelier scene I'll never see
Than then I saw ;
Before it fades, my friend, for thee
The scene I'll draw.
The river murmers like a rill,
The trees that fringe the rill are still,
The moon is wandering at her will,
Some stars among,
The outline of the tufted hill
Is clear and strong.

Immediately below the old bridge it is thought that Captain Alexander Montgomery laid the scene of his popular poem, *The Cherry and the Slae*. In it the beauties of the scenery on the river's banks are truthfully described, the following lines being descriptive of the flooded river :—

"But as I lookēd me alane
I saw a river rin
Out o'er a steepie rock of stane,
Sine lichted in a lin,
With tumbling and rumbling
Amang the rockis round,
Devalling and falling
Into a pit profound."

Hugh Montgomery of Hesilheid, Ayrshire, was the poet's father. He was much respected in his day, and took a prominent part in local

* *Statistical Account*, Kirkcudbright, p. 66.

Tongland Old Bridge. Capt. H. S. Cowan.

affairs. He is mentioned in *Keith's History* as having subscribed the famous bond, in 1562, for the support of the Reformed religion. He was Chancellor at the trial of Crawford of Auchinames, which took place on the 21st February, 1537. In *Timothy Pont's Topography of Cuninghame*, written early in the seventeenth century, the place of the poet's family is thus indicated :—"Hesilheid Castle, a strong old building, environed with large ditches, seated on a Loche, veil planted and commodiously beautified; the heritage of Robert Montgomery, laird thereof. Faumes it is for ye *birth* of yat renowet poet *Alexander Montgomery*." This is positive proof as to the poet's relationship. Hesilheid, however, was not the place of his *birth*, as Pont has told us. The poet himself says in one of his verses, that he was born in Germany, where Hesilheid and his lady must have been sojourning at the time. His birth as he also tells us, was "on Eister day at Morne." in the year, as is supposed, 1554 or 1556. *The Cherry and the Slae* was first printed by Robert Waldegrave in 1597. Portions of it, together with a few other productions of the author, appeared in a *Treatise on Scottis Poesie* by James VI. in 1584. It is supposed that Montgomery died between 1605 and 1615.* He was a contemporary of Shakespeare, and resided for a short time at Cumpstone Castle, about a mile from Tongland old bridge, close by the junction of the Tarff and the Dee. Cumstoun mansion house, the residence of Mr David Maitland of Dundrennan, stands in a low situation near the banks of the Tarff. It has a very pleasant look out on the estuary of the Dee as it stretches its sinuous course towards the town of Kirkcudbright. Standing on a mound about 400 yards from the house are the ruins of Cumpstone Castle, supposed to have been the residence of Montgomery, the poet, before mentioned. The remains consist of three of the sides of a square tower, apparently coeval with the older angular castles in Galloway. The walls covered with ivy are six feet thick, and 26 feet by 22 and 12½ feet in height. The name of Mr Maitland's grandfather, Thomes Maitland, Lord Dundrennan, a distinguished lawyer in his day, and the editor of numerous learned and curious works in the by-paths of literature, is worthy of being remembered. He was the eldest son of Adam Maitland of Dundrennan, and was born at the family residence on 9th October, 1792. On the completion of his studies at Edinburgh and Oxford, he was admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates in

* Scottish Surnames, a Contribution to Genealogy, by James Paterson, Searcher for Records, 1866.

1813, and by his natural abilities, and close application, soon rose to a position of great eminence in his profession. He married in 1815 Isabella Graham, the third daughter of James M'Dowal of Garthland, by whom he had issue four sons and two daughters. He was appointed Solicitor-General in 1840, and again in 1846. On the death of Alexander Murray of Broughton in 1845, he was elected Member of Parliament for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright—his opponent being Lieut.-Col. James M'Douall of Logan. In 1850 he was elevated to the Bench, taking the title of Lord Dundrennan, but "after too short a seat there, though long enough to enable him to give the highest promises of judicial excellence, he unexpectedly, and to the deep sorrow of his friends and the public," died at Edinburgh on 10th June, 1851, aged 58 years. His remains were removed to Cumstoun House, and were interred in the family burying-ground within the precincts of the ruins of Dundrennan Abbey. When not engaged in his legal pursuits he occupied himself "in discharging the usual duties of a county gentleman, bestowing much attention on the management of his estate, and was an active and intelligent planter and agricultural improver." He also from his youth upwards devoted much of his leisure to the cultivation of his literary tastes, and took pleasure in adding to the stores of his library. He was a member of the Bannatyne, Maitland, and Spalding (Literary) Clubs of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, and the students of Scottish literature are indebted to Lord Dundrennan for handsome reprints of various scarce works which he edited. His fine library consisted of over 5000 volumes, and is described "as a highly interesting collection, in the finest possible condition, and including numerous and rare specimens of choice old morocco and calf gilt binding, the whole having been collected with the most fastidious care and judgment during a period of forty years, and forming one of the choicest libraries in Scotland." A great part of the collection was sold by auction in Edinburgh on 10th December, 1851, and eight following days, the remainder being still in the library at Cumstoun.*

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* Notice of the life and literary labours of Thomas Maitland of Dundrennan, prefixed to the work of Adam Petrie, Edinburgh, 1872, by T. G. Stevenson. The following works were edited by Lord Dundrennan :—

1. John Allen's Memoir of Charles James Fox, 8vo. (35 copies printed) .. .. 1820.
2. Geffray Mynshul's Essays and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners, sm. 8vo. (150 copies printed) 1821
3. John Bellenden's (Arch. Dean of Moray) Works, comprising a Translation of Hector Boece's History and Chronicles of Scotland, 1540, and the First Five Books of Livy, 3 vols. 4to. (200 copies printed) .. .. 1821-22.
4. Andrew Symson (Minister of Kirkinner), a Large Description of Galloway, 1684, sm. 8vo. 1823.

In Cumstoun House there are good pictures by Dyce and some modern artists. There is also a very fine bust of Lord Dundrennan.

The lower part of the Dee, from the Bridge of Threave downwards, has long been celebrated as a salmon stream, and permission to fish it has always been liberally given.

Tongland Village, Church, Manse, and Churchyard are pleasantly situated near the river a short way farther up the road to Castle-Douglas, surrounded by fine old trees. The Church was built in 1813. The Manse, which was built in 1798, is in a sheltered situation. Some of the neighbouring heights command extensive and beautiful views. From Knockmuir, a hill in the immediate vicinity, there is a beautiful prospect; but the finest is from Tongland Hill, from which views of Kirkcudbright, "standing like a little Venice in the midst of its surrounding waters," have been painted by several eminent artists. A short distance from the Manse the "Monks' Walk" runs along the steep bank of the river, and forms a quiet, romantic retreat. The present Church is a handsome and commodious building, with Gothic windows and a square tower. It was built in 1813. A drawing of Tongland Church, with the portion of the remains of the Abbey, is given in Fraser's *Kirk and the Manse*, published in 1857.

Fergus, Lord of Galloway, built the Priory at Tongland, in the 12th century. The monks were of the order of Premontré, and were brought from Cockersand, in Lancashire. In 1290 the Abbot of the Abbey sat in the Parliament held at Brigham, Berwickshire, to settle the succession to the Crown. M'Kerlie says he was named Alexander, and in 1292 he swore fealty for himself and convent. This abbot is one of the subscribers to Ragman's roll. The next found in connection with the Abbey was James Herries, who in 1430 repaired the monastery, then greatly decayed, and enclosed it with a high wall. In 1516 the Abbey was conferred on David Arnot, bishop of Galloway. Under the Annexation Act of 1587 it was annexed to the Crown, and

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5. Robert Herrick's Hesperides, or Works both Human and Divine, 1648, sm. 8vo. (25 copies, large paper, sm. 4to.) 1823
6. Certain of Ovid's Elegies, by Marlow, and Epigrams, &c., by J. Davis, Midleborugh, 1598, sq. 12mo. (50 copies printed) 1824
7. Thomas Carew's Poems, Songs, and Sonnets, 1640, sm. 8vo. (100 copies printed) 1824
8. Bishop Hall's Virgidemiarum Satires, 1597, sm. 8vo. (100 copies printed) 1824
9. Les Affaires du Cante de Boduel L'An, 1568, 4to. (Bannatyne Club) 1829
10. Poems of William Drummond of Hawthornden, 1616-1684, 4to. (Maitland Club) 1832
11. The Works of George Dalgarno, of Aberdeen, 1611-1680, 4to. (Maitland Club) 1834
12. The Works of Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, 1641-1653, 4to. (Maitland Club).. .. 1834
13. Ada Petrie's Rules of Good Deportment or of Good Breeding, 1720, sm. 4to. (45 copies printed) 1835
14. Arthur Collier's Clavis Universalis; or a New Enquiry after Truth, 1713, roy. 8vo. (35 copies printed) 1836
15. Sir James Mackintosh's Tracts and Speeches, 1787-1831 (25 copies printed) 1840

in November 1588, William Melville, who went by the title of Lord Tungland, was confirmed Commendator of the Abbey for life. When prelacy was finally abolished in 1689 the Abbey reverted to the King. In the reign of Jamas IV., an Italian, called Damiane, who had the character of being a physician and alchemist, was abbot. He was a fanciful theorist, and having laid claims to the art of flying, undertook to rise, in the presence of the king and courtiers, from the battlements of Stirling Castle and fly to France, whither he was to arrive before the Scottish ambassadors, who were just then commencing their journey. In this rash attempt he failed, having his thigh bone broken by the fall, and as Dunbar says, he sunk deep into a dunghill. That his wings were not entirely composed of the feathers of the more noble and dignified birds, but blended with those of the lowest fowls, he regarded as the cause of his failure and disgrace.

William Dunbar, author of the allegorical poem of *The Thistle and the Rose*, made this ridiculous exhibition the subject of his satire in his poem *The Fenziet Frier of Tungland.**

All that now remains of the abbey is a small low Norman arch, with nail-head ornament, which forms part of the northern wall of the Pre-reformation church,† on the walls of which are to be seen the remains of several coats of arms. A stone built into the wall of a mill is supposed to have belonged to the priory. These as represented in the drawing have been described by Dr M'Kie as follows:—Figures 1,

* For Feir he uncunnandly he cawkit,
Quhyle all his Penns were drownt and drawkit,
He maid a hundreth Nolt all hawkit,
Beneath him with a spowt.

He schure his Feddreme that was schene,
And slippit out of it full clene,
And in a myre, up to the Ene,
Amang the Glar did glyd.
The Foulis all at the Fedreme dang,
As at a monster them amang,
Quhyle all the Penns of it outsprang
Intill the Air full wyde.

And he lay at the Plunge eirmair,
Sae langs he hard the Ravin rair;
The Craws him socht with Crys of Cair
In every Schaw besyde.
Had he reveiled bene to the Ruiks
They him had riven with their Cluiks:
Thre Days in Dubs amang the Duiks
He did with Dirt him hyde.—DUNBAR.

* Thomas, 5th Earl of Selkirk, writing to Major General Hutton, Westmeath, Ireland, in 1790, states—"Of the Abbey of Tungland scarcely any vestige remains. I remember a large old tower of the Abbey which fell when I was a very young man. It stood on a romantic situation on the side of a rocky torrent of the river Dee." The tower was reputed to be the highest in the south of Scotland at the time—about 200 feet. In 1830 Chambers, in "The Picture of Scotland," says—"Of the Abbey only a few fragments, like the ruins of a stable, remain. They stand in the burial-ground near the new parish church, and seem to have been indebted for their preservation to the circumstance that the tallest part supports the kirk bell."

2, and 3 are from the wall of the ruin, and figure 4 is from the wall of the old paper mill. Figures 1 and 3 show simple shields, with armorial bearings carved thereon. Figure 2 has, in addition, supporters, one on each side, which seem to be either dragons or wyverns. In figure 4 the shield is held by a winged figure wearing a breast-plate and a tunic, below the level of which are two animals, each having a single horn, above whose heads are carved a single rose on each side. Figures 1, 2, and 4 show the same armorial bearings, three acorns on

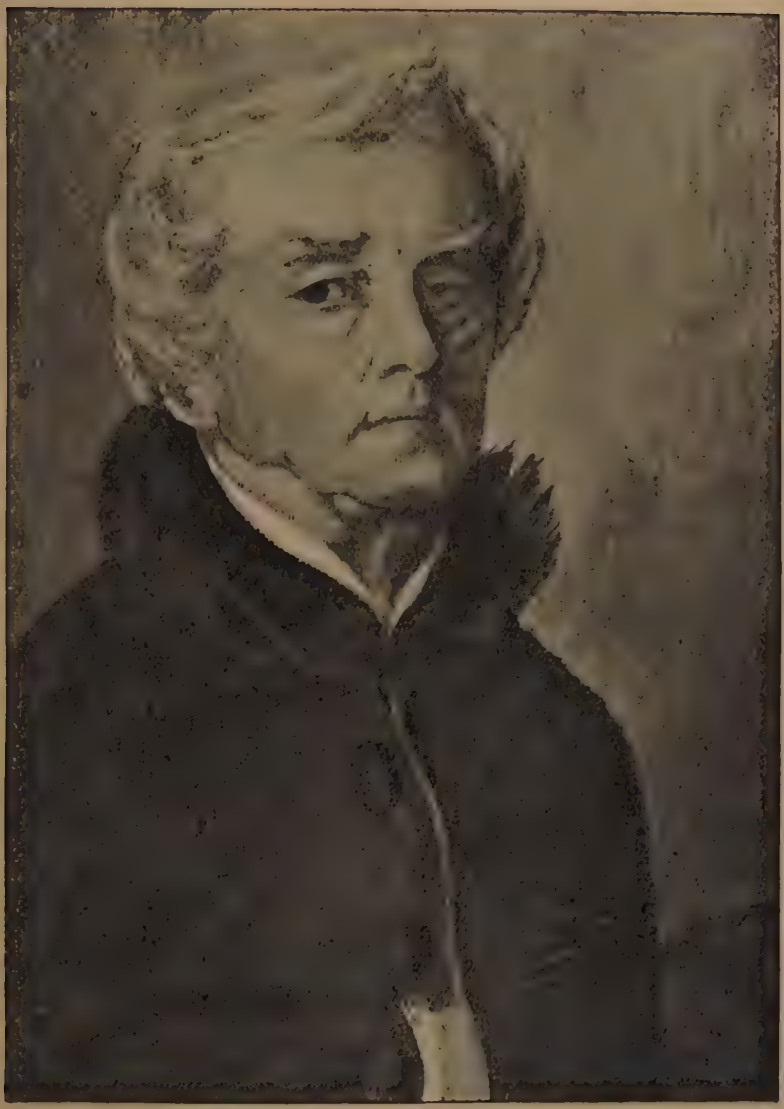
TONGLAND STONES WITH CARVINGS.

a bend, the arms of the old family of Morehead or Muirhead, of Cachop, in Lanarkshire. Figure 3 shows three covered cups, the armorial bearings of the ancient family of Shaw, or Schaw.

The grave of John Morrison, one of Galloway's most original characters in his day, was pointed out to us in this churchyard. His remains lie, along with his kindred, near the church at the west side; but no record of his death is on the tombstone. He was born in the parish of Terregles in 1782, but when about five years old came with his parents to the farm of Fellend, near Ringford. In early life Morrison displayed a natural turn for painting, and studied for some time under Nasmyth in Edinburgh. He also, in after years, followed the profession of an engineer and land surveyor, and in the years 1810-1812 made surveys and plans of Portpatrick Harbour, and many of the great roads in Scotland and Wales, for Telford and Rennie. For many years he perambulated the villages and towns in Galloway and elsewhere, painting portraits, and occasionally landscapes. In art he did not excel, but as an engineer and land surveyor he was distinguished; and had he possessed that steadiness of purpose necessary to success in life, he might have risen to eminence in that walk. He was an enthusiast in literature, and was the author of various poems, which he published in a small volume, now rare. He was also somewhat of a humourist, and was famed for his pointed satirical remarks. With Sir Walter Scott, Hogg, and other eminent literary men of his time, he was well acquainted, and is immortalised in the *Queen's Wake* as the bard

> " * * * from a western shore.
> Where rolls the dark and sullen Orr:
> Of peasant make, and doubtful mein,
> Affecting airs of high disdain."

Morrison, as characterised by friends who knew him well, was a vain as well as a proud man, and always endeavoured to leave the impression in company that he was "something more than common humanity." As illustrative of his "dogmatic assertions and high pretentions," the following anecdote is told of him in Paterson's *Memoirs of Joseph Train*:—When, in May, 1816, Train visited Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh, Morrison was invited to meet him. The bard of Altrive was also to have been one of the party, but he could not be found. "A pair of ptarmigans at table," says Mr Paterson, "which Sir Walter said he had received that day as a present from the north, was a treat to every one present except he from the 'sullen Orr," who affirmed that



JOHN MORRISON.

these birds were as plentiful as pigeons in Galloway. So great was the vanity of Morrison that even Sir Walter was not allowed to pass uncontradicted. Wilkie's picture of Sir Walter and his family, which was at this time newly from the studio of the artist, was that evening introduced. All present pronounced it to be a faithful picture except he from Galloway, who most unhesitatingly declared that it was neither like Sir Walter nor any of his family; whereupon Miss Scott remarked, with much archness, 'Oh, I forgot, Mr Morrison, you are a painter yourself, and I have often heard it remarked that there is no friendship in trade, but I never saw it verified before.'"

Nicholson the poet and Morrison were kindred spirits, and numerous stories—some of them entertaining—are told of the two *cronies* when they met. Morrison died at Glentarth Cottage, Tongland, on 7th June, 1853, aged 71 years.

On the kirk bell of Tongland there is the date 1633, with the letters $\frac{L}{T}$ embossed on its side. This bell, which, so far as we can learn, was presented to the parish by the then Lord Kenmure, and not by the brother of the Rev. Samuel Rutherford, as some would believe, is now placed in the tower of the present church.

About a mile from the church, according to a rather improbable tradition, Queen Mary, in her flight from the battle of "Langside," crossed the Dee by a wooden bridge, hastily thrown over it for her accommodation. The river is very narrow at this spot, and it is still pointed out and known as "Mary's Brig." There is a well also at a short distance called by her name, from whence tradition says that she drank.* It is said that while the Queen's gallant little escort were engaged in breaking down the bridge so as to retard the progress of her foes, Mary, completely exhausted with fatigue and long fasting, alighted, and entering the cottage of a poor widow on the farm of Culdoach, Kirkcudbright parish, asked for food and temporary shelter. Ignorant of the rank of her visitor, but with the genuine hospitality of a Scottish peasant, the good creature set before the sorrowful way-worn stranger such coarse provisions as her meagre cupboard afforded—doubtless the oatmeal and sour milk of which Mary wrote to her uncle Cardinal de Lorraine. Forgetful that she was no longer a Queen, or flattering herself with the hope that brighter days were yet in store for her, Mary at parting asked the widow what she could do for her to testify her gratitude. The widow's desires were limited to the ownership of the

* Rev. D. Williamson, "Statistical Account," p. 90.

cottage and adjoining croft, for which she then paid rent, and this modest wish was finally gratified, probably through the kindness of John, Lord Herries, the principal heritor of that neighbourhood. This little property remained for upwards of two centuries in the possession of the widow's descendants.†

Farther up the parish, at the head of the beautiful valley of the Tarff, is an eminence called Queenshill. According to local tradition it was so named in memory of the circumstance of Queen Mary having rested here in her wanderings after the battle of Langside. But the fact that the hill, which previously bore the name of Barstobrick, was not named Queenshill till more than 300 years after the event makes it very doubtful that such was the case.‡ And the Memoirs of Lord Herries, who accompanied the Queen in her flight from the battle, state that she reached Dundrennan by way of Terregles, Corra Castle and Hazelfield. Thus this tradition, as well as the account of the demolishing of the wooden bridge over the Dee at Tongland, after the Queen had passed over it, also purporting to be based on tradition, are now disposed of as unreliable. We have given them here for what they are worth as vague traditions of the district. In a sheltered spot at the foot of this hill is Queenshill house, unoccupied since it was almost destroyed by fire some years ago. Up till that time it was the residence of the Neilsons, proprietors of Queenshill and Barcaple —a monument on Barstobrick Hill, erected to the memory of James Beaumont Neilson, the inventor of the "Hot Blast," being a prominent object in the landscape.

In this parish, and seen by the traveller on the left of the road leading to Laurieston is the Martyrs' Monument on Kirkconnel Moor. It marks the site where five Covenanters were put to death by command of Sir Robert Grierson of Lag, in the end of February, 1685. Their names were John Bell of Whiteside, David Halliday, portioner of Mayfield, Robert Lennox of Irelandton, Andrew M'Robert, Beoch, and James Clement, and the circumstances of their death are as follow:— While being pursued by Lag and his dragoons they had taken refuge at the farmhouse of Mayfield, and having overheard the approach of their ruthless pursuers, who were rather uproarious when nearing the house, they thus got time to escape. They fled under cover of night

† Strickland's "Queens of England," vol. vi., p. 94.

‡ Up to 1799 the property was known as Quiquha. In that year Patrick Campbell, Writer to the Signet, is found as the owner. He succeeded his father William Campbell. It would appear that they gave the new name of Queenshill to the property.—M'Kerlie, in "Lands and their Owners in Galloway," vol. v., p. 203.

to Kirkconnel Moor, where they were overtaken the following day while under the shelter of a rock, and instantly shot. Bell, who was the stepson of Viscount Kenmure, on hearing of the doom that awaited him and his companions, implored Lag to grant them a short time for prayer. Tradition affirms that this was refused, and that Lag, accompanying his denial with an oath, said "What! Have you not had time enough for preparation since Bothwell?" Bell of Whiteside was buried in Anwoth Churchyard. The bodies of three others were also all carried off and interred in their own burying-places, viz.—Halliday in Balmaghie, M'Robert in Twynholm, Lennox in Girthon, but Clement, who it is supposed was a fugitive from a distance, was interred where the monument stands. The present structure, a plain granite one, was erected in 1831 by money subscribed at a preaching, on which occasion the Rev. John Osborne, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Castle-Douglas, officiated—the number of those present, it is said, amounted to ten thousand. In 1873, the Rev. George Laurie, Castle-Douglss, delivered a sermon at the monument to a large concourse of people.

A short distance from this is Kirkconnel Linn, well worthy of a visit.

On the western side of the Tarff there was an ancient church dedicated to * Saint Conel, Abbot of Inis-Coel in Firconal, Ireland, a titular Saint, as Butler states, honoured with great devotion. Near to the farm house of Kirkconnel there appears to have been a burying-ground. Many years ago a gold ring was dug up without name or date bearing an inscription in the old style "The gift and the giver are thine for ever." As stated by the late Rev. D. S. Williamson it was doubtless a marriage ring "of one, loving, beloved, and perhaps beautiful in her day." At the farm house of Kirkconnel there are two carved stones built into a wall. Mr John M'Kie, R.N., who is an enthusiastic archæologist, had the stones cleaned and photographed. He kindly gave us a copy of the photo at the time, and his son, Dr Norman M'Kie, Newton Stewart, who inherits the antiquarian tastes of his father, in a paper contributed to the *Gallovidian* (volume v. p. 81) gives the two illustrations reproduced here, and what he supposes to be their historical and heraldic meaning:—

Fig. 1 shows a shield with the arms and initials of William Gordon of Kirkconnel, who was an active member of the War Committee of the Covenanters, on several occasions acting as President during the first half of the 17th century.

* M'Kerlie in Lands and their Owners.

Fig 2 is more difficult to explain. The experts at the Lyon Office, Edinburgh, were unable to identify the arms on the shield, or to associate them with the initials M. L. Dr M'Kie, quoting from Nisbet, the History of Galloway, and M'Kerlie, believes the initials M. L. to stand for Mary Lumsden, who, as the widow of William, seventh Viscount Kenmure, married, secondly, John Lumsden.

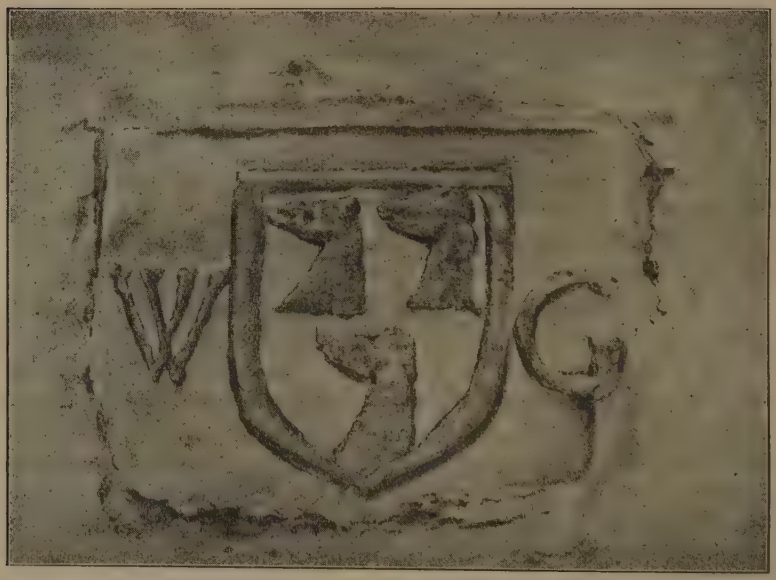


Fig. 1.

About two miles from Tongland is Argrennan House. It is very pleasantly situated, with a surrounding of woods, on the banks of the Dee, and the vicinity is not lacking in historical interest. "In a field," says Kerr's *History of Scotland*, "on this property, called *Druim Cheate*, in English, 'the place of meeting,' an encounter took place between Edward Bruce and the English, when the latter were defeated." Fragments of many warlike instruments have at different times been found in the neighbourhood—and a large stone, standing in a field on the left side of the road leading to Bridge of Dee, is said to mark the spot where the battle commenced.

Fig. 2.

At a short distance from this stone, near the farm-steading of Barncrosh, there once stood the ancient church of St. Michael of Balnacross. Robert I., according to Chalmers, granted this church to the monks of Tongland.

CHAPTER IX.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT TO TWYNHOLM, BORGUE VILLAGE, AND KIRKANDREWS.

We depart from Kirkcudbright by the elegant iron bridge across the Dee, which was erected in 1866. Up to that time the only means of intercourse between Kirkcudbright and the important agricultural district that lies to the west of it was by a creaky old ferry-boat. It was a very* unsafe and inconvenient mode of conveyance, and with the extension of the line of railway to Kirkcudbright, and the general march of improvement, it was found to be totally inadequate to the requirements of the district. The ferry-boat was one of those things which it was not desirable to preserve on account of its antiquity, and the idea of a bridge, in its place, was supported by the community generally; the carrying out of the measure being mainly owing to the energetic exertions of the late Provost Cavan. It cost £10,000, and is a very graceful structure. About a quarter of a mile from Kirkcudbright, we take the road on the right, opposite Kirkchrist farmhouse, which leads to the village of Twynholm, about three miles from Kirkcudbright. This village is very pleasantly situated on the banks of a stream on the main road from Castle-Douglas to Portpatrick. It has a clean and thriving look about it. The chief industry of the place is a woollen manufactory, the business of which has been very successfully carried on for many years by Mr Stewart, who is also Postmaster, and the principal merchant in the village and district. In

* William Ireland of Barbey, steward-substitute of Kirkcudbright, was drowned when crossing in the ferry-boat in his carriage, in 1845. Towards the end of last century the Provost of the burgh of Kirkcudbright went in an afternoon into the parish of Twynholm, where he had a property. He returned after nightfall to the ferry on the Twynholm side of the river, and hailed "the boat." The boatman answered by asking him if he had a horse? Carriages in those days were few and far between. He made the inquiry to guide him as to taking the "big boat" or the "wee boat." Not liking the prospect of pulling the small boat, it might be, across an ebbing tide, *plus* a spate, for the small fare of a "bawbee," the boatman told the Provost (not recognised) to wait "till he got a neebour." The Provost did wait, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." Another passenger having cast up, the Provost and he was taken over. On the Provost landing, he went direct to the burgh officer and ordered him to apprehend the boatman and put him into the Tolbooth, to which place the Provost went to see the boatman shut up. On this being done, he, on bended knee, implored the Provost to pardon and liberate him, whereupon his honour told the boatman to "wait till he got a neebour." Verbal warrants in burghs were common in those days Not long after the above occurrence, a verbal warrant case got into the Court of Session. The result put an end to them.

the glen, close to the village, there are very fine ivy-grown trees, and on the mill burn some pretty little "bits" as subjects for the sketcher. But mainly to the student of antiquities the parish is interesting and attractive. The numerous moats, forts, cairns, and other remains of a long-gone-by age are "calculated to awaken many associations in the minds of those who are desirous to decipher the history of their country at a period when its annals are to be found in those remains of earth, stone, bronze, and iron, which are scattered over it, and lie above or beneath its surface."

From the Boreland moat, in Borgue parish, which is seen as a conspicuous object by the traveller on the coach road to Gatehouse, by way of Minto Cottage, Barharrow, and Enrick, no fewer than twelve moats, forts, and doons are visible. Conchieton Doon, in Twynholm parish, from which there is an extensive prospect of the surrounding country, is situated about one mile north-west of the Boreland moat; and Twynholm Doon, lying a quarter of a mile west of Twynholm village, is also conspicuous at a distance, and commands a wide extent of country. In *Lands and their Owners in Galloway* it is stated that "on this Doonhill, which is 300 feet high, traces of a British fort were seen some years ago. Further on there is a moat south of the Doon, and another south of Twynholm village. The former is Campbelltown, and the latter the moat on Moatcroft."

The modern spelling of Twynholm is a corruption of Twynham, the old name of the parish. In Timothy Pont's map it is spelt Twynam. Chalmers, in *Caledonia*, says the name is derived from the British *Twyn*, a hillock, a bank, to which the Saxon *Ham*, a dwelling, has been added. Sir Herbert Maxwell, in *Studies in the Topography of Galloway*, suggests A. S. *tweon ham* or *tweon holms*, the dwelling or the holm-land between (the streams) as the interpretation. And this is characteristic of the place, as north and east we have the Redfield burn, and west the Mill burn.

The church and manse of Twynholm stand upon the side of a bank or ravine of considerable steepness, at the bottom of which there is a small stream called the Kirk burn. Not far from the church, and on the edge of the most precipitous part of this ravine, there is a circular moat to which the British *Twyn*, as stated by Chalmers, might have been applied.

Very little is known of the early church of this parish. Uchtred, son of Fergus, grants the church of Twynholm to the monks of Holyrood, and it was confirmed by them to John, Bishop of Galloway, 1200-

1206.* At this period the cure was served by a vicar, while the monks received the revenues. Between 1200 and 1234 William, son of Camelyn de Twynham, granted to the monks of Holyrood all his rights in the Church of Twynham with the advowson thereof; he also gave four acres of land with a house in the village, with a common pasture for sixteen plough cattle and one horse. All these he granted with the consent of his Lord, Alan son of Roland, Lord of Galloway, and with the consent of Walter, his son and heir.†

Edward I., during his campaign in Galloway in 1300, sojourned eight days at Twynholm, and made three several offerings of seven shillings each at the altar.‡ When Episcopacy was established by James VI. and his successors, the parson of Twynholm was a member of the Synod of Galloway. In Fraser's *Kirk and Manse* there is a drawing of Twynholm Church and Manse showing the moat. It is there stated that the church and manse, as the buildings fell into decay, seem to have been repeatedly removed from spot to spot a short distance from that on which they originally stood. But the present church, which was built in 1818, stands on or near what seems by tradition to have been the original site. This church, with its north transept, and doors and windows formed in the *perpendicular style*, must have been regarded as a pleasing exception to the barn-like churches which were built at that time. The church is a plain Gothic building, surrounded by the churchyard, in which there are some fine old trees. In the churchyard there lie the remains of one of the martyrs, Andrew M'Robert, who was surprised and shot to death in the parish of Tongland, by Grier of Lagg, for his adherence to Scotland's Reformation, National and Solemn League, 1685. The manse, erected in 1835-36, stands on or near the place where the former manse stood.

When at Twynholm the tourist should not fail to take a stroll along the road leading past the Mark farmhouse as far as Trostrie and Culcaigrie Motes. These motes are not only remarkable for their close juxta-position, but also for certain points of structural detail. Only some 170 feet separates these motes, and the following sketch by F. R. Coles will give the reader an idea of their structure:—

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* Macfarlane, Coll. MS.

† Hay's MS. Collect., Lib. i., 8.

‡ Wardrobe, Acct. i., 41.

From these motes the rambler can cross over to the Spout Burn, and following its course downwards he will come to the Spout of Auchentalloch, a pretty waterfall in a very romantic spot among the hills. A short walk will once more bring him to the village of Twynholm. Arden House, the charming residence of our genial friend, Mr William Robson, artist, is close to the village. It formerly belonged to the late Mr J. Watson, teacher, who, as an enlightened horticulturist, had introduced into the garden and grounds many old-fashioned flowers and rare plants and shrubs. These, when in flower, show a beautiful variety of colour, and Mr Robson now finds them useful for pictures, or accessories to his figure subjects. To the admirers of William Nicholson's poems, a ramble up the Tannymas road to the site of the cottage where he was born will also be interesting; and the traveller, proceeding at leisure, will be well recompensed if he can afford to give some time to a ramble among the beautiful and enticing scenery of the valley of the Tarff, about two miles distant, On the way thither he will pass on the right of the road the Valleyfield Creamery and the Free Church and Manse of Tongland. Having indicated thus cursorily what is to be seen in a ramble from Kirkcudbright to Twynholm and Ringford, we now return by way of Kirkchrist to the old Toll-house, and proceed by our favourite route, the shore road, to Borgue village. A brief and pleasant walk along the riverside brings us to the "auld kirkyard" of Kirkchrist. The site of this churchyard is very pleasing, and, surrounded with some very fine old trees overgrown with ivy and moss, it has that quiet secluded aspect so becoming the abode of the dead. A portion of the walls of the old church still stands in the enclosure. Kirkchrist formed at one time a separate parish, but is now united to Twynholm. The union is supposed to have taken place in the course of the 17th century. It was a separate

parish in 1605. In Blaeu's *Atlas*, published in 1654, Kirkchrist has the symbol of a church put to it, as if it had still been the church of a separate parish. But in 1684, when Symson wrote his account of Galloway, the church of Kirkchrist had been long in ruins. The union of the parishes took place probably after 1586. History says that previous to the Reformation the bishops of Galloway resided occasionally at Kirkchrist, and had a jurisdiction over the lands in the Stewartry, this jurisdiction being termed the regality of Kirkchrist. The Maclellans of Bombie were justiciaries and bailies of the regality; and John Letham, rector of Kirkchrist, was nominated an ordinary Lord of the College of Justice, the first session of which was opened by the King in person, on 27th May, 1532.

There are no very ancient tombstones in this churchyard that we could discover. A whinstone slab bears this inscription—"To the memory of William and Thomas Brown, who perished in the water of Tarff, 13th June, 1734."

Proceeding on our ramble we pass Bishopton, Kirkeoch, and one or two neat little cottages by the wayside, where the honeysuckle hangs in rich profusion, and on this summer afternoon the scenery of this shore looks extremely beautiful. The river is smooth as glass; on its bosom an old storm-beaten lugger moves sluggishly up to the quay with the flowing tide, and is reflected in the waters. The fine woods, fanned by the sea breezes around St. Mary's Isle, are also mirrored in the stream; and altogether the scene, enveloped in a silvery haze, presents a look of wondrous beauty, serenity, and peace, and would form a fitting subject for the pencil of a Claude. Close to the Fish-house, which is passed on the roadside to the left, is a fine specimen of the spindle tree *(Eronymus Europaeus)*, very rarely met with in this district. In autumn, when it is covered with bright scarlet berries, it has a beautiful effect in the landscape.

Presently we arrive at the Nunmill, where an old archway, covered with ivy, still points out the site of the nunnery. On a wooded height behind it are the well-preserved traces of an ancient British encampment, with triple mounds and double fosse.

Two farms adjoining bear the names of Low and High Nunton. On this coast there are several little cottages situated in shady sequestered nooks, let in summer as sea-bathing quarters, for which they are well adapted.

Immediately after passing the Nunmill cottage we would advise the rambler, who has time at his disposal, to leave the high road and

SENWICK. From Photo by R. M'Conchie.

enter the gateway on the left, which leads to the shore. From thence, for several miles, to nearly the mouth of the river, he will find a path-way winding through the wood, along which he can wander amidst scenes of unrivalled beauty and tranquility, resting by the way on the rustic seats provided by the kindly consideration of the late Earl of Selkirk. This walk from Nunmill, close along the shore to the old churchyard of Senwick and the Ross Bay, should not be omitted. It is diversified by every pleasing scene which water, sheltered shingly bays, umbrageous woods, grassy glades, and hills can produce; it is one of the most delightful in the neighbourhood. In the sweet retirement of the auld kirkyard of Senwick the nature-loving student might linger well pleased for hours. In this picturesque and solitary spot John Mactaggart, author of the *Gallovidian Encyclopædia*, and *Three Years in Canada*, is buried; and in it we note many sad memorials of the fate of those "who go down to the sea in ships," and incur the dangers of the mighty deep.

The ruins of the old Church of Senwick are still visible close to the churchyard. Tradition relates that it was sacrilegiously plundered of its plate by French rovers, previous to the Reformation, but that a storm wrecked the vessel on a rock opposite the church, where the pirates perished. It is still called the Frenchman's Rock.

Senwick (originally Sandwick), signifying a sandy bay, was at one time a separate parish, but was united with Borgue and Kirkandrews on the 20th June, 1618.

The high road from the Nunmill, for a short distance passes uphill through a pleasant shady wood, where a streamlet murmurs, and, after a slight descent from the top of the brae, we get sight of Brighouse and Rockville, which are pleasantly situated on the east side of Brighouse Bay. Senwick House is buried among trees, in a solitary and sheltered situation to the left of the road. Proceeding westward, we pass Culraven to the right, and Borgue House, with the ruins of the ancient mansion-house, where in past times lived the old family of the Blairs of Borgue, commanding a fine peep of the sea and Brighouse Bay. A little farther on is Borgue villiage.

"Borgue," wrote Mactaggart, one of its most original natives, over eighty years ago, "is one of the most singular and celebrated parishes in the south of Scotland, and one too of the very best that is to be found in any country." About that time there dwelt in it, in the obscurity of a lowly hut beside the glebe of Senwick, Deacon M'Minn, the Borgue philosopher, who, had he possessed the benefits to be derived

from education, might have risen to eminence in the paths of science Though only a day-labourer in a quarry, he was so famous as a botanist that he was known to all the gardeners of Galloway, and many of them frequently came a distance of twenty miles to have a 'crack' with him, and exchange plants. He also knew something of astronomy, and was so learned among his brother rustics that they honoured him with the title of "the deacon,"

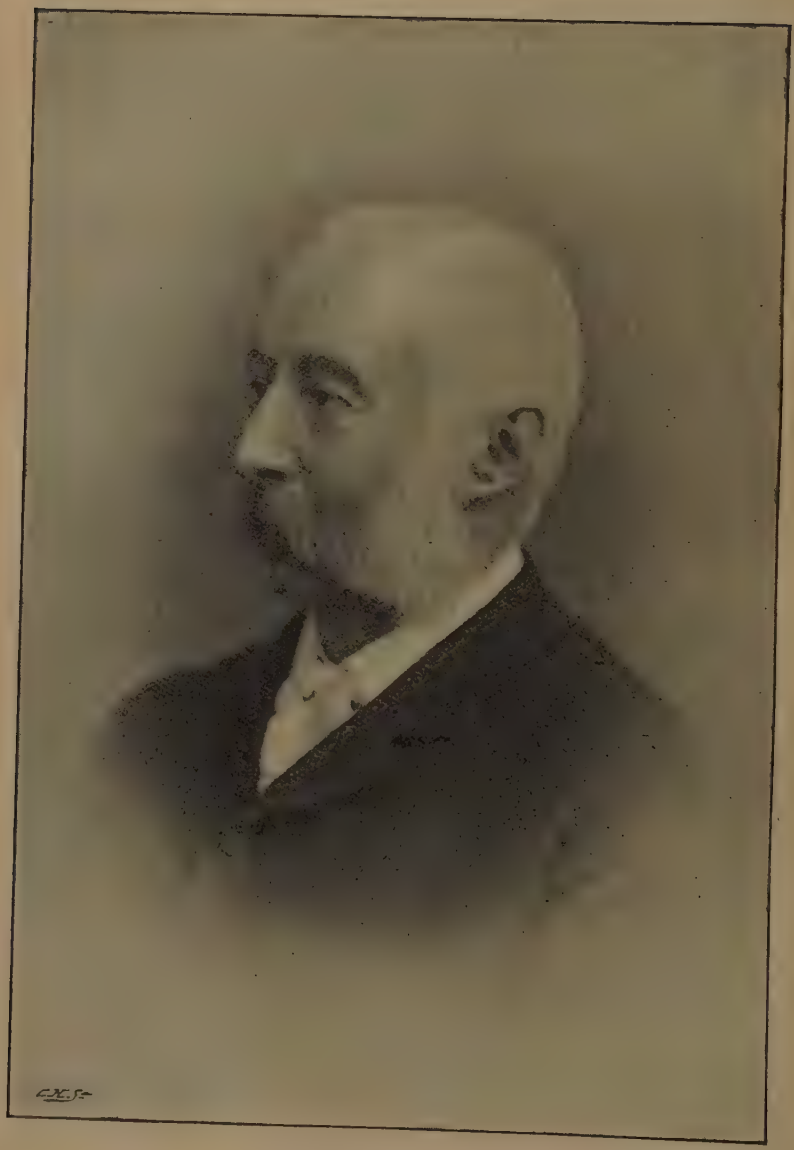
"It was then

> "The famous parish for the Browns and Sproats,
> The like o't's na on this side John-o'-Groats."

Heron, in his journey through Galloway in 1793, also notices the peculiarities of the inhabitants of Borgue at that time ; and remarks of them that, "inhabiting a sort of promontory, and divided from neighbours by the sea, upon two sides, they were long regarded by the other people of this district as a sort of peculiar, insulated tribe. The families of the farmers had been settled there for many generations ; they were all mutually related by intermarriages. They looked upon their neighbours with aversion and contempt. A person of singular appearance or manners was commonly said by the people of the adjacent country to be *a Borgue body*. If a stranger went by accident to settle among them, he and his family were for a generation or two regarded with dislike and suspicion, and harassed with that joy over his losses and misadventures, and that ridicule of everything in which his manners and econony differed from theirs—which barbarous tribes, secluded from the intercourse of civilised life, have been often observed to exhibit towards strangers." This is no longer characteristic of the inhabitants. There is now not a more desirable spot in Galloway in which to settle down, and no more social, intelligent, and enterprising people in any locality of Scotland.

The parish, as stated in the Introduction, is celebrated for its rich pasture-grounds and its cattle. The quality of its honey is also so famous that at one time there was in London a shop having a sign with "Borgue honey for ever" painted on it.

The village has a clean appearance, and nowhere could there be a more desirable place for the tourist to stay and spend a few days exploring the district. To the artist also it is inviting ; but here, as almost everywhere else in the rural districts of Galloway, there is a lack of hotel accommodation. The policy of the Licensing Courts within recent years to put their veto on these village and wayside inns



Sir William Gordon.

has a tendency to drive drinking, and drinking methods, under the surface and make the evil assume an uglier form. It has been proved, over and over again, that excessive restriction and sobriety do not go hand in hand. And it is very questionable whether in Borgue, and elsewhere in country districts, illicit methods of procuring drink have not been increased by the acts of extreme temperance reformers. By the writings of S. R. Crockett and others, Galloway is now becoming famous as a holiday haunt, and it is only by providing good and well-regulated hotel accommodation that visitors will be attracted to it. The rest and refreshment which these wayside inns afford to ramblers, like ourselves, wearied with devious wanderings among the moors and dusty roads, were much appreciated. And it is to be regretted that, through the excessive restrictions of extremists, the enjoyment of "our ease at our inn" in our rambles should be, in so very many places, now at an end. In Borgue a good comfortable hotel is quite a necessity of the times, and the Parish Council, in the interests of the district, ought to see that the want is supplied. The Established Church, a plain commodious building, is placed on a site so conspicuous that on all sides, from great distances, it is the most prominent object in the parish, and is known by the name of the "visible kirk." It is surrounded by many fine old trees, among the branches of which the birds sing sweetly as we linger in the churchyard.

In the vicinity of the village is Earlston Mansion House, embosomed among the woods to the right of the road leading to Gatehouse. From the grounds near the house there are beautiful views of the Anwoth hills, Wigtown Bay, and the coast along the parishes of Wigtown, Sorbie, and Whithorn to Burrow Head and the Isle of Man, with Snaefell towering in the remote distance. The late Baronet of Earlston, Sir William Gordon, on retiring from the army, returned to Earlston, the home of his ancestors, and resided there to the time of his death on 12th May, 1906. Sir William served with distinction in the army, and was one of the heroes of the Balaclava charge. He was born in 1830, and was the second son of the late Sir John Gordon, Bart., by his second wife, Mary, eldest daughter of William Irving of Gribton, Holywood, Dumfriesshire. Sir William was educated at Dumfries Academy and Cheltenham College. Like so many of his forbears, he chose the military profession, and in October, 1850, joined the 17th Lancers as Cornet, and was gazetted Lieutenant in the same regiment in the year 1851. On the outbreak of hostilities with Russia in 1854 he landed with his regiment in the

Crimea, and after some arduous campaigning he, as a young officer, played a gallant part with the "Light Brigade" in the famous Balaclava Charge, in which he received several wounds. It is recorded that he returned with five sabre wounds on his head. Hardly able to keep in the saddle, he lay on his horse's neck, trying to keep the blood out of his eyes, and rode back down the valley at a walking pace. The recovered Russian cavalry attempted to intercept him, but he succeeded in escaping through an opening in the squadrom. His horse was shot through the shoulders, and died soon afterwards, and the bullet which killed the gallant steed is preserved at Earlston. For his share in the gallant exploit the Lieutenant was promoted Captain on the following day. In October, 1857, Sir William was called out to India to aid in the suppression of the Mutiny, and during the years he spent on active service in India he showed great personal courage, prompt initiative, and leadership. In the year 1864 he retired from the Army with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and returned to the home of his ancestors at Earlston.

In the entrance hall at Earlston hangs the oil-painting of Sir William and his charger, life size, in full regimental uniform, which was subscribed for by the inhabitants of the county during his sojourn in the Crimea, and presented to his mother. On the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the battle of Balaclava, Sir William was entertained at a banquet by his friends and neighbours in the Stewartry, and presented with a commemorative trophy. It is of solid silver, and consists of a group representing a 17th Lancer charging Russian gunners, with a gun in the foreground. The group is mounted on an ebonized pedestal, having on one end the Arms of Sir William Gordon, at the other end the Arms of the 17th Lancers, on the reverse the Arms of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

Sir William was buried in the family burying-ground in Borgue Churchyard. Near by there is a stone erected to the memory of John Wilson, of the 17th Lancers, who fell at the charge of Balaclava, and who possibly "followed his chief to the field," and fell gallantly fighting under his command. In the beginning of this century the Rev. Samuel Smith, one of Borgue's eminent ministers, who took a deep interest in agricultural improvements, and had considerable experience as a practical farmer, drew up a survey of Galloway, under the designation of *A General View of the Agriculture of Galloway*, 1810, with observations on the means of its improvement. Dr Murray, in his *Literary History of Galloway*, speaks of this work as not being a

voluntary effort, but undertaken on the suggestion of others, particularly of Thomas, fifth Earl of Selkirk. Of the merits of the work, Dr Murray thus speaks:—"It is written in a simple, chaste style unambitious of ornament. It displays a minute knowledge of the actual state of the agriculture of the province of which it treats, and an intimate acquaintance, not only of the general principles on which the science depends, but with the exact nature of the improvements suitable to Galloway. The work contains also much important miscellaneous information, for which it will probably be more consulted in after times than for its merely agricultural disquisitions."

The Rev. Samuel Smith's grandson, Samuel, born at Roberton on 11th January, 1836, was another of Galloway's sons who rose to eminence in the world of commerce. He was also distinguished as a philanthropist and politician. In the social and philanthropic organisations of Liverpool, where he was established as a successful cotton merchant, he took great interest, and was among the first to suggest the formation of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He was a member of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, and of the Town Council. He also represented the city as a Liberal Member in Parliament. In November, 1906, he was made a Privy Councillor, and on 30th December of that year he died in India, whither he had gone on a trip for the benefit of his health.

Borgue Academy, which is now under the management of the School Board of Borgue, is situated near the village. The late John Brown of Knockmulloch, who cherished a warm affection for his native parish, bequeathed the interest of £1000 for the advancement of female education, along with other sums for the benefit of this parish. He also bequeathed several valuable pictures, among others, a figure subject, representing a gipsy camp, by Simson, who in his day was recognised more as a painter of landscapes than figures—his best known work being a landscape, "The Solway Moss," now in the National Gallery. There are also portraits of Mr Brown by Crabb, London, and his brother Thomas, who, as a solicitor and banker in Castle-Douglas, was, in his day, a well known figure in Kirkcudbrightshire. And in the same room there is another portrait by Crabb of William Poole, rector of Borgue Academy from 1804 to 1824. It bears the following inscription:—"Presented by a few of his friends to Miss Poole as a mark of respect for her father's character, A.D., 1858. After her life-time to be the property of the parish."

A monument to perpetuate the memory of William Nicolson, the

Galloway poet was erected in front of the Academy buildings on 18th August, 1900. It is of grey granite, raised two feet above the level of the road, the whole reaching a height of eleven feet. On a bronze panel, sunk into the upper block of granite, there is a portrait of the poet, taken from the water colour by John Faed R.S.A. The panel was modelled by Mr A. M'F. Shannon, sculptor, Glasgow.

From Borgue village we proceed towards the coast, so as to enjoy the delightful and extensive sea views to be obtained from the grandly picturesque cliffs. By the way through the fields Cairney Hill is passed, and a Cairn is visited, from which it doubtless derives its name.

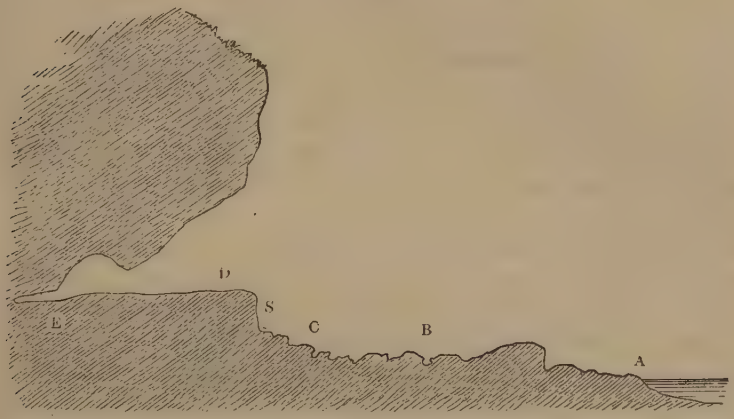
From an artificial Cairn on the farm of Borness we have extensive views of the country in all directions—Brighouse Bay, Rockville, and Ross Point are seen; Mulloch, and the bluff headlands near Burnfoot, and the country lying on the Rerrick shore are distinguishable; the Isle of Man is also distinctly visible, and the shore of Wigtown appears near at hand. Borness Farm-house is in a delightful situation, overlooking the open sea. The pasturages and flowery leas around Borness are extremely rich and nutritious.

Borness Point, with its sublime and wave-worn cliffs, is well worthy of a visit. They rise upwards of 200 feet from the sea, in forms irregular, fantastic, and dangerous, while the deep green sea moans among their cavities, or dashes its spray high up their rugged sides. Numerous flowers and seaweeds have taken root on their rocky crevices, among which may be discerned the samphire *(Crithmum maritimum)*, technically described as a low perennial plant, growing about the sea coast in several parts of our island, having a spicy aromatic flavour, and when pickled with vinegar and spice making an excellent condiment. This plant is in great request in the district. It grows generally in the most inaccessible precipices, and the dangerous expedient of gathering it is thus alluded to by Shakespeare in his description of Dover Cliff:—

> "Half way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire: dreadful trade,
> Methinks he seems no bigger than his head."

There are here the remains of an ancient encampment, which must have been a place of great strength and security. The landward side has been protected by a deep double fosse, and nature's own barrier, the steep cliff, has rendered it secure from the sea. Close by is an almost inaccessible cave, from the floor of which, in the year 1872, there were dug out great

quantities of bones, and traces of human occupation have been discovered. The following, among other remains, were noted by Mr Corrie of Senwick, and Mr Bruce-Clark, who investigated the cave—bones of ox, red deer, goat, horse, pig, pine-marten, rabbit, water mole, and other small rodents, together with numerous remains of birds, and a few frog and fish bones. Intermingled with these occur fragments of bronze, bone needles, and other bone implements.



SECTION OF CAVE.*

Pursuing our stroll among the fields near the shore we visit Muncraig Cliffs. They rise to a great height from the water's edge, and present a bold and rugged appearance. Here there is another supposed Danish or Saxon fort, in a peculiar situation, near the verge of the cliffs.

It is noticeable that the names of many of the places on this coast seem to be chiefly Norse or Saxon, such as Rerrick, Senwick, Borland, Ingleston, Carleton, etc. The Danes, in their frequent invasions of the west coast of England, probably landing on the Isle of Man, found their way here.

In our rambles in the year 1876 we noted that on the summit of

* A. Sea Level.
A B C. Ravine bottom sloping from cave to sea.
S. Stalagmite rampart across lower part of cave mouth.
D. Central point at mouth of cave.
E. Point at the entrance of the small passage at the back of the cave.
D E. Datum-line, 39½ ft
D A. 89 ft. Breadth of ravine at A, 19 ft.; at B, 14 ft.; at C, 39 ft.

Barnhue hill are the remains of an ancient dwelling or fortress. At that time it appeared to be so uninteresting that many natives of the district were unaware of its existence. We could then learn nothing of its import, but about two years ago this structure, by permission of Mr Brown of Knockbrex, was excavated under the supervision of members of the Dumfries and Galloway Antiquarian Society, and what turned out to be an ancient *Broch* was discovered. It consisted, according to their report, of a large open central area approximately circular, enclosed by a thick dry built rubble wall, within the thickness of which are contained galleries and stairs, the main entrance being from side nearest the road. When first discovered, the walls outer and inner were about three feet high, and they have been considerably heightened. From the inner court a number of openings lead into the passage. This has evidently been covered, as at the west corner the slabs across are still in position. In the south corner is a part of the original pavement, and here most of the interesting relics now at Knockbrex house were found. These consist of a beautiful ear-ring, found in the main doorway; teeth, skeleton of a hand, remains of chain metal, blue and white bead rings, a quern stone, knife and whet-stone, all in excellent preservation. Besides, fragments of deer antlers are still to be seen in the *Broch*. On the south west is a passage leading through both walls, and still showing the original path to the shore, covered with rough slabs. Another peculiarity is the number of openings leading into the passage. The importance of the discovery lies in the fact that no structure of this kind has hitherto been known to exist in the south west parts of Scotland.

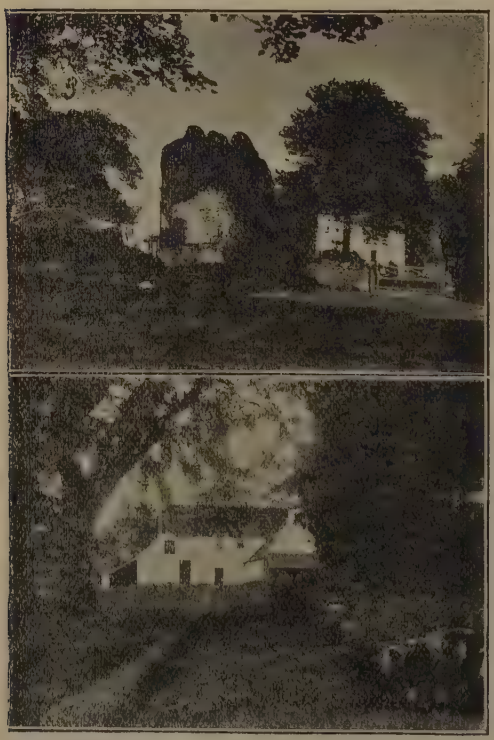
From the *Broch* a rustic path brings us to Kirkandrews, a small hamlet, picturesquely situated at the mouth of the Borgue burn, at a little creek on the shore. As we turn into the village, the murmur of the little stream, as it glides over the stones and brushwood lying in its course, is wafted on the ear, and nought of din, or sign of life, is heard or seen, save one of the ancient liferenters drawing water from a pool of the running stream, and the grating sound of the mill-wheel revolving on its rusty axle. The buildings composing this village are of a quaint and picturesque character, seldom to be met with even in Galloway now-a-days. These homely interiors, with their simple scenes and incidents of Scottish peasant life, have often been fitting subjects for the late Thomas Faed, R.A., who, we believe, sketched one of these interiors for his well-known pathetic and great work, "From

Dawn to Sunset." It is to be regretted that, within recent years, several of these picturesque cottages under the exacting regulations of the Local Government Act as to sanitary and other arrangements, have been demolished; and that all over Galloway, by the demolishing and renovating spirit of County Councillors, they are disappearing so fast that very soon such objects will become a rare feature in the landscape —in the architecture of the structures which have been erected as substitutes for them "baldness only seems to have been studied, or plans of the most vulgar utility." In history this village is mentioned as a place of some note. When, in 1334, Edward Balliol surrendered to the King of England the county of Dumfries, including the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in so precipitate and incautious a manner that the deed conveyed a right to Balliol's private property in Galloway, Edward III. issued a declaration excluding from the instrument of resignation, among other lands in Galloway those of Kirkandrews. According to Symson, a fair was held yearly within the churchyard precincts. It lasted only a few hours, but people flocked to it from all quarters in great numbers, and horse and foot races were periodically held. When the origin of these gatherings is known, this account becomes more probable. Fairs originated from religious festivals. On such occasions persons attended for the sale of refreshments; afterwards articles of various kinds, and of general use, were exposed for sale. Hence *feria*, originally festival, came in course of time to signify a fair.

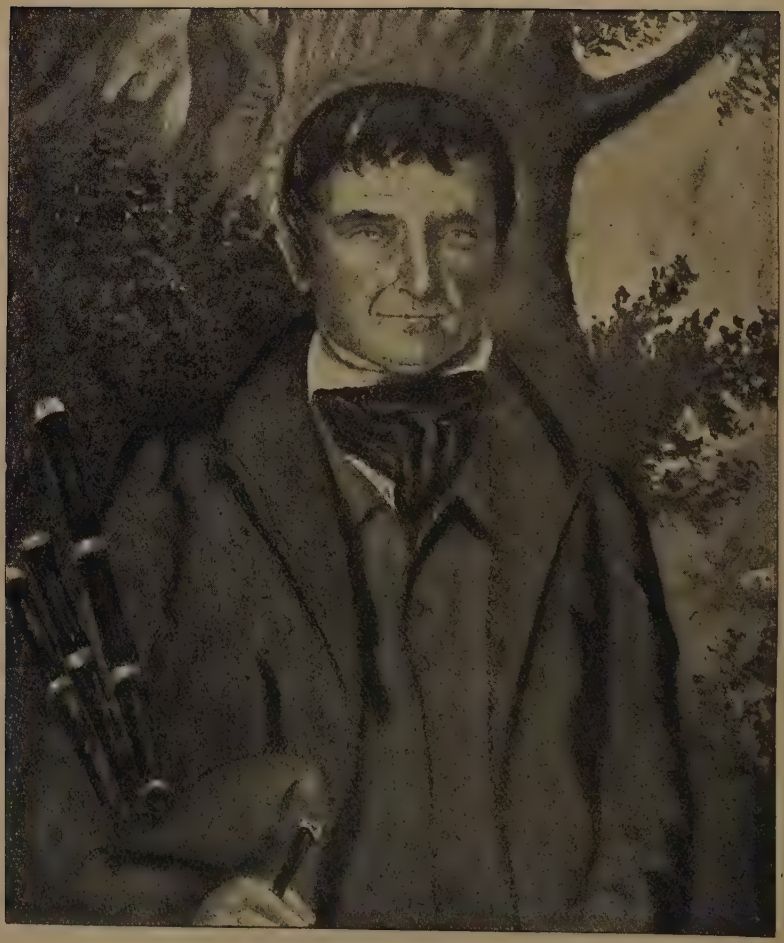
Kirkandrews was at one time a separate parish, but it is now united to Borgue. In 1504, Gordon of Lochinvar was its bailie. In the burying-ground, near the village, the remains of the old church (1686) may still be seen. "This Church," quoting from Chambers. *Caledonia*, "originally belonged to the monks of Iona. When the devastation of the Danish pirates left them without an establishment, William the Lion transferred it, along with their churches and estates in Galloway, to the monks of Holyrood. It afterwards fell into the hands of the prior and canons of Whithorn." On a stone, evidently from the Church, built into the walls enclosing a burying-ground, we observed the letters and date "Ch. C, 1686." The enclosure is used as the burying-ground of the Thomsons of Ingleston; the Lockharts of Barmagachan also bury here.

In our explorations among the tombs we dug out of the rubbish in these enclosures a stone broken and mutilated, which, on examination, was found to commemorate the death of a martyr, and bearing the careful workmanship of "Old Mortality." There has now been

substituted a very handsome stone, with the following inscription:—"Here lyes ROBERT M'WHAE, who was barbarously shot to death by Captn. Douglas in this parish, for his adherence to Scotland's Reformation Covenants, National and Solemn League, 1685." This stone was erected by the inhabitants of Borgue in 1855, and is a *fac simile* in lettering and orthography of the mutilated one. There is pointed out a window in one of the old cottages from which M'Whae was trying to escape when shot. In *The Laird of Lag* a different account is given of how this martyr met his death. It is there narrated that on one occasion "a party of 'Grier o' Lag's dragoons,' as they are described, met in the south part of the parish of Borgue a poor tailor on his way to work. He bore no more formidable weapons than his needles and ellwand; but he was closely searched. In those days the tailor, it appears, made the clothes of both male and female, and sewed for the common people, and acted as mantua-maker to the ladies whose dresses, to be in the mode, had pieces of lead inserted at different points to make them hang as they should. Consequently this poor man was found to have his pockets stored with pieces of lead. He was instantly charged with the intention of casting bullets. It was in vain that he attempted to explain the demands of fashion; and that he was in the employment of ladies in the neighbourhood. The proceedings in his case were very short. The grave of this man is said to have occupied much of the attention of 'Old Mortality.'"



(1) BALMANGAN CASTLE.
(2) BARMAGACHAN.



WILLIAM NICHOLSON. John Faed, R.S.A.

The inhabitants of Borgue, in Reformation times, were subjected to much persecution and annoyance. John Carson of Balmangan and his lady were both imprisoned for refusing the oath of abjuration. At the unfortunate encounter with the forces under General Dalziel on the Pentland hills, we find some of Borgue's sons there fighting gallantly in the cause of religious liberty. The two sons of Gordon of Knockbrex, among other Galloway lairds, were there taken prisoners, tried at Edinburgh, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed. History records that on the scaffold these youthful brothers acquitted themselves with a resignation and firmness becoming the noble cause they had espoused. The ruins of Balmangan Castle and Barmagachan are still to be seen. The remains of the ancient Cross, which stood in this churchyard, was some years ago discovered among some rubbish in Barmagachan Tomb, and it is very desirable that this great curiosity of art and interesting memorial of antiquity should be preserved. At present it is lying near the remains of the old church.

The glebe lands surround the churchyard, and afford rich pasture. It is said that the soil of this burying-ground is peculiarly fine, and that in digging it not a stone, scarce a pebble, is to be found, arising, as tradition says, from its having been thoroughly riddled and cleaned by two old women, as a penance for some great sin.

In August, 1783, there was born, in an "auld clay biggin'" by the wayside, at Tannymaws, in the parish of Borgue, one of whom Nature had bestowed so liberally the genius of poetry, as to give him, humble and untutored though he was, the passport to something more than mere local fame. There is no doubt as to the genuineness of the inspiration of William Nicholson. He was the poet born ; and in after years, with the tender and homely strains of his rustic pipe in "The Country Lass," the "Wild Woodside," the "Banks o' Tarff," and the "Braes of Galloway," he charmed and pleased the peasantry of his native province with his truthful delineations of their manners and the heartfelt utterances of their feelings. In his poem "The Peacock," there are some keen touches of satire ; and the "Brownie of Blednoch" was sufficient, had he written nothing more, to give its author a claim to the rank of creative genius. Dr John Brown, in his *Horæ Subsecivæ*, writes of it:—"We would rather have written these lines than any amount of 'Aurora Leighs,' 'Festuses,' or such like. For they, are they not? the 'native woodnotes wild' of one of nature's darlings. Here is the indescribable, inestimable, unmistakable impress of genius. Chaucer, had he been a Galloway man, might have written it, only he

would have been more garrulous, and less compact and stern. It is like 'Tam o' Shanter,' in its living union of the comic, the pathetic, and the terrible. Shrewdness, tenderness, imagination, fancy, humour, word-music, dramatic power, even wit, are all here." Nicholson's contemporary, the observant Mactaggart, wrote of his works, in 1824—"They have all the simplicity and genius which constitute good Scottish songs. My friend William's poems are substantial rustic buildings. His 'Country Lass' is a dear creature, and will last at least 500 years." This was going rather far; but it is now over eighty years since it was predicted, and in our day Nicholson appears in the company of Fergusson, Burns, Tannahill, Hogg, Motherwell, and Cunningham, in the latest and best collections of Scotland's song writers. But even in his own day he had the greatest gratification which poet can have, of hearing the creations of his genius lilted and sung by the peasantry around him.

For many years William Nicholson, *par excellence* the Galloway bard, indulged his fancy, wandering and musing among the sequestered glens, broomy knowes, and purling streams of his beloved Galloway, much of its natural scenery being truthfully described in his poems and identified with his name. It is fifty-nine years since he died but there are still some in whose memory there live recollections of the tall, solitary, and somewhat ungainly-looking figure of the pedlar poet, and, in his way, priest, who was wont to wander over Galloway carrying a pack on his back, but was sadly deficient in the worldly wisdom generally characteristic of the class to which he belonged.

In his prime Nicholson was rather handsome in person, though his imperfect powers of vision gave him an awkward appearance. Heavy brown eye-lashes shaded the "windows of his soul," but when lit up by conversation they beamed with thought and intelligence. He then travelled the country "braid and wide," following his avocation among the "farm toons" in Galloway and Dumfriesshire, disposing of his wares to the dames and maidens at the farmers' ingles while fascinating them with his diverting stories, the melodies of his voice in his latest song, or the music of his bagpipes which he carried, and of which he was passionately fond. For a considerable number of years he prospered in his business, and was a welcome guest for a night, and even days, at all the farmer's ha's and cots on his rounds. But like many more of the "tuneful tribe,"

> He ne'er got auld eneuch i' horn
> To ken the muses saw nae corn,

An' that few poets hae been born
To bank account;
That Burns sighed wi' coat a' torn,
"'Twas a' the amount."

So when the time came that the pack failed him he had in great measure to depend on the charity of friends for his support. To one possessed of the sensitive feelings and proud independent spirit which always marked his character, this position must have been acutely felt. In these circumstances he unfortunately sought consolation in the bottle, and poor Nicholson shared the fate of many a bright genius gone before him. But of the habits and eccentricities of his later years, when with body emaciated and bent, and supported by two sticks, but with still

"the untamed eye, that under brows
Shaggy and grey, had meanings, which it brought
From years of youth,"

he wandered dejected among the old and tried friends who, all honour to them, in his adversity did not forsake him, we will cast the mantle of charity, which "hopeth all things and thinketh no evil," and

"Gently scan our brother man."

Many will remember the poet in that condition, and many of the "summer friends" who smiled when fortune favoured, but who would not, when she frowned, deign to acknowledge or even brush clothes with the wayward minstrel, have ere this gone to the grave "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung," while William Nicholson in his "Country Lass," "The Brownie of Blednoch," and other poems and songs will live among the poets,

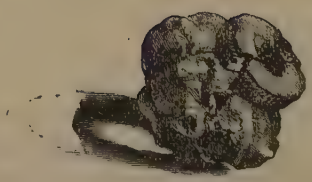
"Serene creators of immortal things."

We might freely quote from his poems passages in support of Nicholson's claims to rank as Galloway's best bard; but we refer the reader to the handsome volume of his poems published in the year 1897.

The little churchyard of Kirkandrews, in which the remains of the poet rest, is a sunny spot, and near to the "trotting burn" to which he aptly compared life's ups and downs, and the murmurs of the "sad sea waves," it is the fitting resting-place of a poet. He died in 1849, and the inscription on the tombstone, where his remains rest with his kindred, is as follows:—"Erected by John Nicholson, bookseller, in Kirkcudbright, in memory of his mother, Barbara Houston, who died at Tongland, 28 July, 1802, aged 61 years; and of his father, James Nicholson, who died 28 October, 1802, aged 80 years; and of his

sister, Barbara Nicholson, who died at Kirkandrews, 5 September, 1856, aged 82." On the reverse side of the stone the following appears:—"Here also lies Willlam Nicholson, author of 'The Country Lass,' 'Brownie of Blednoch,' and other poems, son of the said James Nicholson, who died May 16th, 1849, aged 67 years."—"No future age shall see his name expire."

The edition of Nicholson's works, edited by the late Mr M'Diarmid of the *Dumfries Courier*, published in 1828, was readily subscribed for by the public. Since then a third and fourth edition, containing a memoir by the author of this work, and a portrait of Nicholson by John Faed, R.S.A., have been published.



CHAPTER X.

KIRKANDREWS TO GATEHOUSE-OF-FLEET.

Leaving Kirkandrews, and advancing by the road leading past Roberton, which is seen to the right, in a pleasant situation among trees, and commanding a good view of the sea, we pass the farm of Barlocco, and the mansion house of Knockbrex, deriving its name from the "brindled or variegated hill," is seen nestling among the woods near the shore. Mr James Brown, on acquiring this property, though he still retained the old site, made such extensive additions to the house that an almost entirely new one has taken the place of the old mansion. It is now a large and commodious building, with all the latest improvements in heating, lighting, and sanitary arrangements. Large sums have also been expended in improving and beautifying the policies by the introduction of artificial ponds, rockeries, shruberies, and flower gardens. To Nature lovers, perhaps too much artifice is evident in the landscape gardening scheme. It is situated in a delightful spot, and its amenity and proximity to the shore render it inviting as a residence.

Near Margrie the road to the right is taken. About three miles round the shore, to the west, the road passing to which is here seen, is Carrick Cottage, associated with many pleasing seaside rambles and early endearments, shaded by the remembrance of friends departed.

From this point a short and very enjoyable walk brings us to the vicinity of the old castle of Plunton. It is situated a short distance from the road, and is a square building of no great extent, with projecting outlooks at each angle, and walls of considerable strength and thickness. Like all the erections of a feudal age, it has its dungeon; and although history is silent on the matter, a poem by D. M'Lellan, in the *Traditional Tales of Galloway*, founded on legend, describes it as the scene of bloody deeds.

The *Tale of Plunton Castle*, by the late Captain James Dennistoun, Creetown, author of *Legends of Galloway*, and editor of the ancient Gallovidian ballad of the *Battle of Craignilder*, sent to Sir Walter

Scott by Joseph Train, was woven by the "great magician" into verse, and formed the foundation of the dramatic story, *The Doom of Devergoil*, which appeared in 1830.

Some of the old gnarled trees and thorns around the Castle seem to be contemporary with the building. Vestiges of moats and earth-works may still be distinguished, and it seems to have been surrounded by water, and to have been a place of considerable security. It was at one time the residence of the Lennoxes, who possessed property to a large extent in Galloway.

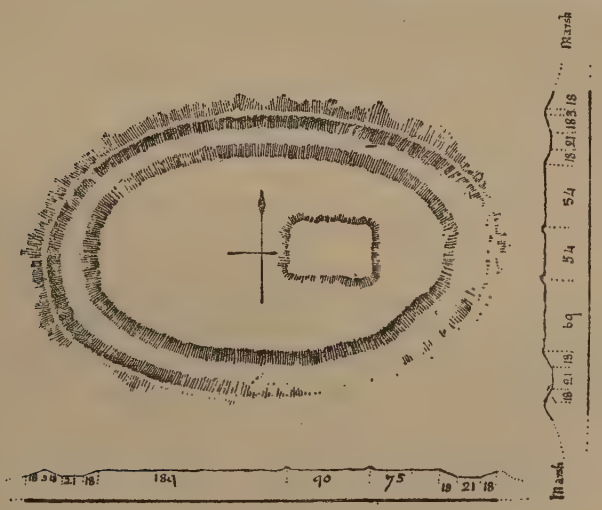
Lennox Plunton, situated to the left of the road, is next passed. Here John MacTaggart, the quaint author of the *Gallovidian Encyclopædia*, was born, on 26th June, 1791. Mr Murray, in his *Literary*

PLUNTON CASTLE.

History of Galloway, speaks of this work in highly commendatory terms, and has a high eulogy on the disinterested and generous character of its author. Of the work he thus speaks:—"This is one of the most singular works ever issued from any press. It is unlike the production of a person of reading and education. The language in which it is written is of a most capricious description, being more Scotch than English, and richly bestudded with all the provincial words and phrases of which he could possibly avail himself. No character, no maxim, no custom peculiar to his native province, has he left unexplored or unexplained." Mactaggart entered into a literary enterprise with a friend in London, but on its proving unsuc-

cessful, he, in 1826, proceeded to Upper Canada as a clerk of works to the Rideau Canal, where he distinguished himself by his strong natural abilities and integrity of character. In 1828 he returned to England, with his constitution much impaired, and on his arrival published his *Three Years in Canada*, a work containing much scientific research. He died at Torrs, Kirkcudbright, in January, 1830, and his remains lie in the churchyard of Senwick.

At Barharrow the mail road is reached, and turning to the left, we soon reach Enrick. Here there are evidently marks of something interesting. It is said* that "at Enrick there was a house dependent on



PALACE YARD, ENRICK.

the Abbacy of Tongland, and which, it is supposed, formed the occasional residence of its Abbots, and, after the Reformation, the residence of the Bishop of Galloway." History also says "that in 1300 Edward I. resided for several days at the town of Fleet, which would in all likelihood be on or near to the site of the present town. At this place the inhabitants did all in their power to stop the progress of the King, but were repulsed by a superior force, and compelled to flee to the mountains and moors." He is supposed to have encamped near Cally, on the lands of Enrick. A spot is mapped "Palace Yard," where doubtless Edward held his courts for the administration of

* "Statistical Account," p. 298.

Justice.* Up to the autumn of 1890 some old plane trees grew here, having a peculiar kind of foliage. Mactaggart in his *Gallovidian Encyclopædia* when writing in 1824 of the "Palace Tree" describes it as the place near the village of Gatehouse, whereon stood a palace in the days of yore; a deep ditch surrounds a level space containing about two acres. On this stands the mined edifice; over this ditch, which is about thirty feet, and filled with water, a draw-bridge yet remains in perfection. This palace is thought to have belonged to our olden Scotch kings, and suited them for a "Holyrood," when in the southern parts of the dominion.

According to M'Kerlie there is nothing in the history of the district to support this statement of Mactaggart that it was a "Royal Palace," and yet tradition shows that it was a place of importance. The remains of the ditch and wall which surrounded the Palace are still to be traced. The remains of what is now known as the Palace Yard lie low in a green meadow land, richly wooded. They consist of a slightly raised and well-levelled mound, without ridge, and surrounded at a very low angle by a broad trench. Towards the centre, are the remains of an oblong-walled enclosure, the traces of which are very low, but regular, and at right angles.

After a pleasant walk down the road, passing Girthon Manse to the right, we reach a cutting through a rising ground, known as the Gallowshill, which is bordered at this season by luxuriant foliage; the entrance gate to Cally is passed on the left. Near to this, on a slightly rising ground to the right, is the pleasantly situated villa which was occupied by Mr John Faed, the artist, up to the time of his death.

* "Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway" by Sir Andrew Agnew, vol. i., p. 93.

CHAPTER XI.

GATEHOUSE-OF-FLEET AND ENVIRONS.

We now arrive at Gatehouse-of-Fleet, and here spend a short time examining the places of interest in the town and neighbourhood. This town is apparently quite modern, although it is believed that at a very early period a small town or village named Fleet stood on the site now occupied by Gatehouse.* The name is derived from an old toll-gate that stood near the foot of the brae above the village. In 1795 it was erected into a burgh of barony by the then proprietor of Cally, and through his liberal encouragement rose to be a place of some importance. The manufacture of cotton goods, at one time extensively carried on here, and other public works in the neighbourhood, tended greatly to its prosperity. With the stoppage of these, however, the business and commercial importance of the town diminished.

The greater portion of the town lies in the parish of Girthon, and the remainder in the parish of Anwoth. A good stone bridge connects the two, and the river is navigable thus far. It is charmingly situated in the fertile vale of the Fleet, and is completely surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills—Trusty-Hill and Rutherford's Monument appearing prominent objects. In the neighbourhood there are many walks amidst scenery of the loveliest description; and to those in search of health, or quiet rural retirement, there could be no more agreeable spot in which to settle down. Every visitor is struck with the scenery of this charming locality. Within the last few years the district has become quite an artist's haunt. On the farm of Wee Borland, near which is Cardoness Castle, there are many fine subjects for pictures,

* Walsingham, *Hist. Reg. Angliæ*, p. 78.

and on the banks of the river and along the picturesque roads in the neighbourhood there are many pleasing landscapes.

The Parish Church, situated in a retired spot at the north end of the town, has been much improved in appearance by the addition of a spire. The Free Church is situated at the lower end, and the United Presbyterian Church is on the other side of the river. Branches of the Bank of Scotland and Union Bank are established here; and a Masons' Lodge and Bowling Green have their supporters. The Clock Tower, built of grey granite, and situated in High Street, is a conspicuous object. Its erection cost about £300, which was raised by subscription; and the clock, costing £160, was presented to the town by the late H. G. Murray Stewart. The Town Hall, in which has been placed a fine oil-painting of Gatehouse by the late John Faed, R.S.A., is also in this street.

Near Gatehouse is Cally House. It was built in 1763, from a design by Robert Milne, architect of Blackfriars Bridge, London. The building is of granite, and underwent extensive alterations about the year 1835. The columns of the portico, as fine granite, deserve notice. They were quarried at Craigdhus, near Newton-Stewart, and conveyed here with great labour. During our visit to it, instead of following the carriage-road, we were conducted by the factor on the estate along a footpath, screened by fine trees and shrubbery, that winds round the edge of a large artificial lake, which has all the features of being natural. The finely wooded Bar-hill closes in the background, and the walks through spacious lawns and woods, where the deer are seen reclining under the milk-white thorns, afford many pretty snatches of scenery, and "shy sequestered nooks." The fallow-deer, we were informed, have for some years been kept, not in the deer park proper, which is close to the house on the south, but in another park a mile off. There are, however, a few roe-deer in the woods, including the Lake Wood, but these deer are not much seen.

After admiring the exterior of the building, and the many noble trees that meet the eye at almost every turn in the grounds, we were permitted to see the interior.

The entrance-hall, which is airy and light, is of marble. At the time of our visit it was adorned with some very fine sculptures and tables of mosaic.

In the drawing-room, among a variety of other pictures, are specimens of Claude Lorraine, Poussin, &c., and in the other rooms, Velasquez, Ruysdael, Wouvermans, Murillo, Durer, Reynolds, and

GATEHOUSE OF FLEET. H. J. Moule.

other famous masters are represented.* Some of the old Italian carved wood frames are beautiful in design. In all the rooms busts and objects of *vertu* are in great variety; in the drawing-room is a magnificent cabinet of ormolu and Sèvres porcelain. It is the wedding casket of Queen Marie Antoinette, whose portrait it bears, together with that of the king and other members of the Bourbon family. Probably it is one of the most splendid productions of the Sèvres manufactory in Scotland. It is, however, rivalled in splendour by a magnificent Florentine mosaic table, a marvel of workmanship and sumptuous beauty.

Among the other features of this beautiful place we must not omit to notice a picturesque old ivy-clad ruin, part of the old house of Cally. It stands near the present house, and is well worthy of being preserved as an interesting memorial of old times.

On emerging from the wood near Cally Mains, we obtain a fine glimpse of the country on the opposite side of the Fleet. Cardoness Castle rears its grim head above the foliage, and the well-wooded grounds around Ardwall, Cardoness House, and Boreland of Anwoth, add much to the beauty of the scene. The greater part of the level tract of ground on this side of the river was at one time within the tide mark, but through the enterprise of the late Mr Murray of Broughton, who constructed a large bank about a mile in length, and deepened and otherwise improved the course of the canal for the free run of the tide, a large amount of good alluvial land was reclaimed, which now yields abundant crops.

The churchyard of Girthon is about two miles or thereby from

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* LIST OF THE CALLY PORTRAITS.

	Artist's Name.
Library.	
The Honourable M. G. J. Stewart, grandfather of Mr Murray Stewart	Partridge.
Mrs H. Stewart, mother of Mr Murray Stewart	Partridge.
Drawing-Room.	
Lady Stewart, grandmother of Mr Murray Stewart	Marianechi, from a miniature.
Mrs Murray Stewart	Sir F. Grant.
Mrs H. Stewart	Alessandro Capalti.
H. G. Murray Stewart, Esq.	
Lieutenant-General Sir W. Stewart, K.C.B., grandfather of Mr Murray Stewart	Marianechi, from a miniature.
Dining-Room.	
Brigadier-General Stewart	Alexander.
Alexander, seventh Earl of Galloway	Alexander.
Captain H. Stewart, father of Mr Murray Stewart	Marianechi, from a miniature.
James Murray, Esq. of Broughton	Sir Joshua Reynolds.
Bow Room.	
Lady Catherine Murray	Unknown.
Lady Archibald Hamilton	Unknown.

Gatehouse, situated on a rising ground, with good views of the surrounding country.

The ruins of the old church of Girthon stand in its centre, and the family of Broughton bury in a vault underneath it. At its east end, and close to the entrance to this vault, is a small upright stone with the following inscription:—"Within this tomb lyes the corps of ROBERT LENNOX, sometime in Irelandton, who was shot to death by Grier of Lagg, in the paroch of Tongland, for his adherence to Scotland's Covenants, National and Solemn Leagne, 1685."

In the *Statistical Account* it is said that this Robert Lennox was a great grandson of John Lennox, the fourth of Cally, who died in 1647. On the gable end of the old church is part of an escutcheon, but, from the perishable nature of the stone of which it is formed, it is so much disfigured that we could not decipher it.

At a short distance from the churchyard is the supposed site of the old mill of Girthon, believed to be the same with the ancient mill of the Lake, where King Edward, in his journey through Galloway in 1300, exacted from one, Henry the miller, 13s 4d, for some irregularities that had been discovered in his mill. The supposed site is quite near the road, but no traces of it are discernible, although the ancient appearance of the blighted trees standing near by seems to point out a vestige of antiquity. The scenery around is soft and sylvan, and the contrast of the young saplings flourishing full of life and verdant leaf, beside and underneath the shade of their barren, withered, patriarchal neighbours, is suggestive of bright youth and desolate old age.

Captain James Murray Dennistoun, author of the *Legends of Galloway* and the *Battle of Craignilder*, was a native of Girthon. He was born at Cruffock, on 21st February, 1770, and died at Creetown, 12th December, 1857. Thomas Murray, a well-known and widely-respected Gallovidian, was also a native of this parish. He was born in 1792, of parents of humble means, and was educated, first at the parish school, and subsequently at Edinburgh University, which he entered in 1810. Dr Murray died at Lasswade, near Edinburgh, on 15th April, 1872, and a brief Memoir in the Edinburgh *Scotsman* at that time stated that "Thomas Carlyle and he were early friends, and walked together from Galloway to Edinburgh each session during their college career; and the friendship thus commenced was continued in after-life. Dr Murray was destined for the ministry of the Established Church; but after obtaining license, and preaching for a short time, he took to literary pursuits. He became connected with Sir David Brewster, and a staff

Dr Thomas Murray.

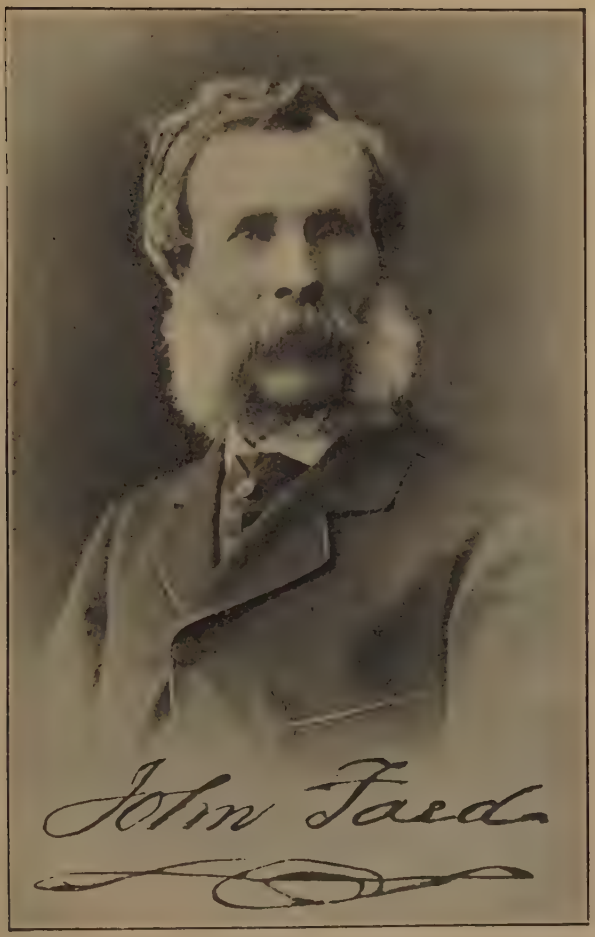
of writers on *Brewster's Cyclopædia;* and, apparently about that time, formed an acquaintance with the late Mr John Ramsay M'Culloch, the afterwards eminent political economist, with whom he maintained a close intimacy until Mr M'Culloch's death. Dr Murray himself had a taste for political economy, and both wrote and lectured upon it. He was the author of the *Literary History of Galloway;* and, much more recently, of the *Rural Annals of Colinton;* and he edited the letters of David Hume and of Bishop Leighton. He was one of the founders and original members of what became the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, and acted for about thirty years as secretary of the Edinburgh School of Arts. He was also, in 1841, one of the founders, and long acted as secretary of the Edinburgh Galloway Association, which supplied the first hint, and indeed the model, for the now numerous Associations of the same class. For six years he was a member of the Edinburgh Town Council, where he acted as one of the Whig or Moderate Liberal party. More than thirty years ago Dr Murray established the printing business of Murray & Gibb, the success of which enabled him to 'crown a youth of labour with an age of ease.' He was a sagacious, kindly, social man, who made many friends, and did good work in his time."

The forbears of General Walker, the American filibuster, were natives of Gatehouse. His father, James Walker, emigrated to Tennessee in 1814 or 1815. The General was educated for the medical profession, and, while completing his studies in Edinburgh, visited Gatehouse in 1844. He was then known as Dr Walker, and is thus described by a correspondent, who remembers him well—"He was under the middle size, with finely cut features, sallow complexion, dark hair, rough eye-brows, long eye-lashes, slight moustache, and no whiskers. His movements were quick, easy, and graceful. Accustomed to the best society from his earliest years, he was entirely free of swagger and slang."

Barlay Mill, associated with the names of John and Thomas Faed, the celebrated artists, is about half a mile from Gatehouse, on the road-side leading to Lochenbreck. In a cottage near the mill they were born—John on 31st August, 1819, and Thomas in the year 1826. Their father, James Faed, belonged to Dumfriesshire. He was a man of superior intelligence, with a genius for mechanics, and followed the business of an engineer and millwright. He was a full cousin of General Sir George Faed, K.C.B., who fought at Waterloo, being afterwards Governor of Greenwich Hospital. Their mother was Mary

M'Geoch, daughter of the farmer of Girthonkirk. John Faed early gave decided proofs of a talent for drawing. The *Castle-Douglas Weekly Visitor* for 19th August, 1831, records that at the examination of Girthon School, "the company present were shown a beautiful and correct book of maps, executed by John Faed, a boy of eleven years of age (son of Mr Faed, Barlay Mill), as a specimen of his many and varied drawings, which, often ere now, have elicited the admiration of all who have seen them. Considering the extreme youth of this boy, and the many disadvantages he labours under, these pieces are truly astonishing." The boy was born with a strong bent towards art, and early resolved, in his own mind, to become an artist. Leaving school at the early age of eleven years, his struggles to carry out his purpose were sufficiently trying. His early attempts at painting pictures in colour were done under many disadvantages. It is said that his painting tools—canvas, colours, and brushes—were of his own manufacture, sometimes using the expedient of grinding stones to form colours for his palette. His instinct for drawing and painting was thus early evident to those about him, but he met with little encouragement in pursuit of his artistic aims. He stoutly persisted, however, in his endeavours to follow the career he had set before him; and, although comparatively self-taught, by indomitable perseverance, continued study and hard work, and after getting some insight into the methods of miniature portrait painting on ivory, he gained such technical knowledge that he determined to be a miniature painter. In this capacity the boy artist is said to have perambulated the towns and villages of Galloway practising his art, and getting many patrons among the aristocracy of the district. In his twentieth year, by the advice of Dr Thomas Murray, author of "The Literary History of Galloway" just alluded to, who had noticed the boy's natural turn for art, the young artist went to Edinburgh, ostensibly to attend the art classes at the Institution on the Mound; but, on finding that he could learn little there, he established himself as a miniature painter in the city. His success in this branch of art was so great, and commissions were so numerous that he was unable to accomplish them satisfactorily, so he gave it up, devoting his whole time to the study and practice of *genre* subjects in oil. In the year 1841 Mr John Faed's* first pictures were exhibited in the

* The following may be noted as the most important of John Faed's works:—Shakespeare and his friends at the Mermaid Tavern, The Wappinshaw, The Pathos of War, Goldsmith and Reynolds, Catherine Seyton, Rosalind and Orlando, Annie's Tryst (in the National Gallery of Scotland), The Poet's Dream, and Milton blowing bubbles.


John Faed

Royal Scottish Academy. In 1847 he was elected an associate of the Academy, and attained the honour of full membership in 1851. His subjects for pictures were mainly drawn from the works of Burns, Scott, Shakespeare, Scottish history and poetry, and from the homely scenes of Scottish life, with which, from his youth, he had been familiar. In 1862 Faed removed from Edinburgh to London, and exhibited for many years in the Royal Academy. In London he had a very successful career as an artist. His works received unstinted praise from the press, and were greatly appreciated both at home and abroad. In the year 1880 he retired to Ardmore Villa, in a beautiful situation overlooking the valley of the Fleet, and the scenes of his youthful years. Here he lived a quiet, retired life, deeply interested in the art he loved, and the success of the young artists of Galloway, who were in after years to take his place. For over 25 years we were privileged to count John Faed as an intimate friend, and we never failed in our rambles in the Gatehouse district to call on the genial, warm-hearted, and venerable artist. For several years after settling in his native place Faed continued to wield the brush, and painted many beautiful views of the valley of the Fleet, one of which—a large picture—he presented to the town of Gatehouse, and it now adorns the Town Hall. A few days before his death, which occurred on 22nd October, 1902, he gifted by letter to the Royal Scottish Academy one of his later pictures in oil, called "The Poet's Dream"—the subject of it being a youth stretched on a grassy bank of the Fleet whilst, in the sky the artist has introduced numerous aerial figures meant to represent the visions of the poet's fancy taking shape before him.

Thomas Faed, the future R.A.,† who made his first start in life as an apprentice with Messrs Kirkpatrick, Drapers, Castle-Douglas, had also that inborn artistic faculty that could not be eradicated. When at the shop counter, we have heard it said that he was more inclined to cover scraps of paper with sketches of the pecularities of his customers than to attend to their wants with the yard-stick. It was obvious that he too, was destined to be a painter. He had no inclination to pursue the drapery business, and by desire of his brother John he went to Edinburgh in the year 1843, to prosecute his art studies. Entering

† From a long list of Thomas Faed's interesting works, the following are the most important:—The Silken Gown (from the old Scottish song) "Subdued but not conquered," Sunday in the Backwoods of Canada, Last of the Clan, A wee bit fractious and Only Herself (sold for £4000), Home for the Homeless, His only Pair, Baith Faither an' Mither an' a' thing to me, The Mitherless Bairn (now in the Melbourne Art Gallery), Scott and his friends at Abbotsford, and From Dawn to Sunset.

the Edinburgh School of Art—the Trustees' Academy—at the age of sixteen, the young student set to work with enthusiasm and soon showed exceptional ability. His first exhibited work was a water-colour, entitled "The Old English Baron." He became an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1849, and continued to exhibit there until he had attained the age of twenty-six years. In 1852 he removed to London, that great art centre, where alone "an artist is able to measure himself fairly with all his fellow artists of the kingdom." Shortly after settling in London he began to exhibit in the Royal Academy, and other exhibitions, those homely, pathetic, and industrial scenes, which soon brought him into notice as one of the leading domestic *genre* painters of the time. They were immensely admired and eagerly purchased by private collectors and fine Art dealers, by the latter of whom they were engraved, and had a wide circulation at home and in the colonies. In this way Tom Faed acquired a great and world-wide reputation as an artist. Sir Coutts Lindsay in his report on paintings in oil in the International Exhibition of 1871, in remarking on Wilkie and his followers, writes thus of Tom Faed and his works:—"Mr Faed appears to me the most distinctive representative of this School; his works are conceived in the very spirit of Wilkie—not from any feebleness in his own conception, but from a true congeniality of idea. The vital merit of this School does not consist either in its close imitation of external nature (which it possesses in common with the Pre-Raphaelite painters) or in a recurrence to the highest types of humanity sought after by those idealists of Art, at the head of whom I have ventured to place Mr Watts, and with which it has little sympathy. The field of its labours lies in the expression of human feeling, and the dramatic truth with which the story is told on the canvas." As illustrative of these observations Sir Coutts calls special attention to Mr Faed's picture of "The Last of the Clan" in the International Exhibition.

After a long, laborious, highly honourable, and successful career as an artist Tom Faed retired from the Royal Academy in the year 1893. Three years thereafter we had the pleasure of meeting him when on a brief holiday in Castle-Douglas. We accompanied him in a ramble round Carlingwark Loch, and were impressed with the intelligent interest he took in everything pertaining to Galloway, its scenery, history, poetry, and traditions. We were then editing a third edition of William Nicholson's poems, and he seemed delighted to know that the works of the old poet were still held

in such estimation. In his youth he had been well acquainted with Nicholson and had many reminiscences to tell associated with him and his erratic wanderings among the farm 'touns' of Galloway. In our walk up King Street, Castle-Douglas, Mr Faed pointed out the draper's shop in which he had served as an apprentice, and jocularly remarked "many a time in the long ago hae I lap the counter in there." The shop is at present occupied by Mr D. J. Hyslop, Draper. Mr Faed, though complaining a little of his eyesight at that time, had a striking personal appearance. Tall and broad shouldered with a splendid physique, he had quite a military bearing. Free and affable in manner, he could tell a story, even though the details were dry, in such a happy way as to make it interesting.

A pleasing incident showing Mr Faed to have been like Dr John Brown, author of "Rab and his frien's," a lover of dogs was experienced in our stroll. We met an old woman with a Scotch terrier puppy following at her heels. It had all the marks of being a well-bred one. Mr Faed, accosting the woman in a bantering way, entered into negotiations with her for the purchase of the dog and inquired whether it was for sale. "Na, na," was the reply, "it's ower young, an' ower muckle thocht o' at hame for us to be pairtin' wi't. We'd be askin' a lang price, an' am dootfu' if you'd be wullin' to gie what we'd be wantin' for the duggie." "Well, my good woman, let me know your price and we will see about that," replied Mr Faed. After considering the matter the old lady stated her price, and though it might have seemed to many such a high one as to debar a sale, the bargain was at once closed. The terrier was put into our charge, and a few days thereafter despatched to London. A letter to us a short time after the dog's arrival in the Metropolis stated that the doggie had safely reached its new home, and that the wee, auld-fashioned brute was behaving as well as could be expected amidst the refinements of London society, though, when in his playful moods, he was rather rough on his master's slippers when they came his way.

Thomas Faed died in London in August, 1900, a few years after our meeting.

Mr James Faed, the youngest brother, some years later also followed his brother Tom to Edinburgh, and settling down in the grey metropolis soon became one of Scotland's leading line engravers, many portraits of the most eminent Scotchmen of his time having been reproduced by him. Mr Faed still resides in Edinburgh, and his two

sons, Mr James Faed, jun., and Mr W. C. Faed, are both professional artists.

The rambler, continuing the road past Barlay Mill and the delicious little glen of Barlay, will after a walk of about two miles, reach the farm-house ot Laghead, situated on the left of the road. Loch Whinyeon, a small circular loch, is about a mile distant from this house. It lies to the east, and is easily reached by a path over the hill. The trout in it are small but fine, and its perfect seclusion gives it a great charm. About thirty-five years ago it was considerably lowered by the bursting of an embankment, and since then good baskets have not been so frequent, though fair sport is occasionally got.

About halfway betwixt Gatehouse and Dromore Station of the Portpatrick Railway, is Rusco Castle, beautifully situated on a rising knoll in the Vale of Fleet, near the margin of the river. This is one of the square towers so commonly met with in Galloway. From a date over the curious doorway, we learn that it was built in the 15th century, and it has the crow-stepped gables and saddle-backed roof of that period. In the autumn of the year 1629 we find Lord and Lady Kenmure removing from Rusco to London; and towards the close of the 16th century, Sir Hugh Gordon, a younger branch of the Gordons of Lochinvar, with numerous retainers, possessed the Castle of Rusco.

The situation of the Castle answers well the description of it in the poem, "Rusco Castle, a Tale of the Olden Time," contained in the *Traditions of Galloway*:—

"But, lo! a little ruined tower,
Erected by forgotten hands,
Though once the abode of pride and power,
That by the river's margin stands—
Of old the Lords of Lochinvar
Here dwelt in peace, but armed for war;
And Rusco Castle could declare
That valiant chief and lady fair
Had often wooed and wedded there.
Upon the eastern bank of Fleet
Castramont smiles—a hamlet sweet
Just fronting Rusco Tower,
Of peace and war two emblems meet—
None fairer than the first we meet,
The other seems a dark retreat
Where savage passions lower."

On Cauldside hill, in this vicinity, there is a well-defined *kist-vaen*, and several mounds and stone heaps having the appearance of other

graves. There is also a stone circle, but there are no cup and ring-markings to be seen on any of the stones or rocks in the immediate neighbourhood.

Directly opposite to Rusco Tower, and charmingly situated on the bank of the river, is Castramont House, embosomed amongst the trees, near the base of the well-wooded conical-shaped hill called the Doon. On the summit of this hill are the remains of a British encampment, whence the name Doon, as that of Castramont, has been derived from a Roman camp, the remains of which may be seen at the foot of the hill, and close to the present house, showing in what close proximity the invaders and defenders of the land were in the olden times.

Rusco House, and the farm of Upper Rusco, are also passed on the way to Dromore. On the estate of Rusco extensive alterations and improvements were carried out by the late proprietor, Mr Hannay. The farm-buildings are handsome and commodious, and large tracts of land, at one time unprofitable, have been reclaimed, and are now under cultivation.

Distant about a mile and a half, and in a straight line nearly west from Rusco, is Ornockennoch House. On a height behind there is a rocking-stone, about a ton in weight. In the vicinity of Dromore are several lead and copper mines, which have not been wrought for some years.

CHAPTER XII.

GATEHOUSE TO RAVENSHALL.

THE drive from Gatehouse by Ravenshall and Creetown to Newton-Stewart is considered one of the very finest in Galloway.

M'Diarmid, in his *Sketch-book*, writes that "it is perhaps the most beautiful shore-road in Britain," and it well deserves the high eulogy passed upon it by that keenly observant and enthusiastic admirer of Nature.

The road, as far as Creetown, runs near the shore; and the extent and varied beauty of its marine and inland views; the solemn grandeur of its sea cliffs, glimpses of which are seen from the road; the charming woodlands, deep romantic glens, and mountains towering in the distance, cannot fail to command the admiration of the traveller.

About a mile from Gatehouse, and close to the old military road, are the ruins of Anwoth Church, built in 1626, where Samuel Rutherford the eminent Covenanting divine, was once minister. The ivy-clad walls of this ancient and venerable building, which are still preserved, are situated in the churchyard, in a valley surrounded by hills, nearly all belted with woods, interspersed with patches of rich pasturage, giving to the prospect a varied and pleasing aspect. A stone over the entrance to the church bears the inscription—"Built A.D. 1627." This is the date of the settlement of Samuel Rutherford as minister of Anwoth, which is said to have been only at that time erected into a separate parish. Robert Chambers, in the *Picture of Scotland*, 1830, states that "the church, the pulpit, and all the curious old-fashioned seats were seen in an entire state by him in 1826, but they cannot remain so much longer, as a new church was then on the point of being erected." In 1857, the Rev. Robert M. Fraser, in his work, *The Kirk and the Manse*, writes:—The old church, which is still in existence, is a very small and humble edifice, being little more than eighteen feet in breadth, and about sixty-four feet in length, while the side walls are only ten feet in height. The pulpit is of oak, so

ANWOTH OLD KIRK. H. J. Moule.

perforated that it seems not improbable that it may have been used for some other purpose before it was adapted to that for which it so long served. Several of the seats in the church are likewise of oak, and most of them are embellished with carving.

There are a considerable number of old memorial stones in the burying-ground, and in the precincts of the church there is an imposing monument to the memory of several members of the Gordon family, who were for a time owners of the Ardwell and Cardoness estates.

On a circular stone at the top of the monument the three boars' heads of the Gordon arms are sculptured. It bears also the initials "I. G.," and the armorial device is repeated on other parts of the monument, quartered in one instance with three sheaves and three stars. The inscriptions are elaborate, of rude verse, but pious sentiment. The first in order of time is that which appears on the north end of the stone, viz. :—

Walking with God in puritie of life
In Christ I died, and endit al my stryfe;
For in my saule Christ heir did dwel by grace;
Now dwelis my saule in glorie of his face.
Thair foir my bodie sal not heir remaine
But to ful glorie sal suirlie ryse againe.

Mariovne Mure, goodwife of Cullindach, departed this life anno 1612.

This lady was the daughter of the laird of Torhousemuir, Wigtown, afterwards of Cassencary, Kirkmabreck; and her husband was William Gordon of Cullendoch. Two wives of their son, John Gordon (by whom in all probability the monument was erected) are the subjects of the other inscriptions :—

Dumbe, senles statue of some painted stones,
What means thy boast? Thy captive is but clay;
Thou gaines nothing but some few lifles bones.
Hir choysest pairt, hir soule, triumphis for ay,
Then, gazeng friendis, do not hir death deplore;
Yow lose a while; she gains for evermore.

Margrat Makclellane, goodwife of Ardwel, departed this life 2 Apprile 162 ,
Ætatis suae 31.

The title Ardwell here employed is understood to have been derived from the farm of Over Ardwell. Nether Ardwell was at that period in the possession of the M'Cullochs; as was also the estate of Cardoness; but John Gordon acquired the latter by purchase from his kinsman, William M'Culloch, and it will be seen that in the epitaph of his second wife the title is changed from Ardwell to Cardoness. The

second union must have subsisted only for a short time, when it was interrupted by the death of the lady :—

> Ye gaizers on this trophee of the tombe
> Send out one grone for want of hir whoise lyfe
> Twyse borne on earth and now is in earth's wombe,
> Lived long a virgine, now a spotles wiff;
> Church keepis her godlie life; this tombe her corps;
> And earth hir famous name.
> Who then doth lose? Hir husband no, since heaven
> Hir saule does gane.

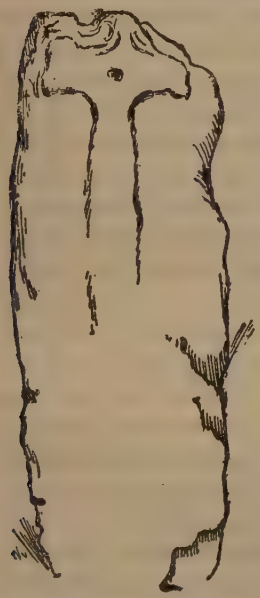
Christen Makcaddam, Lady Cardynes, depairted 16 Juny, 1628, Ætat suae 33.

The initials of the parties are cut in bold characters on the stone in the following order :—

MONUMENT TO MEMBERS OF THE GORDON FAMILY IN ANWOTH OLD KIRK.

The burial place of the M'Cullochs of Ardwell is also in the church, and the tomb of the Maxwells of Cardoness bears some quaint and very interesting inscriptions. Built into a recess in the south wall there is a stone bearing their crest—A man's head, with two laurel branches, and their motto "Think On," and beneath the initials of Captain William Maxwell and his wife, Nicolas Stewart, with an intimation that the monument was re-built by them in 1710. In the autumn of 1892 a whinstone slab, with a rude cross cut on it, was

discovered in the churchyard, and under the directions of Rev. Mr Black, then minister of the parish, was placed in the interior of the old church where it still stands.



OLD CROSS IN ANWOTH KIRK.

Among the tombstones in the churchyard is a large tablet placed in the outer wall of the church to the memory of John Bell of Arkland, and near by on a flat tombstone is an epitaph to his wife as follows :—

Heir lyis Margrat Halliday, spouse to Johne Bel in Arkland, who depairted this lyff anno 1631, Jan. 27, Ætatis suae 76.

O Death, I will be thy death. Now is Christ resin from ye deid, and is the First froot of them that believe.

The stone, however, most worthy of remark, is erected to the memory of the martyr, John Bell of Whiteside, in the parish of Anwoth, who, as Woodrow says, "was the only son of a gentlewoman, heiress of Whiteside, who, after his father's death, was married to the Viscount of Kenmure." The circumstances connected with his death are narrated at page 134, *supra*. The inscription on the tablet in Anwoth churchyard to the memory of Bell is :—

Here lyes John Bell of Whyteside, who was barbarously shot to death in the paroch of Tongland at the command of Grier of Lag, anno 1685.

This monument shall tell posterity
That blessed Bell of Whyteside here doth lye,
Who at command of bloody Lag was shot—
A murder strange which should not be forgot;
Douglas of Morton did him quarters give,
Yet cruel Lag would not let him survive.
This martyr sought some time to recommend
His soul to God before his days should end,
The tyrant said—'What, devil, ye've prayed enough
This long seven years in mountain and in cleuch,'
And instantly caus'd him, with other four,
Be shot to death upon Kirkconnel Moor:
So thus did end the lives of these dear saints
For their adherence to the Covenants."

Bushy Bield, the house in which Rutherford dwelt while ministering at Anwoth, must have stood in a very sheltered spot amongst the woods ; and we were told that it continued standing till the year 1827, when it was pulled down. A few wild plum and cherry trees and holly

bushes still remain to mark the spot. In the *Statistical Account** it is said "that this house was of a baronial character; and was not, it is probable, built for Rutherford, but had previously been the residence of a private gentleman." A spot near by is said to be the place where Rutherford was accustomed to walk and muse, and is still called "Rutherford's Walk." Tradition relates that it was here Archbishop Usher was recognised by him while praying with great fervency for his flock. Dr Murray relates this interesting story as follows:—"The Archbishop, on passing through Galloway, urged by the admiration he entertained for Rutherford's character, paid him a visit in disguise at Anwoth, and was most hospitably received. He arrived at Bushy-Bield on a Saturday, on the evening of which day the minister was in the habit of catechising his family on religious subjects. The stranger is reported to have been asked, 'How many commandments are there?'—to which he answered eleven; and, on being reminded that there are only ten, he quoted in corroboration of the correctness of his reply, the words of our Saviour, 'a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.' The ability of the answer surprised Rutherford. On the following morning the stranger was accidentally recognised: being overheard by his host (in a thicket adjoining his favourite walk), engaged in prayer, couched in language of uncommon felicity, and containing allusions to the people under his spiritual care, Rutherford immediately thereafter took an opportunity of stating his suspicion as to the rank and character of his guest. Usher frankly confessed the truth, and explained the circumstance on the ground that, being anxious to see a man of whom he had heard so much and thought so highly, and suspecting that he might be averse to receive the visit of a Bishop, if he knew him to be such, he had been induced to assume a disguise to accomplish his object. Rutherford welcomed him with great cordiality, as a man venerable equally for learning and piety. He requested him to preach to his people, as it was Sabbath, which Usher readily consented to do, adopting the Presbyterian form of worship, and laying aside for a time the Episcopal ceremonies. His text was the 'new commandment' mentioned above."

"There is another tradition," says Dr Murray, "connected with this period which cannot be passed over in silence. Between the Church of Anwoth and Skyreburn there is a level piece of ground on the farm of Mossrobin, where the people, in Rutherford's days, were wont to

* Dr Thomas Murray, in the "Statistical Account of Anwoth Parish."

assemble after sermon on Sabbath, and play at football; a practice the minister is said not only to have denounced and condemned from the pulpit, but, following them to the scene of their amusements, solemnly to have reproved them there, calling on the objects around him, particularly three large stones, to witness between them and him, that, however they might continue to behave, he had done his duty. Two of these stones still remain, and are known under the name of 'Rutherford's Witnesses.' The history of the removal of the third is curious, and savours much of the superstitious feelings of that time. A person employed in building a fence wished to avail himself of these stones, when a fellow-labourer remonstrated with him on the subject, and warned him of the danger of laying a sacrilegious hand on objects so sacred. This warning he scornfully disregarded, and he removed one of them, uttering expressions little respectful to the earnest piety which had given them distinction. The result is said to have been such as had been feared. The man soon after came to a violent end, which was viewed as a judgment from heaven, in consequence of the alleged unhallowed and profane act of which he had been guilty. One report says that the person having declared, in answer to the warning he had received, that he would remove the stone ere he broke his fast, was chocked with the first mouthful he attempted to swallow." These stones still stand in the situation described, and the inhabitants continue to hold them in veneration.

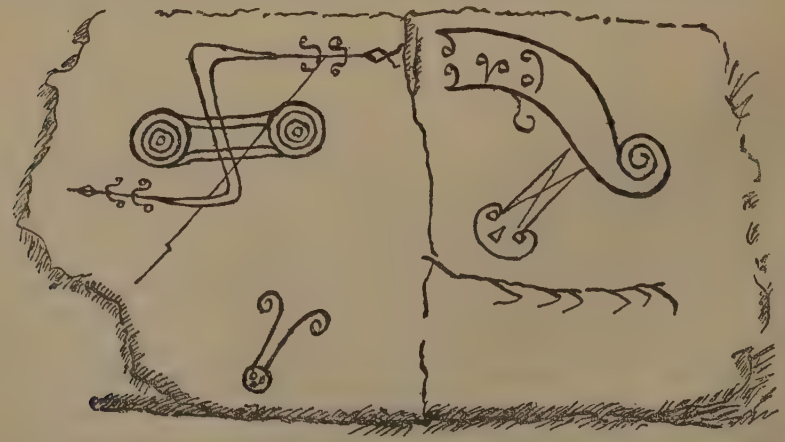
About half a mile from the church is the Rutherford Monument, placed in a very prominent situation on the farm of Boreland. This is a grey granite obelisk, 60 feet in height, and is conspicuous from a great distance. It was erected in 1842 at a cost of £200, raised partly by subscription, and partly by a collection taken at a sermon preached at the site of the monument by the Rev. Dr Cook, Belfast, in 1838. On the side of the monument facing the south is the inscription:—"To the memory of Rev. Samuel Rutherford, minister of the parish of Anwoth. He was appointed Professor of Divinity in the University of St. Andrews, where he died, 1661. This monument was erected in 1842 in admiration of his eminent abilities, extensive learning, ardent piety, ministerial faithfulness, and distinguished public labours in the cause of civil and religious liberty. 'Surely he shall not be moved for ever; the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.'—Ps. cxii. 6. On the reverse side is an inscription stating that the monument was struck by lightning in 1847, and rebuilt in 1851."

On the top of Trusty Hill, behind the Castle of Cardoness, is a

vitrified fort, near which is a broad flat stone, on which are archaic sculpturings, now carefully preserved from destruction by a strong iron

TRUSTY HILL, ANWOTH.

cage put over it* by the late Mr Murray Stewart of Cally. A little further on are Anwoth Church and Manse, both in well-chosen sites.



SCULPTURED ROCK, TRUSTY HILL.

* The rock here referred to is an example of a class of sculptured stones more generally found in the north-east of Scotland. The only other specimen found south of the Forth, mentioned by Dr Stuart, is one at Edinburgh. The ornaments on the Galloway rock are what archæologists term the "Sceptre and Spectacle." It is figured on plate 97 in Dr Stuart's great work ("Sculptured Stones in Scotland," 1867), and described by him thus:—"Near to the parish church of

CARDONESS CASTLE. T. Clark, R.S A.

Continuing our ramble we observe to our left the hoary and stern looking ruins of Cardoness Castle, peeping out from among the trees. The tower is situated about a mile and a half from Gatehouse, on an eminence overlooking the mail road, and appears to have been a building of great strength and considerable dimensions, and built somewhat after the fashion of Threave Castle. It is roofless, and has been uninhabited for upwards of a century and a half. It was formerly the seat of the Macullochs, one of the most ancient families in Galloway.* About a mile from Anwoth Manse, we leave the "up hill and down brae" old military road, for the more pleasant level mail road from Gatehouse to Newton-Stewart. Near the junction of these roads is the farm-house of Boreland of Anwoth where there is a Moat; and a short way farther on is Ardwall, the residence of Lord Ardwall, who acquired the property through his wife, a niece of the late Mr Walter M'Culloch, who, as Sheriff Clerk and a landed proprietor, took a prominent part for many years in the affairs of the Stewartry. The mansion-house, which has recently been considerably enlarged, is finely situated in woods near the bay.

In what was formerly the garden at Ardwall there is a splendid specimen of the beech, which the genius of Campbell has immortalised. In the year 1800 its branches were so widespreading that the gardener, considering it to be cumbersome and injurious, endeavoured to persuade his master, Mr M'Culloch, to cut it down. This was agreed to, but (quoting from the late Mr M'Diarmid's *Sketches*) "a few days subsequent to this, the ladies of Sir William Richardson's family, who resided at that time at Ardwall, were visited by their neighbours, the Misses Maxwell of Cardoness, and while the whole party were walking in the garden and commenting on the beauties of the beechen tree, Mr M'Culloch informed them that it had become cumbersome, and was just about to be cut down. The ladies were astonished to hear him say so, and exerted all their eloquence to dissuade him from a deed

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Anwoth is a low undulating range of hills, called the Boreland Hills. One of these goes by the name of Trusty's Hill, and round its top may be traced the remains of a vitrified wall. Outside this wall part of the rock crops out from the surface a natural slab, slightly inclined to the north-east, on which are cut the figures represented on the plate. The slab is divided by a natural fissure in the rock, as shown in the drawing. Dr Wise, in his "History of Paganism in Caledonia," 1884, also refers to this monument of antiquity, and considers it "as one of the earliest of those remarkable symbols." He supposes it to have been the work of a Buddhist priest—a pilgrim seeking the "sacred Islands of the West, the abode of the blessed immortals." He arrives at this conclusion from the similarity that exists between rock-sculpturings found in India and those similar to this one found in the North of Scotland, having on them representations of elephants, centaurs, lions, camels, &c.; and he assumes that at the time when the rock-markings were made, the "rude artists of Scotland did not know how even to work on stone."

* The Castell of Cardines seatted vpoune a craigy and heigh rocke, ouer the riuer Fleet, and fensed with strong walls.—"Sibbald and Macfarlane MSS.," Advocates' Lib.

which in their eyes seemed a species of petty, if not high, treason against the majesty of nature. In deference to their wishes a respite was granted, and shortly afterwards the highest poetic genius in the land was willingly exerted to avert the fate of the doomed tree. Among the party in the garden there was a young lady, governess to the Misses Maxwell, and sister to the author of the *Pleasures of Hope;* and as she too was an admirer of the works of nature, she immediately wrote to her brother, related what was intended, and implored him to pen a petition in favour of the beechen tree. The poet complied, and almost immediately transmitted to Mr M'Culloch the original copy of the now famous verses "The Beech Tree's Petition."

The tree was saved, and from its connection with the poem became an object of greater interest than ever. To strengthen the association, the verses were engraved on a brass plate; copies, too, were printed for private circulation, and a note appended by Mr M'Culloch detailing the circumstance here narrated, and concluding with the sentence—"Although the tree cannot be so lasting as the fame of *him* who composed its poetic, pathetic, and beautiful prayer, nevertheless the present owner hereby fervently solicits his successors to let their tenderness and taste be marked, by giving a life-rent lease to this magnificent plant; or, to 'spare this little spot' until the ruthless hand of time, which spareth not either *man* or *things*, may terminate the existence of the 'Beechen Tree'."

A short way beyond Ardwall we pass Skyreburn, a small stream winding through a lovely wooded glen, "affording one of the most exquisite little morsels of *burnside scenery* to be found in Scotland." The little village or mill-town of Skyreburn, with its old rude, cornerless, comfortable-looking mill, and little old-fashioned thatched cottages, as *Chambers* wrote of it in 1830, was, according to Captain Denniston, "The Kaim of Derncleuch" of *Guy Mannering*. The source of the Skyreburn being high up in the mountains, it rises with such rapidity, and flows along its course with such vehemence, that when any sudden or unexpected occurrence takes place in the district, the proverb of a "Skyreburn warning" is applied to it. In Chambers's *Book of Days* we find the following interpretation of a "Scarborough warning," which obviously, as will appear from the following quotation, is the same with this "Skyreburn warning," the proverb being derived solely from this source—"Toby Matthew, the Bishop of Durham, in the postscript of a letter to the Archbishop of York, dated January 19, 1603, says—'When I was in the midst of this discourse, I received a message from

my Lord Chamberlain, that it was his Majesty's pleasure that I should preach before him on Sunday next; which Scarborough warning did not only perplex me,' etc. Scarborough warning is alluded to in a ballad by Heywood, as referring to a summary mode of dealing with suspected thieves at that place; by Fuller, as taking its rise in a sudden surprise of Scarborough Castle by Thomas Stafford in 1557; and it is quoted in Harington's old translation of *Ariosto*:—

> 'They took them to a fort, with such small treasure,
> As in a Scarborough warning they had leisure.'"

The same work goes on to say that "there is considerable likelihood that the whole of these writers are mistaken on the subject. In the parish of Anwoth, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, there is a rivulet called Skyreburn, which usually appears as gentle and innocent as a child, being just sufficient to drive a mill, but from having its origin in a spacious bosom of the neighbouring hills, it is liable, on any ordinary fall of rain, to come down suddenly in prodigious volume and vehemence, carrying away hayricks, washings of clothes, or anything else that may be exposed near its banks. The abruptness of the danger has given rise to a proverbial expression, generally used throughout the South-west province of Scotland, *Skyreburn warning*. It is easy to conceive that this local phrase, when heard south of the Tweed, would be mistaken for *Scarborough warning;* in which case it would be only too easy to imagine an origin for it connected with that Yorkshire watering-place." This view is corroborated by Dr Thomas Murray in the *Statistical Account* previously quoted. In reference to this stream he says—"Skyreburn, being a mountain stream, its waters rise with unusual rapidity, and swell to an extent that would do honour to a river of greater pretensions." "Skyreburn," says Symson, "having its rise from Cairnsmore and the adjacent northern mountains, will, even in summer time, and in a moment almost, by reason of the mists and vapours on the hills, be so great, that it will be hardly fordable, which occasioned the proverb of Skyreburn's warning, applicable to any trouble that comes suddenly or unexpectedly. The sudden inundation is said to proceed from the mists and vapours on Cairnsmore; hence the common saying that "when Cairnsmore hath a hat, Palnure (a small river on the opposite side of the mountain) and Skyreburn may laugh at that."

A little further on the modern stately mansion of Cardoness is seen to the left, picturesquely situated, embowered among

woods on the bay of Fleet. It is the residence of Sir William Maxwell, whose family has been in possession of the estate since 1690. In the house there is a fine collection of old family portraits, chiefly by Sir Godfrey Kneeler and Sir George Challoner, the one of greatest interest being an original portrait of King William III. (of Orange), presented by himself to Sir William Maxwell's ancestor, Colonel William Maxwell, who served with distinction under the Prince of Orange in Holland, and afterwards in Ireland, where he took part in the battle of the Boyne. With the King, Colonel Maxwell was so much in favour that he presented him with a ring, in which the King's hair is beautifully executed in the form of a Crown. In the year 1715 Colonel Maxwell had the honour of commanding the troops in the south of Scotland with the rank of Colonel, and was appointed by the King Governor of Glasgow and Edinburgh respectively. The administrative abilities which he displayed in the conduct of affairs in these troublous and unruly times were so much appreciated by the citizens that, in acknowledgment of his services, they presented him with a very valuable service of silver plate, which, along with the ring before mentioned, is still in possession of the family at Cardoness. This distinguished officer also wrote an interesting and elaborate series of meditations and records in the form of a diary which is now in the Cardoness library, and several other important documents of that time are preserved in the family charter chest. The minute book of the Covenanters of Galloway, which contains an accurate record of the events of these times, published by John Nicholson in 1854, was printed from the manuscript which had been carefully preserved in the charter chest at Cardoness. The book is dedicated to the then Sir David Maxwell of Cardoness, Baronet. In 1702 Colonel Maxwell was chosen Member for the Stewartry in the Scottish Parliament, in the affairs of which he took such an important part that, at the time, it was expected King William would have ennobled him, but the King's death and Colonel Maxwell's very decided opposition to any union of the two kingdoms, on the ground that the terms were neither honourable nor advantageous for Scotland, prevented this honour being given him. "For his honesty of purpose he had his commission taken from him by the Duke of Argyle, who stood up in Parliament and said 'there was a commission for somebody' as soon as Colonel Maxwell had given his vote."* Colonel Maxwell soon after-

* M'Kerlie in "Lands and their Owners in Galloway."

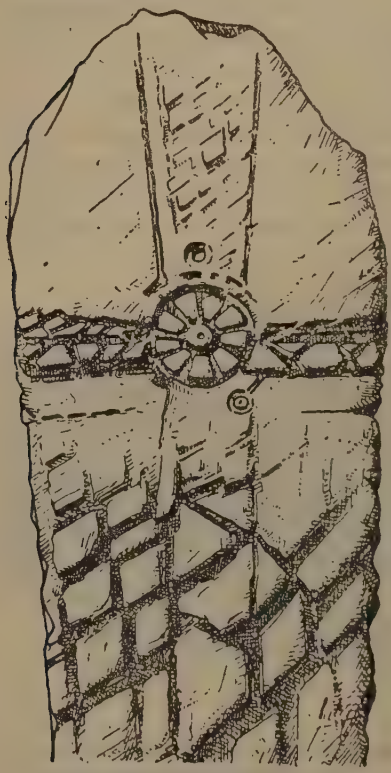
wards retired to his country seat at Cardoness, and took no further part in public affairs. He gave himself up to a studious religious life, and built in the park near the house a study or devotional house, to the seclusion of which he could retire to prosecute his literary studies and spiritual meditations. Part of this house, with his coat-of-arms over the door, is still to be seen by the visitor at Cardoness. Colonel Maxwell died on 16th June, 1752, in his 89th year.

Beyond Cardoness the road for a mile or two is distant from the shore, and there is nothing very worthy of remark, although we still have extended views, with a great expanse of sea in the distance The land here is pastoral, and apparently hard and dry, and well fitted to produce oats, etc. To the right is the lofty Cairnharrow, and here and

KIRKCLAUGH SHORE.

there are extensive woodlands. Kirkclaugh is next passed. It stands in a fine situation on the hillside, and commands beautiful views. Near this mansion, and about a hundred yards from the public road, there is a thin slab or stone, with characters engraved on both sides, of which Chalmers in his *Caledonia* thus writes—"The only obelisk in the Stewartry, which exhibits any kind of sculpture, is a thin flat stone, which stands 5 feet 3 inches above the ground, in Anwoth parish ; the rude figure of a cross, with some ornamental strokes being engraved on both sides." The stone is situated in a wood near the steep and rugged shore, and may have been placed there either as a sepulchral monument, or a landmark, as was the custom in ancient times. We believe that the stone, a sketch of which is engraved in the *Sculptured*

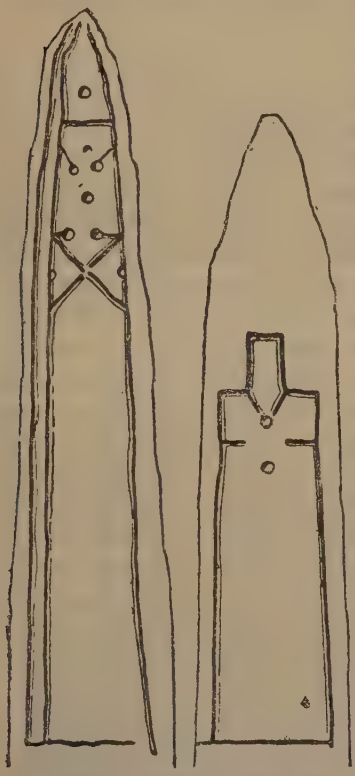
Stones of Scotland, has often been visited and examined by antiquarians, and that its signification is still the subject of enquiry and speculation. Near by is a moat, where we could trace distinctly a fosse or the remains of a fort.



SCULPTURED STONE AT KIRKCLAUGH.

This district abounds in objects of antiquarian, archæological, and historical interest, and it is remarkably rich in pre-historic remains. At Bardistrane, in the vicinity, there was discovered in the year 1889 a whinstone slab covered all over with cup and ring markings. And at High Auchenlary there was turned up by the plough, when trenching a piece of waste land forty-six years ago, two stones now well known to all archæologists, from the drawings of them in Dr Stuart's work, *The Sculptured Stones of Scotland*, and Sir J. Y. Simpson's *Archaic Sculpturings*. Both stones are now at Cardoness House, but the archaic sculpturings on them have become by time and the weather considerably defaced. In the garden at Cardoness there are also two interesting stones. They stand about five feet high, and are sculptured, as shown in the drawing. We believe they formerly stood at High Auchenlary, and were brought to Cardoness about forty years ago. Continuing our ramble among these interesting relics of a "prehistoric colony" we come, a quarter of a mile or so distant from Auchenlary, on the remains of a stone circle consisting of five stones. It was from this circle that the sculptured stone at Cardoness was taken. The stones are not large, and on none of them sculpturing of any kind can be traced. But on the solid rock, a short distance south-west of the tallest stone, there are cup and ring markings. Scarcely a mile distant from this stone circle there are the remains

of two cairns. The one on the north-east is a somewhat oval-shaped ring of large stones. It measures forty feet by twenty-six feet, and is situated on a flat ridge between two steep hill-sides on the farm of Laggan. About half a mile nearly due south from this cairn we reach the Laggan stone, interesting and important from its elaborate carvings of cups and rings, and its "having been placed on the top of a low cairn of loose stones—a mere pile of stones, indeed, not significant enough to have attracted notice, were it not that we find the apex of this stone pointing unmistakably to the four standing stones of Newton on the Shore Fields, a third of a mile away. If this was the original position of the slab, we have gained one clear step further towards the elucidation of the mystery of these Petroglyphs ; for we have then a proof of their having some bearing on the burial-places and sepulchral customs of the people who erected these standing stones, and poised these sculptured symbols just this way and no other."* At Newton, in the immediate vicinity, is the sepulchral monument called "The Standing Stones of Newton," which to the curious in such matters is also worthy of inspection.



STONES IN GARDEN AT CARDONESS.

We have now reached Ravenshall, and after a brief interval of rest, crave the company of our readers in a ramble in the neighbourhood.

* F. R. Coles, in "Transactions of Dumfriesshire and Galloway Antiquarian Society," 1890-91.

CHAPTER XIII.

RAVENSHALL AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE pretty little wayside Inn at Ravenshall has been converted into a private residence; and now there is no place between Gatehouse and Creetown where the "weary and footsore" pedestrian can have rest and refreshment by the way. In this neighbourhood, so famous for natural beauty and romantic associations—much of it being identified with the scenery described in *Guy Mannering*—it is to be regretted that there is no hotel accommodation provided for the numerous visitors, who, in the summer and autumn months, come to explore the many objects of antiquarian, archæological, and sentimental interest to be found in the district.

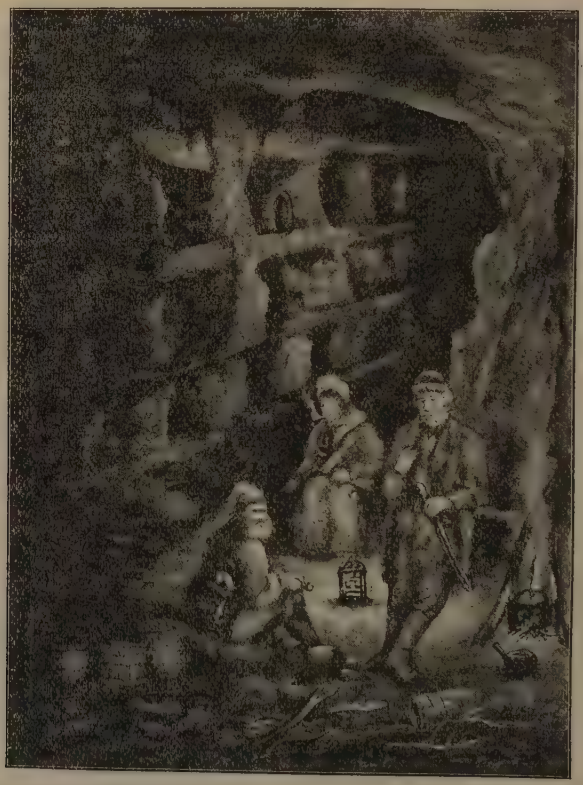
Although the coast near Ravenshall is rugged, and apparently unsuitable for bathers, still some charming little nooks may be found, as if formed naturally for that purpose. The interesting caves in the vicinity are also a great attraction to this locality, and are made the

RAVENSHALL ROCKS.

favourite rendezvous of pleasure excursionists and "pic-nic" parties. The coast here presents a bold and rugged appearance, and merits the attention of the artist and the investigations of the geologist. Some of the caves and fissures are of a very curious formation, and well worthy of inspection.

The steep, precipitous cliffs rise to a great height, some being perpendicular to the sea. They are overgrown with ivy and wild flowers, which gives them a fine romantic aspect. The fissure that goes by the name of Dirk Hatteraick's cave, from its resemblance to the one described by Scott in his novel of *Guy Mannering*, as the hiding-place of that daring smuggler, is thus graphically described by the author of *Galloway Glimpses*:—The writer, recalling his first introduction to the cave, proceeds—"With some companions, he sailed across from the Wigtownshire coast. None of the party had ever been there before. Arrived at the mouth of the cave, and peering down into the darkness within, the question arose, who was first to enter and make the drop into the unknown bottom. Lots were drawn, and the lot fell to the present writer. Not then knowing anything about the interior, and summoning up as much courage, faith, and hope as he could pump up, he descended to the edge of the interior precipice, held on by his hands and fingers, if not by the skin of his teeth, closed his eyes, and—dropped into the abyss. The result was that he found himself prone on the shingle of the floor of the cave, thankful, however, that he had not dropped fathoms deep into water! The cave within is a high-arched, roomy place, capable of accommodating a considerable number of persons. Along one side of the rock has been built a wall, perforated with square pigeon holes for holding Dutch bottles. The use to which the cave had been put—a smuggling cellar—is thus disclosed. At the upper end is a natural bunker in the rock, very much like a berth in a ship's cabin, and evidently used for sleeping purposes. At the top, quite close to the rock-ceiling of the cave, it is stated that there is a crevice, which admits a man's recumbent body sideways, and leads to yet another cave on the western side. Many people, who have been in the principal cave, and thought they had fully explored it, have never seen this high crevice, or had any suspicion that there was another cave entering from the top of the interior wall of the principal one. In the event of this latter being besieged and taken, this second cave would prove a useful refuge, not likely to be easily discovered. Altogether, the place is a very interesting one. No doubt the cave was used by smugglers, and, amongst

others, by that notorious Dutch Captain, Hawkins (Fawkins), the Dirk Hatteraick of *Guy Mannering*, who long visited the coast with contraband goods, setting revenue officers and cutters, and the laws of God and man, at defiance." Our illustration of the cells and wall side of the cave is reproduced from a flash-light photograph of the cave, lent us by Mrs Cliff-M'Culloch of Kirkclaugh.



DIRK HATTERAICK'S CAVE (INTERIOR), NEAR RAVENSHALL.

From the road near Ravenshall there is an extensive prospect. Looking towards the east we have the undulating and rich pastures lying along the Borgue shore, with the steep and precipitous point of Borness, and the Murray's Isle and the Islands of Fleet in the mouth of the channel, crouching like grim monsters keeping guard over the entrance to the town of Gatehouse-of-Fleet. Directly before us is the Isle of man, faintly discerned through the silvery haze in which

it is enveloped. To the west is Burrowhead, and the bold promontory of Cruggleton, crowned with the remains of an ancient castle, jutting far out into the sea, with the well-wooded grounds around Galloway House, the seat of Lord Galloway, and away in the far distance are the low-lying lands and hills of Wigtownshire.

About a mile from Ravenshall is Kirkdale House, the residence of Major Rainsford Hannay, a splendid building in the Italian style of architecture, by Adam. It is built of granite, and situated on an eminence, with beautifully sloping grounds in front, studded with some very fine old trees, and is well relieved by a dark background of rich foliage. The walks running through the dense woods and policy grounds of the mansion are extremely beautiful and extensive. The scenery around Kirkdale, especially the beautiful and romantic glen, is unequalled, we should think, by any in the Stewartry. The moonlight effects on the sea, as seen from this point, are extremely lovely. From Kirkdale, we take the road leading past the entrance gate to Cairnholy. A short way up the Kirkdale Glen is a rustic and picturesque old bridge, well worthy the attention of the artist, its situation and appearance being a model ready to hand. It is a pity to see these old structures, so pleasing to the eye of the artist and the lovers of the picturesque, fast disappearing from the face of the country, to make way for what are supposed to be more imposing and ornamental designs—what Ruskin terms "the straight-backed things which we fancy are fine, and accept from the pontifical rigidities of the engineering mind." Doubtless, greater utility and serviceableness are intended in the construction of these, but they are in no way calculated to inspire the genius of the artist.

The Kirkdale Glen is thickly wooded with symmetrically-shapen firs, rising uniformly one above another. A streamlet fights its way among the moss and lichen-clad boulders, answering to the plaintiff murmurs of the ocean. While gazing on this peaceful and secluded scene, the thought occurred to us that the bones of a Gray might here repose—

> "In this still place, where murmurs on,
> But one meek streamlet—only one."

The old square tower of Barholm is seen a little beyond, to the right, placed on a site commanding views of rich and varied scenery. This is believed to be the "Ellangowan" of *Guy Mannering*, and it is also said that John Knox had his hiding-place here for some time previous to his escape to the continent. The M'Cullochs of Barholm

were ardent admirers and staunch supporters of the principles of the Reformation; some of them being martyrs to the cause. This may account for Knox taking refuge here. This castle is still in pretty good repair, but is uninhabited, and appears to be used as a lumber store by the farmer of Barholm, whose dwelling-house is contiguous.

BARHOLM CASTLE.

Following the road by the margin of the glen, we observe several sepulchral monuments or stones standing upright in a field near the road, and marks of many graves are discernible. A large tomb, formed of whinstone slabs, was, about thirty years ago, discovered near Cairnholy, beside these stones, somewhat similar in construction to that of King Galdus, which strengthens the supposition that this also has been used as a place of sepulture. We now reach the memorable spot where King Galdus, who is supposed to have given the name to Galloway, is said to be buried. This tumulus is on a fine grassy knoll, o'ergrown with moss, near the farm-house of Cairnholy, in a very picturesque spot, on a level plateau at the base of the lofty Cairnharrow, and near the romantic glen before described. It is said that this tomb, when first opened in the seventeenth century, was found to contain a large kist-vaen of flat stones. This kistvaen, which we measured, is about six feet in length and three feet in breadth, neatly built with whinstone

slabs. A ponderous whinstone block is laid over the mouth of the tomb, but has been wedged up at the one end, so as to satisfy the curiosity of visitors prying into this ancient relic. We observed six large sepulchral stones standing erect on the same grassy mound, and some very ancient looking thorns, with their trunks and branches twisted into the most grotesque and fantastic shapes. It is conjectured that in a plain near Cairnholy a battle was at one time fought. We learned from the tenant of the farm that one of his servants had turned up with the plough several ancient battle-axes, and other pieces of war-like instruments of a rude construction—along with the handle of an ancient Roman urn, formed of bronze, on which was perfectly cut a head of *Medusa*. This relic has now been placed in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh.

CAIRNHOLY.

CHAPTER XIV.

RAVENSHALL TO CREETOWN.

The morning we started for this ramble was rather dull and lowering. Volumes of mist rested on the mountain tops, and the valleys had a visionary and weird-like aspect. A haze was on the sea, curtailing the view in that direction, and from the heavy clouds flying about, fears of a wet day were entertained. We had not proceeded far, however, till

> "Lightly and brightly breaks away
> The morning from its mantle gray,
> And the noon will look on a sultry day."

A short walk beyond Kirkdale brings us to the old castle of Carsluith. It is situated on a knoll on the banks of the estuary of the Cree, and close to the highway about four miles west of Creetown. It is a square tower, roofless, but otherwise in good preservation. By some authorities it is supposed to be a type of the architecture of the fifteenth century, while others attribute it to the sixteenth. The panel over the doorway entrance shows a square recess with sculpture ogee moulding, and on a circular ribbon partly obliterated, could be traced part of an inscription S. DOM. SEO. A shield with Chevron betwixt three fleur-de-lis, and initial B. representing a surname, the Christian initial on left of shield being obliterated, and at the top a date 15-6, the third figure undistinguishable, and five similar odd letters in the base of the scroll. Mr J. S. Fleming, F.S.A., Scot., in a paper read at a meeting of the Glasgow Archæological Society stated that Carsluith was the most artistic ornamental tower of its type he had met with, and the masonry and sculpture were the work of skilled craftsmen. The date over the doorway may be variously read. The author of *Lands and their Owners in Galloway* makes it 1346, and that underneath it there is another date 1581, which relates to a period of alteration of the building, and that there are no means of knowing its history before the possession of the Burnes or Browns, that family having been vassals of the Church. M'Gibbon and Ross in *Castellated Architecture*, describe the castle as in no way remarkable for strategic position, as of

CARSLUITH CASTLE. J. S. Fleming, F.S.A.

L shape, with windows on first floor, good projecting beads and shallow mouldings, also hall fire-place and garderobe. They state that additions have been made to the original building, and that the arms over the doorway are the Browns', that no date of 1346 is legible, but a motto on round fillet and a date 1568 above it, and challenge the date of the erection as 1346, and saw no date 1581. Their opinion is that it is a structure of the fifteenth century, and the wing obviously a late sixteenth century addition. The lands of Carsluith formed part of the lordship of Galloway, and were originally held off the Earl of Douglas by Master Alexander De Cairns, designed "Prepositus Eccles, College Lincludane." From them it passed by marriage to the Lindsays, and through the marriage of Elizabeth Lindsay to Richard Brown, that family became identified with the castle and lands of Carsluith. At the present time the old tower is mainly interesting to us as having been the birthplace of Gilbert Brown, the last Abbot of Sweetheart or New Abbey, who obtained celebrity from his controversy on the subject of Popery with the famous covenanting minister, John Welsh, of Ayr, son-in-law to John Knox, the Reformer.

Proceeding onwards the traveller will observe, by the wayside, a cluster of very neat and trim cottages, with beautiful fuchsias growing up to their roofs, forming a cool and agreeable shade for the yellow-haired bairns that are there at play. When we look upon these snug little cottages, nestling among the trees by the roadside, or high up on the moor, with often only one solitary favourite cherished ash tree standing at the house end, revered by the cottar on account of the reminiscences of early days which it recalls, the thought involuntarily arises that these are the abodes of contentment and happiness. Sydney Smith truly remarked that "the haunts of happiness are varied and rather unaccountable, but I have more often seen her among little children, home firesides, and country houses than anywhere else;" and Alexander Smith, in his *Summer in Skye*, says with equal truth and evident knowledge—"Happiness may be extracted from the objects surrounding us. The theory on which our loud tumultuary modern life is based—that we can go to pleasure, that if we frequent her haunts we are sure to find her, is a heresy and a falsehood. She obeys not the call of the selfish or the greedy. Depend upon it she is as frequently found on homely roads and amongst rustic villages and farms as among the glaciers of the Chamouni or the rainbows of Niagara."

Sauntering along, and admiring as we go, the beautiful views

which this road presents, of the Bay of Wigtown and the opposite shore, with the town of Wigtown, its steeple and martyrs' monument glistening in the sun, we reach the granite quarries of Kirkmabreck.

Very extensive operations have been carried on in these quarries, which are situated near the road, for a long series of years. They are leased by the Mersey Dock and Harbour Board, and all the stones being used for dock purposes only, are transported by vessels employed by the Dock Company.

We learned that on one occasion, when the quay at this place was transferred from one proprietor's hands to that of another, there were nineteen vessels constantly occupied for six months in the removal to the banks of the Mersey of the material that had accumulated at the abandoned wharf. The Bagbie granite quarries are tenanted by The Carsluith Granite Co., Ld.

Thomas Brown MD

Near the Kirkmabreck quarries is the manse, in a situation commanding marine and inland views of great extent and beauty. In this manse was born Dr Thomas Brown, at one time Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. His father and grandfather had also been ministers of the parish. When Dr Brown was quite an infant his father died, and his mother removed with her

family to Edinburgh, so that he could have had few recollections of the place; but in after years he took an interest in his native parish, and his heart often fondly turned to the burying-ground of his fathers. When his mother died he visited the manse, and the beauties of its situation, and the "favourite spot where his father had been wont to retire from the world and indulge in solitary meditation," were pointed out to him by the then incumbent. These scenes and haunts he viewed with enthusiasm and delight, and used to say that "he might rejoice in having been born in the most beautiful parish of Scotland." Dr Brown was the author of several poetical pieces possessing great merit, in some of which he alludes to the beauties that "cradled his infancy." For example:—

> "My earliest breath
> Rose heavenward in a wilderness of sweets;
> So fair as might have cradled the young heart
> Of one whom she, whose temple is the world,
> Was nursing for her Altar. My first gaze,
> Beyond the mansion of my simple home,
> Was on the breadth of ocean, and the hills
> That circled me."

Dr Brown died in April, 1820, at Edinburgh; and, according to his own directions, he was buried in the old churchyard of Kirkmabreck, where his father and mother also lie. A handsome granite obelisk has been erected to his memory. The Rev. Dr Macadam Muir, minister of Glasgow Cathedral, is a son of the late Rev. John Muir, formerly a minister of Kirkmabreck, and the writer of an exhaustive account of the antiquities, natural history, and industries of the parish for the *Statistical Account of the Stewartry*, published in 1845.

We next come to Cassencary, believed to be the Woodburn of Sir Walter Scott's novel, *Guy Mannering*. It is the residence of Mr James A. Caird, whose late father, James Caird, C.B., was well known in political circles. It is finely situated in a level holm studded with trees, and backed by a lofty wooded hill.* The land in this neighbourhood appears good, and the soil near the Cree is in some places alluvial, but not of much depth, and better suited for pasturing cattle than raising heavy crops of grain. There are several fields along this shore covered with shells to a considerable depth, these having been at one time extensively used as a manure in reclaiming and enriching waste and unprofitable land. After a walk of six miles from Ravens-

* At Cassencary there is a curious library of over 7000 volumes, chiefly rare and valuable old books—a number of them printed before 1500. The most valuable of these is a Latin Bible, printed by Antonius Coburger, at Nurnberg, in 1478, of which there cannot be many copies now extant.

hall we arrive at Creetown, and as the day is still young we proceed at once to a ramble about the town and neighbourhood.

Creetown, formerly known as the Ferry Town of Cree, is a small town and burgh of barony, of no great antiquity. It is in a very picturesque situation at the mouth of the Cree, and owes its origin—as the name by which it was once known implies—to the establishment of a ferry here for the conveyance of passengers across the Cree to Wigtownshire.

It is a tidy and thriving little town, and there is an air of life about it not often seen in towns of a similar size in rural districts. While other villages have mostly remained stationary, or fallen into decay, Creetown has being going a head, and within recent years the character of its buildings have been greatly improved. A new Post Office has been built, and the Ellangowan Hotel, also of recent erection, is a large and commodious edifice, and with the accommodation which it and and the Barholm Arms affords there is every comfort for the traveller and the tourist. The spiritual wants of the inhabitants are also adequately provided for, and the educational requirements of the rising generation seem to be well supplied, and a spacious bowling green gives the means for healthful, recreative enjoyment.

There is nothing of particular note in the town to interest the rambler, but the country in its neighbourhood is of a very beautiful description, and the reputed salubrity of its hill and sea air renders it a favourite place of resort during the summer and autumn months. The mansion-house of Barholm is contiguous to the village, and is a great ornament to it. This was the residence of the late Captain Grant, of the East India Company's naval service. He had an adventurous career, and retired from the service full of honours, and, marrying Miss M'Culloch, the heiress of Barholm, he there spent the evening of his days.

About a mile and a half from the town is the ancient churchyard of Kirkmabreck, situated in a secluded valley, beside a purling stream, at the foot of Larg Hill, and not far from the extensive and dreary moor of Glenquicken. In this romantic and sequestered spot Dr Brown, as before stated, is buried, and it contains many old and very curious tombstones. The ivy-clad remains of the old church of the parish stand in the centre of the churchyard. The Rev. John Muir, writer of the *Statistical Account* of this parish, says that "previous to the Reformation this church belonged to the monks of Dundrennan, but was afterwards vested in the king by an act of general annexation

in 1587. In 1621, the church, with all its tithes and revenues, was, by Act of Parliament, disjoined from the Abbey of Dundrennan, and granted to Sir Robert Gordon of Lochinvar and his heirs. The parish of Kirkmabreck, and the adjacent parish of Kirkdale, were afterwards annexed to the parish of Anwoth; but this union was dissolved in 1636, when a new and more convenient arrangement was made, whereby a small part of Kirkdale was annexed to Anwoth, and the greater part was united to Kirkmabreck. These changes were fully ratified by Parliament in 1641, and the boundaries of the parish have continued the same ever since, though Symson, in his *Description of Galloway*, says 'Skairbourn was the march with Anwoth in 1684.' In 1645 an Act of Parliament was passed for transplanting the church of Kirkmabreck, and a new church was built for the united parish of Kirkmabreck and Kirkdale." The patronage of the old parish of Kirkmabreck belonged in 1684 to the laird of Rusco.

Near to Glenquicken Moor is a Roman encampment, in good preservation, surrounded by a fosse, and in our ramble we see numerous circles of large standing-stones scattered over the fields. These are believed by some to be the remains of Druidical temples; by others the places where, in ancient times, courts of justice were held. But the most probable supposition is that they are memorials of battlefields, intended to mark the spot where the most illustrious of the slain lie

STONE CIRCLE, GLENQUICKEN.

buried. It is said that in 1809, when a large cairn of stones was being removed from a field in the moor of Glenquicken, the workmen came upon a stone coffin of a rude construction, and that, on removing the lid, they found the skeleton of a man of unusual size, but some of the bones were in such a decomposed state that they crumbled to dust on being exposed to the air, the splinter of a stone axe still sticking in the half-severed arm-bone, giving conclusive evidence of a stone period, and strengthening the belief which some have entertained of a battle having been fought in the neighbourhood.

After a somewhat lengthened and devious ramble among the moors and hills we again reach the public highway, on our way to the railway station. The traveller may from here proceed to Newton-Stewart, but in the meantime we return to Castle-Douglas.

CHAPTER XV.

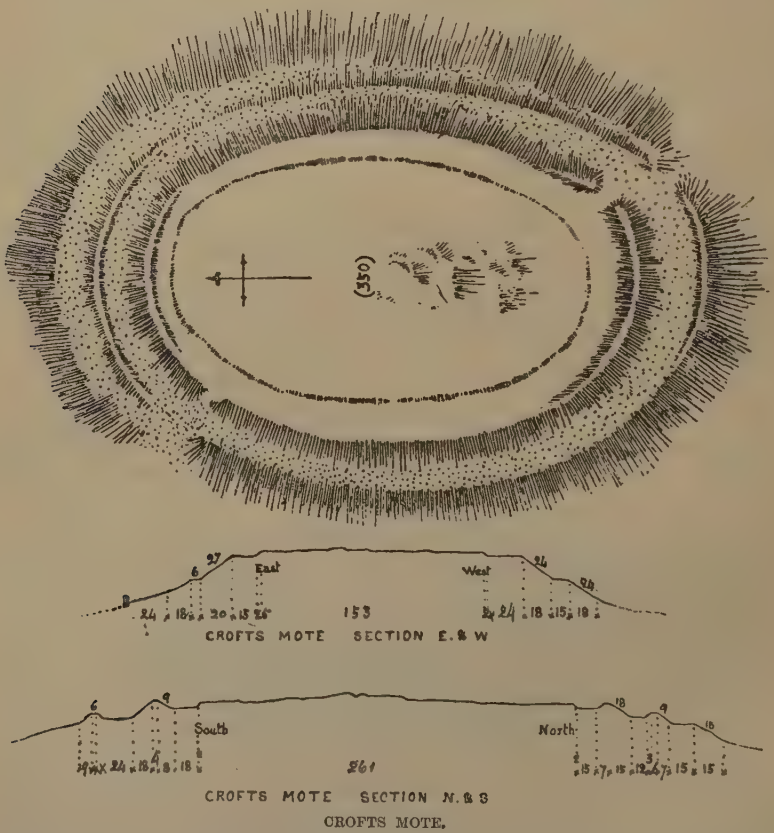
CASTLE-DOUGLAS TO DROMORE, AND OVER CAIRNSMORE TO NEWTON-STEWART.

MARKING out our course on a map of the Stewartry, and provided with knapsack and stick, we took tickets at the Castle-Douglas railway station for Dromore ; but as only a glimpse of the country can be obtained from the train, our description of the scenery betwixt these stations will be cursory.

Shortly after leaving Castle-Douglas, the mansion house of Greenlaw is seen on our right, in a fine situation. It is a massive square building and is said to have been erected about 160 years ago. The property was then owned by the Gordons of Culvennan, and it is asserted by some writers that they gave the name of "Greenlaw" to it, after their estates in Berwickshire, which were situated near the town of that name. One of the Gordons was Colonel of the Kirkcudbrightshire Cavalry, and there is still to be seen from the train a large artificial mound in front of the mansion, where the flag staff was placed when the Yeomanry were reviewed by the local dignitaries about 80 years ago. Old Greenlaw tower or fortalice, the supposed residence of the more ancient proprietors of Greenlaw, was situated close to the river Dee, a short distance from Threave Castle. No vestige of it now remains, but the site and fosse can still be traced. Beyond Greenlaw there is nothing very worthy of note save green fields and good pasture ground till Danevale Park is reached, situated in the midst of a wood near the river side. Crossmichael* a clean-looking little village, picturesquely situated on the

* Crossmichael was the ideal scene of Mr Adam Blair's ministrations in Lockhart's clever but sickly fiction. In reality the parish had a minister of a different stamp in Mr N. M'Kie, of whom the following anecdote is told by Dr Scott in his *Fasti*:—"1739. Nathaniel M'Kie, son of Mr Will. M., min. of Balmaghie, licen. by the Presb. 7th Sept. 1737, called 17th May, and ord. 23d Aug. 1739 ; he got a new church built in 1751, and died 26th Jan. 1781, in 66th age and 42nd min. He was noted for simplicity of character, plain, uncultivated manners, superstitious credulity, and great eccentricity. It is related of him that in reading the Scriptures he not unfrequently interspersed occasional parentheses, applicable to individual characters, and to circumstances arising before him in the church, of which the following is a specimen. Beginning in Exodus one day, thus—'And the Lord said unto Moses'—sneck that door ; I'm thinking if ye had to sit beside the door yoursel' ye wadna be sae ready leaving it open. It was just beside that door that Yedham Tamson, the bellman, gat his death o' cauld ; and I'm sure, honest man, he didna let it stay muckle open. 'And the Lord said unto Moses'—I see a man aneath that laft wi' his hat on. I'm sure ye're clear o' the soogh o' the door. Keep aff yer bannat, Tammas : and if yer bare pow be cauld, ye maun just get a grey worsit wig like mysel' ; they're no sae dear ; plenty o' them at Rob Gillespie's for tenpence.' He again began, and at last made out the instructions to Moses in a manner more strictly in accordance with the text.—Scot's *Fasti*.

river Dee, is not far from Danevale. In pre-Reformation times there was a place of worship here; and in ancient times, on the site of this village, a cross sacred to St. Michael was erected, around which the peasantry of the neighbouring country were wont to assemble at Michaelmas to a fair. The cross has been long since removed, but about sixty years ago a thinly attended fair was still held. In the



CROFTS MOTE.

vicinity of the village the farms of Templeland and Kirkland still indicate the properties of the Church. Crossmichael Church is close to the village situated on a rising ground, and the Churchyard surrounds it. The tomb of the Gordons of Greenlaw—a square erection with profuse carvings of curious design, said to be the work of a native sculptor named Rae—is near the entrance gate to the Churchyard. Prominent on the monument is the Gordon Coat of Arms, with

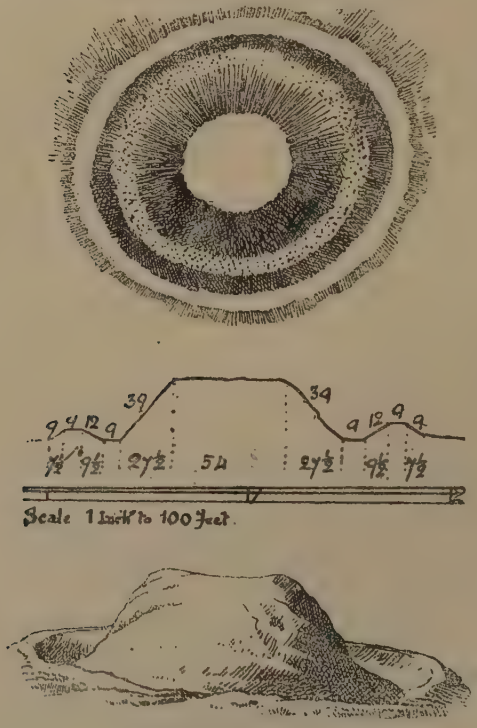
the words "Dread God," and a grey-coloured stone tablet bears the inscription: "Sir Alexander Gordon of Culvennan, born 21 May, 1747; died 21 October, 1830." He died at Gleenlaw and at the foot of the monument there is inscribed: "Erected by his disconsolate widow in memory of the best of husbands—Sir Alexander Gordon of Culvennan." There are other interesting tombstones in this Churchyard. In striking contrast to the splendid mausoleum of the Gordons of Greenlaw we noted a sorely dilapidated vault showing an armorial shield bearing boars' heads and the date 1629, which marks the burying place of the Gordons of Auchendolly. There is also a martyrs' stone in the Churchyard with the inscription:—"Here lyes Wm. Graham, who, making his escape from his mother's house, was pursued and taken, and instantly shot dead by a party of Claverhouse's troop, for his adherence to Scotland's Reformation Covenants, National and Solemn League. 1682." The place where he was shot is still pointed out as being near the second mile stone near the Crossroads.

The attention of the traveller will also be directed to a beautiful monument of ancient times, in the form of an oval camp, on the summit of a hill on the farm of Crofts;* and he will not fail to admire the

* "Departing from these not particularly-engaging objects, and a small tree-covered moat that rises a few paces off them, I came next to the kirktown of Crossmichael, also pleasantly situated on the same side of the Dee, some three or four miles below Parton. Here and hereabouts, the success attending my archæological researches was much on a footing with that I had met with in places previously inspected. The church, built in 1751, and 'repeatedly enlarged and repaired since,' is a coarse lumpish building, with a slender tower, of cylindrical shape, at the middle of its south side. Northerly from it, about three miles, and on a wooded eminence overhanging a small lake, are the not very intelligible remains of a hill fort, called by the people around the Auld Kirk of Loch Roan. Still farther on, in the same direction, nearly a mile, is the Moat of Glenroan, curiously formed out of a natural elevation; and on the farm of Nethertown, south-east, a short way off Crossmichael, there is another—the Crofts moat, a large and well-defined specimen, rising, in several stages, to a round grassy plat, about 280 feet in diameter. The prospects of these rises, but especially those from the last one—the Crofts—are very beautiful, and, what could hardly be expected from points so moderately elevated, of vast extent. This last circumstance would lead one to infer that these moats were placed with a view to visual intercourse with one another; and if so, prepared, in all likelihood, for meets of a more rousing description than were those merely civil and political ones which the eorls, and ceorls and tythingmen of the Saxon period brought around their witena-gemót, and other open-air courts of justice. The idea, however, of their having been fortified places, or indeed, except as observatories, military posts of any kind, does not seem to be borne out by any of the features apparent in their present condition. In any of those which I have examined, no walled defences, whether of earth or stone, are traceable; and as to those 'trenches' which are sometimes spoken of as likely to have been such formidable impedimenta to an attacking enemy, they are, though not unfrequently scooped into shallow hollows resembling ditches, for the most part only narrow flat footpath-like terraces, carried, one above the other, concentric-wise, around the slope of the hillock, the uppermost one being generally within a few feet of the summit. . . . All the churches are parsimoniously-begotten buildings, of modern date; and their yards—well enclosed and rather tidily-kept ones, I should mention—contain no memorials older than the Solemn League and Covenant period, of which here, as in every Gallovidian place of sepulture, you have not a few quaintly and touchingly inscribed specimens. As a set-off, however, against the juvenility and baldness of the Glenkens temple, there is generally by it one of those antiquated mounds already referred to, to refresh the eye, and carry back the mind to days when the wise men of Galloway tumultuously consorted thereupon to hear about, talk about, and finally send—when they could—to the right about, all and sundry the pleas and petitions of their clamant constituents. Besides the camps, cairns, and circles, with which, in various conditions, the hills and the lanes (as the smaller waters or their ducts are generally termed) of the whole of Galloway are every here and there dotted, the four northern parishes of the Stewartry have at least two of these moats or mots—one at Dalry, the other at Balmaclellan. Both are small, but well-preserved specimens, prettily situated, and presenting from their now peaceful slopes and summits some of the very choicest prospects anywhere obtainable of the beautifully wooded and watered valley of the Ken."—Muir's "Lighthouse."

beauty of the landscape on looking towards the river, gleaming among the fragrant meadows in the foreground. In the middle distance the well-cultivated fields and rich pastures of Balmaghie, the rustic and picturesque-looking little church, with its tiny spire, and the delicious sequestered scenes around Livingstone, are seen, the prospect being bounded by the heath-clad Dornal and other hills. Culgruff House, situated on an eminence near Crossmichael village, is a prominent object in the landscape. And not for from Crossmichael is the battle-field of Spearford, where a bloody fight took place between the Gordons of Lochinvar and the Glendonwyns of Parton :—

"Long was the bloody fight fiercely disputed,
Till brave Lochinvar fell—by numbers laid low;
Loudly Glendonwyn the victory shouted,
As towards his mountains retired the foe."



KIRKLAND MOAT, PARTON.

Near to this field, on our right, is Parton House, situated on a rising ground, sheltered by fine old trees, overlooking the river. It

commands a prospect of the fine scenery which, at every turn, meets the eye in the river's course. In the policies there are some very old gnarled thorns, and beautiful specimens of birch trees—the lady of the woods —attractive to the artist as subjects for pictures. This house was the seat of the Glendonwyns, whose possessions in Kirkcudbrightshire and Dumfriesshire in ancient times were very extensive. It is now the property of Mr George R. Murray. The late Mr B. Rigby Murray, the present proprietor's father, on acquiring the property, made considerable alterations on the house, and by tasteful laying out of the grounds, and the planting of trees and shrubs, did much to add to the artistic effect of the landscape. Near the Parish Church, between the railway and the river, is to be seen one of those ancient encampments, of which there are so many beautiful specimens scattered over the Stewartry. It is 120 yards in circumference, and the ditch surrounding it is nine feet deep. In height it is about 40 feet.

The Parish Church of Parton, situated on the banks of the Dee, is also conspicuous from the railway. It was erected in 1834. The churchyard surrounds it, and near by, within the enclosure, are the remains of an older church, said to have been built in 1592. The pulpit was of oak, curiously carved, with the date 1598. It is now in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh. "The remains of the church consist of the east gable wall, and small portions of the two side walls attached to it, and the width of the building is 15 feet 3 inches over the walls. The lintel of a window in the east wall deserves special notice. It is curved lengthways, and gives to the window top the form of a segmental arch, and its cross-section shows a hollow on the under side, a round on the upper, and, between them, a flat edge about two inches broad, on which there is an incised inscription in old English characters. The stone has evidently been part of a drip-stone of an arched opening, and there is little doubt it is of mediæval date. The bell turret is built of white sandstone, and there is a small panel in the gable of it inscribed—"*Laus deo,* 1636."* Of the early ecclesiastical history of Parton little is known. The author of *Lands and their Owners in Galloway* states that—"In August, 1296, Wautier (Walter) de Derrington, psone (parson) de Parton, swore fealty to Edward I.;

* James Barbour, architect, in "Transactions of Dumfries and Galloway Antiquarian Society."

Mr Muir, who visited the place in 1864, gives in "The Lighthouse" a section of the moat, and says:—"At Parton I did not see much. The church, finely situated on the left bank of the Dee, in the midst of a richly-wooded district, is a plain, decently-conditioned building, erected in 1834. A portion of the earlier one, which is described in the "Statistical Account" of the parish as having been 72 feet long by 14 wide, and built in 1592, is still standing alongside, inscribed over the opening of its eastern bell-cot with Laus Deo. 1636.

and that nothing more is recorded until 1426, when John MacGilhauck was rector. He was also secretary to Margaret, Countess of Douglas, whose richly sculptured tomb adorns the chancel of Lincluden Abbey. James Hepburn, afterwards Bishop of Murray, was rector in the reign of James IV." Within the modern church there is to be seen a sculptured stone, which was discovered when the door-step of the church was being repaired in 1885. It is a very interesting relic of mediæval times, and is now carefully preserved. "It," says Mr Barbour, "is part of a recumbent sepulchral effigy, cut in bluish white stone. There is at the bottom of the stone an inscribed border, the letters being in Old English and raised. The effigy has been full length and in half relief, and represented an ecclesiastic vested. The points of the feet appear above the inscribed border, and over them the *albe*—over the *albe* is the *stole*, with ornamented end, borders, and fringes, inscribed in raised old English letters what appears to be the words *Johanas me.* Above the *stole* is a small part of the *chesible*, pointed, and coming low down, the surface of which is richly and beautifully worked in scrolls and foliations, representing embroidery, and the design possesses much delicacy and grace. This beautiful monumental slab evidently belongs to a period when sculpture had reached a high stage of excellence."

Parton Village, seen on the right before entering the railway station, is situated on the estate of Parton. The late Mr B. R. Murray, while interested in the general improvement of his estate, was also alive to the moral and social well-being of the dwellers on it. The cottages at Parton village were liable, with an inundation of the Dee, to be flooded, much to the discomfort of the indwellers. To remedy this Mr Murray so altered and improved the old cottages by raising the foundations, the substitution of dormer windows, ornamental porches, and the addition of a hall and reading room, surmounted by a tiny tower with clock, that Parton is now quite a "model village." Mr Murray's name as a kind and considerate landlord is still revered in the parish, and into the wall of one of the houses of the village the following inscription has been inserted:—"In memory of B. Rigby Murray of Parton, who rebuilt this village, A.D. 1901. The last act of a kindly life."

Leaving the railway station, the first object that attracts attention is the viaduct across the Ken at Boat of Rhone; a finely-proportioned structure, the view from which, looking up Loch Ken, is generally admired. The ferry-boat still lies at the

RAIDERS' BRIDGE. John Copland.

water's edge ready for use, but is now seldom in requisition. It is here that the Dee joins the Ken, and from this point to the sea the river bears only the name of Dee. The railway now skirts the margin of the "Black Water of Dee," and the thickly-wooded grounds around Hensol mansion-house, which is seen finely situated on the banks of the river. This house was erected in 1824. It is a handsome and commodious mansion, and being built of granite has a light and airy appearance. The old name of the property was Duchra, and we have heard that it was changed to Hensol in compliment to a person of that name being a friend of the owner. M'Kerlie notes this, and states Duchra seems to be a corruption of the Gaelic *dubh chraigh*—a gloomy rock. The property is now owned by Captain R. D. Barrè Cuninghame, the representative of a very ancient and honourable family. Bennan or New-Galloway Station is next reached. This station is about eight miles from Castle-Douglas, and near the picturesque hill of Bennan, where, it is said, the stone balls were procured which were fired from "Mons Meg" against Threave Castle. The country here has a bare and bleak appearance—moss haggs, heather knowes, and rocks predominating.

In the river Dee a mussel is found which contains a pearl of various hues and great beauty; and we have seen some very valuable specimens taken from it. We have now entered a district to which a new interest has been given by Crockett's stirring romance of *The Raiders*. On approaching New-Galloway Station, the visitor on looking to the left will see the Old Brig of the Black Water of Dee, where Patrick Heron, Kennedy Maxwell, and brothers, with their kinsmen Maxwells and Sproats from the coast lands had the desperate encounter with the cattle reivers, the Faas, the Marshalls, &c.*

From Bennan the line of railway passes through as wild and sterile a district of Galloway as can well be imagined. The pedestrian might wander here for miles without seeing a human habitation, or any signs of civilisation save the sheep "bught," erected by the shepherd for the accommodation of his flocks, and temporary shelter to himself when overtaken by the bitter storms, which at times sweep over these desolate and rugged moors. Here and there a rustic bridge, thrown over the tumbling dark brown mountain torrent, may also be seen,

* It was an amazing sight—Dee Bridge that night, with its high arched span—men standing two deep in the centre of it; men stride-leg on the parapet of it, gun shots cracking, pistols spitting. Then in front of us the white pitiful eyes of a myriad (so they seemed) of wild cattle—maimed and tortured they knew not why, sending up a great routing of dumb prayer to the God of all ill-used, over-driven beasts that never did a sin.—"The Raiders," p. 180.

adding to rather than lessening the desolation and rugged grandeur of the scene. Between Mossdale or Bennan and the Stroan Loch, the hero of the tale of *The Raiders* found himself pitched out upon the heather, and "in a few minutes was chapping at Mossdale House," where he met Samle Tamson, whose wife, Eppie, turned out to be an old domestic of the Heron family. Samle and his gudewife Eppie are perhaps the best drawn characters in the book. Only Crockett, or some other equally talented Gallovidian, born and bred, could have pictured, in such a natural and life-like way, the feelings and actings of these two kindly Galloway worthies.

Previous to the introduction of roads or railways into the Stewartry, these moors formed part of the wild and unfrequented tracks of Galloway, and were the haunts of the Rory Gills, Billy Marshalls, Wandering Willies, rustic minstrels, and minor Robin Hoods, with which Galloway was infested.

Soon after leaving Bennan the line passes through a heavy cutting of rock, on emerging from which we see to our right a range of hills whose summits seem to reach the clouds, with deep and sullen looking glens intervening. These are Shawhills, Orchars, Black Craig o' Dee, and Cairn Edward, famous for its rocking-stones. We also have from this point glimpses of the distant mountains on the source of the Dee and the confines of Ayrshire. The Stroan Loch is crossed by a handsome granite bridge of 50 feet span ; and to the left is Slogarie mansion-house, now the property of Mr H. A. Timms, surrounded by the Airie, Crae, and Slogarie hills and muirlands. The line of railway passes close to Loch Skerrow, with its islets of birch and alder trees ; almost the only specimens we see betwixt New-Galloway Station and Dromore. This loch is very picturesquely situated at the base of the hills, and is a pleasing feature in the landscape, and especially refreshing to the eye after gazing on such an expanse of heath. A short distance to the west of the loch is Auchencloy martyr's monument, situated in a level mossy plain amongst the hills. In the *Statistical Account* we find it stated that "Graham of Claverhouse, in 1684, surprised six persons who were concealing themselves at Auchencloy, Loch Skero, and instantly shot four of them. One of them (from Nithsdale) was buried on the spot where he fell, and a humble tombstone, lying flat on the ground, was subsequently erected to his memory, bearing the following inscription :—

"Memento Mori.

'Here lies Robert Fergusson, who was surprised and instantly shot to death

on this place, by Graham of Claverhouse, for his adherence to Scotland's Reformation, Covenants, National and Solemn League. 1684.'" In a foot note it is said that on the "16th August, 1835, the incumbent of the parish of Girthon preached a sermon in the immediate vicinity of this tombstone, on which occasion a collection was made for erecting a more suitable monument to the memory of the martyr; this object has since been accomplished by means of this collection and public subscription."

A little farther to the south is the Glen of Grobdale, with its tall heath and ferns rising out of the rocky boulders. Nothing is to be seen here but a weary desolate waste, yielding only heather and coarse grass, and strewn with huge rocks and boulders. These rocks, being all of a greyish hue of different shades, contrast beautifully with the rich purple of the heather when in bloom, and the yellow and burnt sienna hues of the decaying ferns.

The viaduct over the "Wee Water of Fleet," a very handsome structure of nine arches, is also passed, and on looking down the river towards Gatehouse, an extended prospect of the country in that direction is obtained. The viaduct over the "Big Water of Fleet" is also an exceedingly handsome and airy granite structure of twenty arches. Dromore Station of the Portpatrick Railway is now reached, a very solitary spot, where Gatehouse passengers either get out or in, and where the stationmaster can very conveniently secure his supply of peats for the season at his very door.

The traveller on arriving at this station cannot fail to be impressed with the rugged grandeur of the scenery. To the right are the precipitous and high Clints of Dromore, still looking bare and grim when all nature has put on its best garb. In the middle distance is a barren tract of muirland, and in the background rises the great heaving mass of Cairnsmore-of-Fleet (2331 feet above sea level). To-day how distinctly is his bare bald head defined against the azure dome of day! Every scar and wrinkle on his rugged face is plainly relieved, and how beautiful are the delicate, brilliant, mingling hues of the rocks and heath, and how fleeting are the lights and shades on the breasts of the everlasting hills around! What pen can describe or pencil depict the various forms which they assume in their hurrying course, and how futile would be the attempt to put on paper the feelings, sentiments, and reflections which filled our minds when, after a year's application to the desk, inhaling the dust and smoke of the town, we found ourselves again with buoyant step treading the heathy expanse, or breathing on the mountain summit a pure and elastic air.

"Tho' sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men can leave the easy chair,
The long, long-league, and toilsome steep to trace,
O ! there is freshness in the mountain air,
And health that bloated ease can never hope to share."

In the side of this mountain, facing Dromore Station, we believe there is a cave of incredible dimensions, which is said to have been at one time the safe retreat of the gipsy king and robber Billy Marshall, and his lawless followers, and the hiding-place of their ill-gotten spoil. In *Blackwood's Magazine* we find the following amusing anecdote of Billy Marshall and this cave, stated to have been derived from "Black Matthew Marshall," grandson of the said chieftain :—"Marshall's gang had long held possession of a large cave or cavern in the high grounds of Cairnsmore, in Galloway, where they usually deposited their plunder and sometimes resided secure from the officers of the law, as no one durst venture to molest the tribe in that retired subterraneous situation. It happened that two Highland pipers, strangers to the country, were travelling that way, and falling in by chance with this cave, they entered it to shelter themselves from the weather, and resolved to rest there during the night. They found pretty good quarters, but observed some very suspicious furniture in the cave, which indicated the profession and character of its absent inhabitants. They had not remained long till they were alarmed by the voices of a numerous band advancing to its entrance. The pipers expected nothing but death from the ruthless gipsies. One of them, however, being a man of some presence of mind, called to his neighbour instantly to fill his bags (doing the same himself), and to strike up a pibroch with all his might and main. Both pipes accordingly at once commenced a most tremendous onset, the cave with all its echoes pealing back the "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu' or such like. At this very unexpected and terrific reception—the yelling of the bagpipes, issuing from the bowels of the earth, just at the moment the gipsies entered the cave—Billy Marshall, with all his band, precipitately fled in the greatest consternation, and from that night never again would go near their favourite haunt, believing that the blast they had heard proceeded from the devil or some of his agents. The pipers next morning prosecuted their journey in safety, carrying with them the *spolia opima* of the redoubted Billy and the clan Marshall." There are three mountains in the Stewartry named Cairnsmore—the old rhyme

"There's Cairnsmore of Fleet, and Cairnsmore o' Dee,
And Cairnsmore of Carsphairn, the highest o' the three."

being, doubtless, familiar to most of our readers.

Leaving Dromore we follow the track to Loch Grannoch. A short distance from the station we pass the railway viaduct, and see to our right Cullendoch farm-house, in rather a dreary-looking situation.

We are now fairly on the moors, and fortunately the day, though sultry and warm, is made enjoyable by a refreshing breeze from the sea sweeping up the vale of Fleet. Leisurely wending our way over the heathy hills and grassy vales, following the course of the mountain brook, and climbing the rocky steep in our botanical researches, we skirt the rugged face of Craig Lowrie, and pass up the rocky defile known as the Cleugh o' Eaglan, with its wild precipitous sides frowning above, while the hills and jutting crags rise in romantic terraces around. The scene, though lonely and impressive, is not without animation. Through all her vast domains Nature is full of life. As we stoop and scramble among the crevices of the rocks the sheep are bleating on the distant heights, the hawk flutters above with its eerie cry, and the moor-fowl rises with its low clutter in its flight. In this glen we observed specimens of the lady, the oak, and the beech ferns, growing in lovely nooks formed by the boulders in their fall from the cliffs above, ages ago; every crevice having its own verdant mossy bed and luxuriant profusion of ferns.

With the eyes dimmed by the continual gleam of sunshine on the parched heath and glistening rocks, it is refreshing, on emerging from the glen and ascending the acclivity, to have the blue expanse of Loch Grannoch in view. This loch lies at the base of Craig Ronald, and is surrounded by rugged hills and desolate moorlands. It is about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles in length, and in an average half a mile in breadth. It affords excellent trout fishing; and charr, or cuddin, as it is called by the common people of Galloway, a very rare and delicate species of fish, is found in it. Walton says this fish is only found in Lake Windermere, but Mr Stoddart, in his *Angling Rambles*, shows that it abounds in several lochs in Scotland, though rarely ever seen, from its shyness in taking the bait or fly. In some of the Highland lochs Mr Stoddart has basketed as many as a dozen and a half in a forenoon, the flies which seemed to take best being the yellow professor and a light brown hackle. It is also found in Wales, and named Torgoch, or red-belly, which is descriptive of them at the time of spawning, when they come into shallow water, and are then caught with a net. They are taken in Loch Grannoch in this way, and are said to be very delicate eating. From eight to ten inches is the average length of this fish in Scotland, although there are accounts of larger specimens having been caught. It

is said in form and colour somewhat to resemble the perch. Its back is dark, with a peculiarly beautiful greenish cast shaded into the most delicate white on the lower parts, and tinted with a bluish hue, which is difficult to describe. At the southern end of the loch is a shooting-lodge, which, with its verdant surroundings of rhododendrons, appears as an oasis in the desert. Entering by a walk through the shrubs, which form an agreeable shade from the noonday sun, we meet with the keeper at the door of the lodge, from whom we receive much hospitality. The lodge is formed of wood, with its floor resting on props a short distance from the ground, so as to preserve it from damp. Its interior is commodious, furnished with every comfort, and scrupulously clean. The partitions are hung with prints of sporting and other scenes appropriate to its uses and situation.

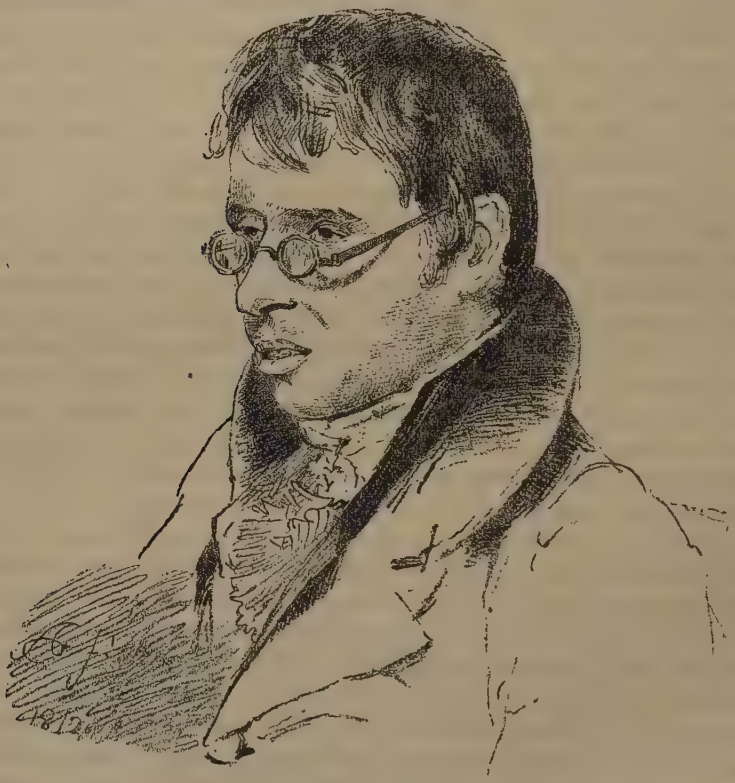
Leaving Loch Grannoch we pass round the foot of Craig Ronald, and the jagged and rocky heights of Meikle Multaggart, and the Knee of Cairnsmore, on ascending which heights we obtain a splendid view of the surrounding country; but as our impressions and observations will be better given on reaching the summit of Cairnsmore, we reserve them till then, and proceeding on our way pass a level grassy plateau and the Deer's den. These scenes are identified with the late Captain Denniston's ballad, *The Battle of Craignilder*. On arriving at the foot of Cairnsmore, we set a stout heart to a *very* stey brae, and by a winding acclivity or sheep track reach the summit, where we are amply repaid for our exertions by the extent, beauty, and variety of the prospect which is obtained. The sky overhead is clear, and though in the distance a bluish haze rests on the landscape, partly shutting out the view, by the aid of a powerful field-glass the mountains in Argyllshire, the Mull of Cantyre, and Ailsa Craig are discerned. Were the sky clear and the weather favourable these would be distinctly visible. Below, the Palnure meanders sweetly through the vale, its banks being adorned by the finely-wooded grounds around Bargaly and Cairnsmore. The "Crystal Cree," kissing the flowery banks, or lapping the fragrant meadows in its sweetly-flowing course to the sea, is seen at intervals glistening in the gleams of sunshine—the thriving town of Newton-Stewart, with its new buildings and spires, forming a prominent object on its banks. The towns of Wigtown and Creetown, lying peacefully on the sea coast; the rich alluvial land of the Machars, with its verdant fields bathed in sunshine; the belts of plantation running up the gently rising hills, and clumps of trees showing the site of the mansion and

farmer's hall, with the solitary ash or elm marking the humble cot, present all the features of a lovely rural landscape. The level plain extending before us is called Machermore, from being formerly the termination of the white or arable land in the centre of Galloway. The plain is said to be about twenty miles in circumference; the river Cree runs through the centre of it, and the part of the plain in Wigtownshire is called the Moss of Cree, and that in Kirkcudbrightshire the Inks of Cree. To seaward, the bold promontory of the Mull of Galloway is seen stretching far out to sea, and the coast of Ireland and Mona's Isle are also faintly discerned through the filmy haze. Sweeping round, the eye rests on the sylvan vale of Fleet, with the town of Gatehouse reposing amid the richly wooded grounds of Cally, the woods above Kirkcudbright, and beyond them the bold ridges of Bengairn and Screel. On facing to the right-about we have a grand and impressive scene. Before us are measureless tracts of heather, long and dreary stretches of bent and shrub, and deep and gloomy corries, where the shade of an Ossian might rest in peace. The gigantic and frowning heights of Craigdew, Craignilder, Craig Ronald, Millfore, and Millyea, in dark and massive array, take the front rank in this powerful upheaval of nature, while in the far rear the Merrick "rears his lofty crest"—the whole, when relieved by the light and shade of the broken clouds, through which the sun at times gleams, leaving on the mind an impression of awe and sublimity ineffaceable.

Near the New-Galloway road, which is seen winding among the hills, we observe the monument erected to the memory of one of Galloway's great and good, of which there are so many to adorn its history.* In a humble cot situated in this wild glen, half-way betwixt New-Galloway and Newton-Stewart, Dr Alexander Murray, the celebrated linguist, was born on 22d October, 1775. Amid these scenes of desolation and savage grandeur his young heart received its first impressions of natural scenery and solitude. Here his early youth was spent as a herd-boy, and the dawn of genius shone in his eager desire to acquire knowledge and the treasuring up of old ballad stories, of which we read he had a goodly store, and was wont to lilt them, in concert with the babbling brooks and the

* The monument was erected in 1835, but up till September, 1877, it stood a nameless and a dateless puzzle to the stranger—a "Hamlet" with the Prince's part omitted. Then a tablet of polished granite was inserted in the monument. The inscription on it is as follows:—"Alexander Murray, D.D., minister of Urr, 1806-13; Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh, 1812-13; born at Dunkitterick, 22 Oct., 1775; died at Edinburgh, 15 April, 1813; reared a shepherd boy on these hillsides: erected by his countrymen in 1835, mainly through the exertions and skill of James Stewart, Esq., of Cairnsmore, on whose property it stands."

sighing winds, while tending his flocks on the moorland wastes around Cairnsmore and Loch Grannoch. With him, as with many of the eminent men of our country, it was exemplified that poverty and privation are no hindrance to learning and advancement in the world, but rather a nursery in which to receive the best tuition for fighting the world's stern battles. In the acquisition of knowledge he had many



ALEXANDER MURRAY, D.D.

difficulties and privations to surmount, but with the burning thirst and enthusiasm of native genius they were overcome. It is related that ere he attained his eighth year "his fame as a boy for wondrous reading and a great memory was the discourse of the whole glen," and when circumstances permitted of his attending school he made such rapid progress as to astonish his teachers and all with whom he came in contact with the power of his natural abilities. In his after studies he

displayed an extraordinary facility in the acquirement of languages, and by his own unaided efforts rose to the high position of Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh, and was acknowledged as one of the greatest linguists in the world. In the lines of the Poet Nicholson :—

> "'Twas his the depths of language to unlock,
> What every tongue in every clime hath spoke ;
> A key the sacred oracles to show,
> And angels' tongues to teach to men below—
> Far showed the light and thawed the stoney heart,
> The nations saw, and wondering owned his art.
> . . . . . .
> Long hast thou, Cree, swept through thy lakes and woods,
> And with the ocean mixed thy cyrstal floods ;
> But long thy swains shall mark the varied year
> Ere such a shepherd on thy banks appear ;
> And as the rocks shall be his lasting fame,
> Murray shall live while Scotland boasts a name."*

We believe that on Cairnsmore stones of varied beauty and value may be found, although in our researches, which were as zealous as those of a "Dousterswivel," we failed to find any very rare ones. In Macfarlane's MSS. to History of Galloway we read that there is good store of Bristol stone, of divers colours, very well cut naturally. And recent researches have also led to such important discoveries as to show that the Minnigaff hills are highly metalliferous. About two years ago, through the explorations of a syndicate, there was discovered a richly mineralized vein of arsenical pyrites. Operations were also commenced on an outcropping of plumbago, or black lead, used for pencils, that appeared on the farm of Talnotrie, belonging to the late Major Stewart of Cairnsmore, when it was found that two immense beds of what will now be "the only workable deposit of plumbago in Britain" were opened up. We may also mention that among rare plants growing on this mountain is the pretty green spleenwort fern *(asplenium viride)*. It is abundant, and this is the only place where we have found it in Galloway. At one time the eagle had his eyrie on the

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* Dr Murray died at the early age of thirty-seven, soon after his appointment to the Chair of Oriental Languages, and was buried at the north-west corner of Greyfriars' Church, Edinburgh. For long there was no stone to point out where his ashes repose. This seeming neglect has now remedied, and a neat obelisk of Dalbeattie granite has been erected in Greyfriars' Churchyard, which bears the following inscription :—"In memory of Alexander Murray, D.D., born at Dunkitterick, in Galloway, 22 October, 1775 ; died 15 April, 1813, aged 37 years, and interred here, Minister of Urr, 1806-1813 ; Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh. 1812-13. This monument was erected by admirers, chiefly connected with Galloway, to commemorate the genius and fame of 'the shepherd boy' who rose to be the most eminent linguist and Oriental scholar of his day. 1877."

cliffs of Cairnsmore, but we regretted to hear that this noble bird has now been almost expelled from Galloway.

It may be interesting to note here the fate of the last golden eagle bred in these southern uplands:—"About the year 1835 a pair of eaglets were taken from the eyrie on a precipitous face of Cairnsmore. One of them died from unskilful treatment; the other was rescued by Mr Stewart of Cairnsmore, and given by him to the Earl of Galloway. It lived for some time at Cumloden; but in a furious gale the wooden shed which it inhabited was overturned, and the bird escaped. Some months afterwards, a pedlar was traversing the wild road that passes Clatteringshaws from New-Galloway to Newton-Stewart. It was hard frost at the time. Suddenly he was alarmed by a large bird lighting on the road before him, and, as he thought, threatening to attack him. He killed it with a blow on the head with his stick. It was the tame eagle from Cumloden, which, being hard pressed for food, had come, poor fellow, to beg from the wayfarer. Thus died the last golden eagle bred in the Lowlands of Scotland, for the parent birds never returned to their eyrie."*

These hills act as barometers to the country people. It is a proverbial saying that when Cairnsmore has a cap of mist upon it in the morning it is a certain sign of rain before evening. In reference to this, William M'Dowall, in his poem on Galloway manners, published at Newton-Stewart in 1828, has the following verse:—

"This day I doubt it will be wat,
The mist's thick on Cairnsmuir,
Just see how it has got its hat
A' roun' near to Palnure;
Ye'll see ere it is twal o'clock
We'll ha'e a heavy show'r,
Then auld looped crooked Minnock
Its floods in Cree will pour."

Well pleased with our ascent of the mountain, and the extensive prospect which it affords, we descend, and cautiously feeling our way among the rocks and boulders which bestrew this side of the mountain, soon reach the mansion of Bargaly, where we tarry for a short time. This house is built in the plain, substantial, and comfortable style of the past century, and is in a very pleasant situation, the fine trees by which it is surrounded giving it an air of antiquity. The attention of the visitor cannot fail to be drawn to a tomb in front of the house. It

* Sir Herbert E. Maxwell in "Meridiana: Noontide Essays, 1892."

was erected, some years before his death, by Andrew Heron of Bargaly, a famous botanist in his day, whose remains, along with his lady's, lie here. On the tomb or vault crosses and an urn have been carved. On its west end there is a stone bearing the words—"We dy hopeing, and our ashes receive life, 1730." On the east end are the arms of Andrew Heron and his wife, with their initials, A.H. and E.D., and the mottoes of their families—"Fear not" and "Par valeur." Separating the shields of arms are the words—"Hope, faith, love, 1730." A stone placed in the wall informs us that "This tomb was erected in 1729 by Andrew Heron of Bargaly, and repaired by John Mackie of Bargaly in 1829." Near to the house we observed some very fine old beech trees, and in the garden, which appears to be in good keeping, we were shown a very fine specimen of the evergreen oak (*Quercus sessiliflora*), which, for growth and size, is believed to be unrivalled in Scotland. We were sorry to see that it is almost dead, and is entirely denuded of foliage, although at its roots, sprouts are visible. In the avenue, a short way from the house, is a beautiful specimen of the Wellingtonia Gigantea.

Beyond Bargaly, Cairnsmore House is seen to the left, in a beautiful situation among the woods, where there is a rare specimen of the Araucaria, and a wonderful collection of all varieties of Rhododendron.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEWTON-STEWART TO LOCH TROOL.

Arriving at Newton-Stewart somewhat late in the afternoon, we were too fatigued after our devious ramblings of the day to see much of the town that evening. On the morning of the following day, however, to make the most of our brief holiday, we sallied out for a ramble through the town and its environs previous to leaving for Glen Trool.

The town is very pleasantly situated on the right bank of the river Cree, surrounded on all sides by scenery of a most interesting and romantic character, and highly attractive to the tourist.* The town consists principally of one long street, with the picturesque Old Town-House and Steeple in the centre, and is of comparatively modern origin, its earliest feu-contract being dated 1701. It was founded by a younger branch of the Stewarts, Earls of Galloway, and in honour of the family name was called Newton-Stewart. Coming into possession of the late Sir William Douglas, its name was altered to Newton-Douglas, and under his fostering care and enterprise the place rapidly rose to importance. He obtained a charter, and erected it into a burgh of barony; and as a means of increasing the town, and of giving an impetus to its trade and commerce, he, at great expense and risk, established factories for cotton-spinning, and the manufacture of coarse carpets. These, however, proving unremunerative, were soon abandoned, and the name of Newton-Douglas, lapsed into the original one of Newton-Stewart.

About ninety years ago most of the houses consisted of but one storey, and were thatched with straw, but the greater number are now two stories and slated, and in general well and regularly built. Being situated in the centre of a good agricultural and district, the general trade of the town is in a thriving state, and a considerable amount of business is transacted at its weekly markets. Wool fur-

* The first bridge over the Cree at Newton-Stewart, which connected Wigtownshire with the Stewartry, was erected in 1745, at the joint expense of the two counties. It cost £750 sterling. It was swept away by a flood about the year 1810, and the erection of the present bridge was commenced in the summer of 1813. It was built of native granite, chiefly from the moors of Minnigaff, and cost £6000.

nished from the surrounding country, and mostly purchased for the English markets, still forms, as of old, a staple branch of its trade, and there is a large woollen mill in the town, where it is manufactured into excellent tweed. The population of the town is over 2200, and there are five churches of different denominations, many excellent shops, four branch banks, and three good hotels. The M'Millan Hall is an elegant and commodious building, with all the modern conveniences. It cost upwards of £5000, and was erected from a bequest to the town by a family of that name, natives and merchants of the town in early times. Many new buildings have recently been erected in the town, and in the immediate vicinity there are many handsome villas dotting the landscape. The Parish Church, with its graceful spire, is a fine building and prominent object from a distance. It is in a pleasant situation near the bowling-green. In Victoria Street, on a vacant space between the Clydesdale Bank and the bridge over the Cree, the monument to the late Earl of Galloway is an attractive object. It is of a costly and tasteful design, and the inscriptions on it are as follows :—On the west side—"Erected by public subscription of all classes, in honour of Randolph, Ninth Earl of Galloway. Born 1800 : Died 1873." North side—"Venerated and beloved both in public and private life, a generous landlord, munificent in charity, a sincere humble-minded Christian, and noble and worthy example to posterity, his memory ever lives in the affection and esteem of all who knew him." South side—"M.P. for Cockermouth from 1826 to 1831. Lord-Lieutenant of Wigtownshire from 1828 to 1851. Lord-Lieutenant of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright from 1828 to 1845." East side—"This memorial was erected Anno Domini 1875."

The Ewart Institute, celebrated as a classical seminary, is a fine building, with large and commodious premises. It has been for a number of years very successfully conducted, and is in a beautiful and salubrious situation. Occupying a site on a rising ground overlooking the town, it commands an extensive and beautiful prospect of the richly wooded grounds and grassy glades around Kirroughtrie, and the magnificent mountain scenery in the background. A short way above the Institute is the Industrial Home, where a large number of destitute girls are boarded, clothed, educated, and otherwise trained so as to be useful members of society. This is an excellent Institution, worthy of the support of all true Christians and philanthropists, and at present,

under the patronage of the leading ladies of the district, it is admirably conducted.

Situated on the highway between Dumfries and Stranraer, and between the county town of Wigtown and Ayrshire, Newton-Stewart has always been a town of considerable local importance. Its civic rulers have had this in view, and have readily adapted themselves to the changed circumstances in municipal, educational, parochial, and other affairs caused by the recent legislation of this strenuous and progressive age. They have generally fallen in with the requirements of the times, and in the interests of the burgh have introduced all the latest improvements in lighting, water supply, and sanitary arrangements. They have also shown considerable enterprise in catering to the recreative tastes of the inhabitants and summer visitors by providing, in addition to the bowling and tennis greens, a golf course, situated at Kirroughtrie, a few minutes' walk from the town. As a permanent residence or beautiful summer resort there are few places that present so many attractions as Newton-Stewart. To those in search of health, the enjoyments of mountain climbing and angling, the impressive mountain scenery, gleaming lochs, and bright, glancin' burnies in the valleys of the Dee and the Cree, are all within easy distance. There are also in the immediate vicinity of the town many beautiful sequestered woodland walks, interesting to the botanist, The *Galloway Gazette* newspaper, of which Mr W. M. Leslie was the first editor, was established in the town in the year 1870, and since then has been successfully conducted as an organ representing the Conservative and Unionist party, the present editor being Mr J. F. Brown. Newton Stewart is also the headquarters of the medical officer for Galloway. The mansion-house of Kirroughtrie—a corruption of *Caer Uchtred*, or fort of Uchtred, one of the ancient Lords of Galloway—embosomed amid fine old trees, and surrounded by charming woodland slopes, will well repay a visit. A plain near the house is the supposed site of a battle between the English and Edward Bruce, when, according to tradition, there were 1400 of the English slain. From the numerous cairns and grave mounds to be seen in this park, it bears every evidence of a battle having taken place.

A few minutes' walk brings us to the ancient town of Minnigaff, romantically situated on a low piece of ground at the junction of the water of Penkiln with the Cree. Long before Newton-Stewart existed this was a place of some note, having its fairs and weekly markets.

Symson, writing in 1684, says, "that it hath a very considerable market every Saturday, frequented by the moormen of Carrick, Monnygaffe, and other moor places, who buy there great quantities of meal and malt, brought thither out of the parishes of Whitherne, Galston, Sorbie, Mochrum," etc. Its orthography has gone through various changes at different times (within a century it was four times differently written), and its etymology is also disputed. Symson concludes that it is derived from Munnach's Gulfe, a pool in the river Munnach, or Minnoch, in the parish, while others, with more probability, say that it comes from the Gaelic *monadh dubh*,* signifying a dark mountainous region, which is highly characteristic of the general features of the parish. At the Messrs Callander's saw-mill, near the village, a very large amount of wood is converted into various articles in the trade. At a short distance from the saw-mill the visitor will observe an unpretentious house situated on the brae face, which is now interesting as having been the village school, where, as a boy, the celebrated Dr Alexander Murray received part of his scant education.

The churchyard is nigh to the village, in a beautifully romantic and secluded spot. Although the "dull grave" is by many looked upon with a feeling of awe and dread, and its literature at best as doleful and drear, the pensive rambler may here spend a profitable hour, gleaning sermons from the stones. Near the entrance gate there is a fine old yew tree, estimated to be at least 800 years old, under the shade of which a gravestone bearing appropriate sculpture has been erected over the grave of John M'Callum, the old fox-hunter, "by a few friends who valued the worth of a truly honest man." There are in this churchyard some very old tombstones, said to be the oldest in Galloway. We noted one, dated 1416—A. Murray—*memento mori*, and on a slate-stone erected over the grave of Patrick M'Caa, waulker (of cloth), the date 1653. There is also a curiously-carved stone bearing the arms of the M'Clurgs, which is interesting as having been erected to the memory of descendants of the M'Clurg, third son of the widow Anabel of Craigencaillie, who dedicated her three sons, M'Kie, Murdoch, and M'Clurg, to the service of King Robert Bruce in his wanderings around Loch Dee. The stone, considering its age, is in good preservation, and as shown in the photograph by Mr Hunter, Newton-Stewart, it bears a shield on which are two ravens hanging pale-ways with an arrow through their necks fess-ways, in base a

* According to Sir Herbert Maxwell, in "Topography of Galloway," and T. B. Johnston, in "Place-names of Scotland," it is possibly G. *munie gobha*, the Smith's wood or thicket.

crescent, "the helm and mantling are such as appear above and around the shield of a gentleman. The crest is a raven transfixed by an arrow, with the motto *Omnia pro Bona.*" The following inscription appears on the stone—"Here lyes the corps of Patrick M'Clurg, in Glenshalloch, who departed this life in the 6th August, 1746, aged 88 years. Also his grandson, Pat. M'Clurg, in the Risk, who died 24th Novemr., 1759, aged 40 years. Erected by Gilbert M'Clurg, in Glenshalloch, and by John M'Clurg, in Auchenleck." Symson's account of

M'CLURG'S STONE.

Bruce receiving the hospitality of the widow at Craigencallie and the enlistment of her three sons into the service of the King is given by us at page 241. The auld kirk-yard also contains a considerable number of monuments of elegance and taste, and the dust of a number of Galloway's great and good repose in its precincts. There is a handsome monument to the memory of Lieut.-General Stewart, a distinguished Peninsular hero. He was second son of John Earl of Galloway, and having early entered the army, soon merited fame by his gallantry and devotion—serving under the Duke of Wellington with such distinction as to receive the thanks of the House of Commons. With his health impaired by arduous duty and numerous wounds received in his brilliant career, he retired to his native land, and purchased the property of Cumloden, near to the ruins of Garlies

Castle, the ancient residence of his ancestors, upon which he built a romantic cottage, and spent the remainder of his days in retirement. He died on the 7th January, 1827, and his remains lie here. The late Mr James Mackie of Bargaly, whose name will long be revered and kept in remembrance in his native county, is also buried here. A handsome monument has been erected to his memory, bearing that he represented the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright in Parliament from 1857 till his death, on 28th December, 1868.

Close to the churchyard is an ancient moat, which, tradition says, was in former times used as a place of justice. The walls of the old church of Minnigaff still stand within the churchyard enclosure. It is more than half a century since worship was conducted in it, and there are now several graves in the interior. There is also a very curious and richly-carved stone, standing about 2 feet 10 inches above ground. The design is very fine, having a bird on the top of a Celtic cross, and two panels of Celtic ornament below. It has been surmised that this bird represents the chough—the chosen one of St. Columba. The side of the cross faces the west. On the east side there is a very vague design; while that facing south bears a design resembling a female figure. The north face is unsculptured. The history of this stone is rather curious. We learned that about twenty-seven years ago, when the house known as *The Old Market House** of Minnigaff was demolished, there was brought to light, in loosening one of the windows, this precious relic, which was serving as a lintel. A number of years ago two local antiquaries discovered a long stone slab, which had formed the east door-step of the old church. On its being examined there was found a considerable quantity of runic writing. These ancient relics, it is satisfactory to know, have now been placed inside the building for preservation.

CROSS IN MINNIGAFF CHURCHYARD.

There has also been replaced in the wall of the auld kirk a very tastefully-carved stone of a very ancient date and of great local interest.

* The site is now marked by a large whinstone slab, on the top of which there is scratched a sun-dial.

It is supposed to be a memorial stone to Uchtred M'Dowall. From the excellent photograph by Mr Hunter it will be seen that the shield has on it the arms of M'Dowall, impaled with those of Gordon. The supporters are the lions of M'Dowall; the boars' heads represent the Gordons. The inscription surrounding the coat of arms occupies three sides of a square, the lettering reading firstly downwards, then horizontally, and finally upwards. It is as follows:—"Hic jacet Patricius M'Ke de Cālodā, me fieri fecit."—Here lies Patrick M'Kie, of Caloda (Camlodan), who caused me to be made. The stone, according to historical data quoted by Dr Norman M'Kie in an article

MEMORIAL STONE TO UCHTRED M'DOWALL.

describing the stone in *The Gallovidian*, volume III., is a memorial stone raised by Patrick M'Kie of Cumloden-M'Kie and Larg to Uchtred M'Dowall of Machermore, Uchtred being brother or near relative to Janet M'Dowall, wife of Patrick M'Kie. The stone is therefore nearly 400 years old. The present church is a neat Gothic structure, in which a very beautiful memorial window has been erected to the memory of the late lamented Lieut.-Colonel Patrick Stewart by his friends and brother officers. The design is very beautiful and appropriate, and embraces a number of the most prominent scenes in the life of our Saviour. Underneath the window is a brass plate bearing the following inscription:—"Erected by his

friends and brother officers to the memory of Lieut.-Colonel PATRICK STEWART, C.B., of the Royal Bengal Engineers, second son of James Stewart, Esq., of Cairnsmore, in this parish. Born at Cairnsmore on 28th January, 1832, and died at Constantinople on 16th January, 1865." This is a merited tribute to the memory of one who had already given ample proofs of a genius and ability which, had he been spared, would have raised him to the highest honours of his profession. His early demise added another name to the long array of Galloway's eminent men, who, in all the varied spheres of life, and in every clime, have so nobly acted their part in Britain's history. There is also a beautiful memorial window to the memory of James Mackie of Bargaly, M.P. An exceedingly chaste and artistic tablet perpetuates the memory of the Rev. M. S. S. Johnstone, D.D., minister of this parish for 55 years (1836 to 1891). Born at Berwick-on-Tweed, 14th May, 1811 ; ordained and inducted to this parish, 1st September, 1836 ; died at Minnigaff Manse, 11th December, 1891.

The manse is near the church, and occupies a site in the vicinity of which charming peeps of river and mountain scenery may be obtained. Indeed, it would be difficult to find within the same compass so many scenes of rural beauty and grandeur. Near us flows the crystal Cree through a deep and wooded dell termed the "Gill," and at a short distance the romantic cottage of Cumloden, belonging to the Earl of Galloway, is seen embowered among the woods on the banks of the Penkiln burn. The old castle of Garlies, the ancient seat of the Earls

GARLIES CASTLE.

of Galloway, backed by a range of swelling verdant hills and towering mountains, adds beauty and interest to the scene. This castle has been a ruin for several hundred years.

The road from Newton-Stewart to Glen Trool is acknowledged to be one of great beauty, every tourist speaking in raptures of its varied attractions; but to-day, from the dark threatening clouds looming on the distant hills and the haze resting in the valleys, we are unable to see it to advantage, and the prospect of a day's enjoyment is anything but encouraging.

Shortly after leaving Newton-Stewart we pass the Douglas High School, and note on our right the lovely valley of Cumloden. The site of what is known as "Wallace's Camp" on the Cree, supposed to be the spot where Wallace halted on his way to Cruggleton Castle, is also seen here. A short way farther on we pass the farm of Barnkirk—on which farm some years ago the remains of an ancient canoe were found, which are still preserved. The avenue to Challoch is next reached from which point the traveller will see Linloskin, a ford on the river, where many beautiful pearls have occasionally been got. Proceeding onward his attention will be arrested by All Saints' Episcopal Church. A handsome and tasteful building situated near the road, which, as the milestone informs us, leads to Straiton. A commodious school and schoolmistress's house are also adjacent to the church. This school was built and wholly supported by the late Mr Stopford Blair of Penninghame for a number of years. It was afterwards taken over by the Penninghame School Board, and is a great boon to the many families situated at a distance from Newton-Stewart. A short distance farther on we see the ivy-clad ruins of Castle Stewart, about three miles north of Newton-Stewart, once belonging to a cadet of the Garlies family, and at one time the residence of Colonel William Stewart, a valiant and fortunate soldier in the German wars under Gustavus Adolphus. Penninghame House is next passed, near where the Cree assumes a lake-like appearance. We observed at this point the water-lily *(nuphar lutea)*, with its broad cordate leaves and bright golden flowers, adorn the surface of the water, and from what we learned we believe this district to afford a rich field for the botanist. Beyond Penninghame House, which is partially surrounded with wood and commands a fine view of the Loch of Cree, the remains of an ancient chapel and burying-ground are seen on the left side of the road. It is known as "The Cruives Chapel" and St. Ninian's, and

was erected by John Kennedy of Blairquhan in 1508. Symson, writing two hundred years ago in his *Large Description of Galloway*, tells us that "it was long since appropriated for divine service, but is now ruinous." On the right bank of the river is the farm-house of Drannandow. A churchyard of small dimensions surrounds the ruins, in which some of the old families of the parish still have burying-ground. On this farm are several very remarkable cairns and ancient subterranean habitations, the origin and purposes of which form puzzling and mysterious subjects for the antiquary. On the same farm are the "Thieves' Stanes," where tradition relates several noted freebooters—Rory Gill and some of his daring followers—were executed

CASTLE STEWART, PENNINGHAME.

by the Regent, Earl of Moray, in the reign of King David Bruce; and in the neighbourhood part of the remains of the vast rampart known as the "Deil's Dyke," which extended across the greater part of Ayrshire and Galloway, is still discernible. The remains of this ancient wall can be traced from Loch Ryan to the north-east border of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, its devious course through Galloway being upwards of 50 miles. On leaving the Stewartry it enters Dumfriesshire, and passing through a part of that county joins the "Britton Wall," in the parish of Annan, and runs into the Solway, nearly

opposite Bowness, in Cumberland. Some accounts say that this ancient fence is invariably 8 feet broad at the base, with a fosse on the north or inland side, and built of blocks of common moor stone, and an admixture of stones and earth. In Dr Hill Burton's History it is described as 24 feet broad, with very deep ramparts, 6 or 7 feet high, and 10 or 12 feet thick. The late Mr Train, with a praiseworthy enthusiasm, spent much of his time endeavouring to clear up the mystery connected with these ancient remains, and has left a very interesting account of his researches; but their origin and uses seem still to be very obscure. The learned author of *Caledonia*, in a letter to Mr Train, says, "there are questions in history as difficult of solution as any of the sciences, such as the 'Deil's Dyke.' Considering all its circumstances, it is extremely difficult to assign its age, its object, or its builders."

Pursuing our journey we pass the Cruives of Cree, recalling the rhyme—

"From Wigtown to the Toon o' Ayr,
Portpatrick to the Cruives of Cree;
No man need hope for to bide there
Unless he court wi' Kennedy;"

and the wood of Cree, said to be the remains of the most ancient forest in Galloway. To the left of the road, among a clump of trees, stand the ruins of Caerhapple Chapel, pronounced by the old people, Kerhobble. The stately mansion of Penninghame is very pleasantly situated on the banks of the Cree. From the highway it is not easily seen, but at the point of the road which we have now reached a good view of the house is obtained. The banks of the Cree are, in this neighbourhood, very beautiful. Enclosed on either side by trees, whose leafy branches meet overhead, they form a delightful and welcome shade to the weary pedestrian from the noonday sun. Before reaching Clachaneasy, and opposite the farm of Cardorcan, on the east side of the river, there is a salmon pool near "Cunninghame's Ford," which is considered one of the best in the river. A short distance further on, and nearly in front of Larg farm-house, the Cree is joined by the river Minnock—the larger of the two—but on their junction, as in the case of the Ken and the Dee, the smaller river arrogates the name of the joint waters. Larg farm-house is seen to the right, in a beautiful situation, commanding an extensive prospect of the lovely vale and all its sylvan windings. For several miles the Cree flows through level verdant meadows, its banks being only occasionally adorned with charming heathery knolls

and lichen-clad rocks overhung with ferns and creepers; but now the scene becomes wild and mountainous, and its grandeur is heightened by the dark masses of vapour, which, drifted by the wind, tumble and roll in mingled confusion down the rugged breasts of the Lamlachan mountain range—the highest point of which is called Cooper's Cairn. Passing the hamlet of Clachaneasy,* we observe on the left of the road the farm of Glenvernock, famous as being the birthplace of Margaret Wilson, one of the Wigtown martyrs. At the high bridge of Cree, near which is Bargrennan Manse, in a most romantic situation above a shelving bank of the river, pretty glimpses of which, as it dashes and gleams in its rocky course among the outspreading trees, are presented from this point. We next pass on the right the well-

FIG. 1.

* Clachan Iosa, the hamlet of Jesus—a hamlet near St. Ninian's Chapel of the Cruives.—Sir Herbert Maxwell.

known hostelry of the "House o' the Hill," where the pedestrian tourist may rest his wearied limbs, and satisfy those inward cravings which a ramble, however brief, in this healthful region so much stimulates.

In his property of Glencaird, which is near this, the late Mr Mackie took a particular interest, and for a number of years carried on such extensive improvements in the reclaiming of land, laying down of substantial fences, plantations, and other embellishments, as altogether to change its aspect. Nowhere in Galloway could those interested in such experiments have a better opportunity of seeing how energy and enterprise, combined with a scientific system of agriculture, may be made to triumph over barren rocks and heath, moss haggs and sloughs of despond, than here. The lodge of Glencaird is a neat, comfortable house, pleasantly situated on a gentle eminence

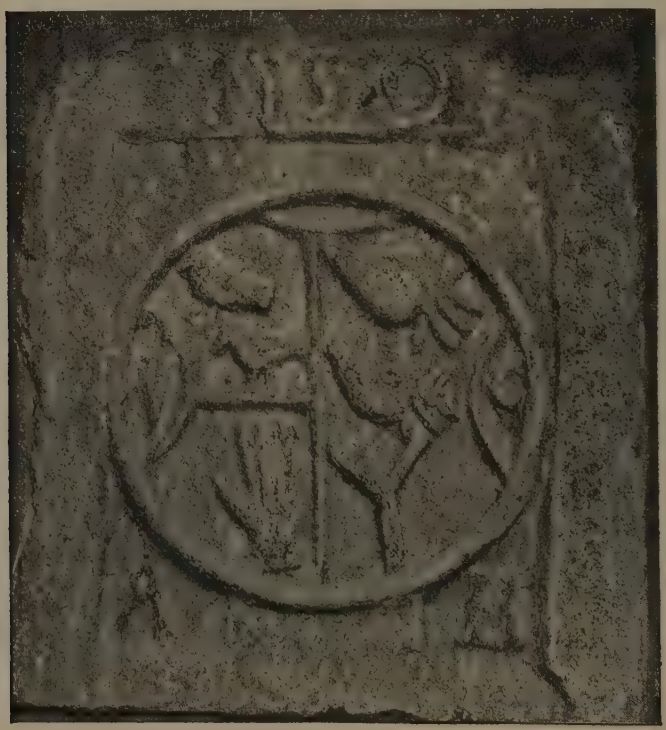

FIG. 2.

among some fine old trees, enviable as a rural retreat in the summer or autumn. In the front gable of Glencaird House there are two carved stones, which were placed there, we believe, by the late John M'Kie of Bargaly, M.P. for Kirkcudbrightshire, grandfather of the present proprietor. They were taken from the old house of Eschonchan, the mansion-house of the barony of Buchan forest. Each stone is about two feet square. Figure 1 is dated 1694, and has on it the initials of John M'Kie and Andrew Heron, with the M'Kie Arms of two ravens with an arrow through their heads, and a left or sinister hand, the old bearings of the Agnews. Figure 2 has a date partly obliterated, 9 being the only distinct figure left, running along the upper margin, and below, the initials A.H. are in either corner. The shield has two ravens for M'Kie and two boars' heads for Gordon, and a sinister hand for Agnew. To-day we enjoy the shelter of the house from the pelting shower, and with its aged housekeeper —a worthy representative of the old Gallovidian class of domestics— we are soon on good terms, while sharing the comforts of her snug kitchen fire, under whose genial glow our spirits are considerably lightened. This good dame's show of weather-wisdom, however, was not so encouraging, and in our eager desire to be proceeding on our ramble, her predictions added somewhat to our uneasiness. After scanning the elements one of her characteristic replies to our queries was—"Weel, sirs, a' dinna ken ; but ye see sin' it has been sae lang drouthy it's no unlikli bit it may continae tae be weet for a day or twa noo, sine the weather ay pays its ain debt back best." Fortunately these predictions were unfulfilled. Ere noon the sun shone out brilliantly, clearing the mist from the valleys, and dispelling every fear and gloomy foreboding. Leaving Glencaird, we pass down by a rustic path through a field waving with nutritious grasses, and near Minnoch Bridge again reach the public road on the way to Glen Trool.

The day is now very fine, and after the lengthened drought the country seems to rejoice under the reviving influences of the shower. The rills have received new life, and seem more joyous, the fields and trees have already assumed a deeper green, the wild flowers by the wayside emit a richer fragrance, and the heather sheds on hill and knoll a purple bloom of glory !

CHAPTER XVII.

LOCH TROOL TO LOCH DEE.

AGAIN with a buoyant step we're away
O'er the sunny hills to roam;
Oh! merry and joyous we'll spend the day
Ere we reach our moorland home:
We will follow the bright and babbling stream
In its course thro' the bosky dell,
And the breezy moors, where in modest grace
Waves lightly the heather bell.

And musing, as memory's leaves we turn,
In fancy's eye will appear,
On the mountain path the leal and the brave,
The standard of freedom to rear:
And lightly we'll tread the hallowed spot
Where the Bruce's mighty sword
Taught English hosts that Scotia's sons
Could own no foreign lord!

We will linger in Trool's romantic glen,
And rest 'neath its shady bowers;
From the verdant glades of that fairy scene
We'll dreamily cull the flowers:
And down in the Caldon's woody retreat
Where in winter the wild winds rave,
And the murmuring stream a requiem sings
As it flows by the martyr's grave.

And Buchan's craggy steeps we will climb
Its dungeon of gloom to see,
And lose ourselves 'mong the gleaming lochs
In the course of the Doon and Dee:
And nature's good and benignant sway
Will charm our spirits to rest;
No worldly cares can vex us here,
In our home 'neath the mountain's crest!

THE romantic glen of Trool has long been a favourite resort of the lovers of picturesque scenery; and it is deservedly acknowledged by all who have visited it to be the finest Highland scene in the south of Scotland, and not inaptly termed the Southern Trossachs. Many

years ago the distinguished orator and statesman, Mr Bright, visited this district, and it is said, was so enchanted with the scene that he gave vent to his feelings in the lines :—

> "Land of the mountain, strath, and stream,
> Is it reality or but a dream?"

Apart from its natural beauties, few localities are so rich in ancient lore and historic memories as Glen Trool, being intimately associated with the haunts and chivalrous exploits of the Bruce in the struggle for Scotland's honour and independence, and with the solitary wanderings and sufferings of the martyred "Sons of the Covenant."

From a slight eminence on the farm of Stroan we obtained a very memorable view. When we reached it the glen was in a tearful mood; but ere long the sun peeping from behind a bank of clouds shone with a mellow radiance, causing the landscape to smile with verdant loveliness. The mist in curling wreaths now rose from the valleys, and the clouds drifting in mingled confusion over the deep blue of the summer sky cast their fantastic shadows on hill and plain.

To the lovers of landscape beauty this scene is at all times attractive, but when viewed under the sudden burst of sunshine after the shower, and from that distance which "lends enchantment to the view," it presents a scene of such picturesque beauty that the beholder is almost led to fancy he has been transported to some scene of fairyland. In the immediate foreground, and in unison with the pastorial beauties of the scene, a flock of hardy mountain sheep are nibbling the heathery scrub, while their impatient bleating, mingling with the eerie cry of the falcon soaring above, adds to, rather than lessens, the solitariness of the situation. On the moorland path the sunlight sleeps, revealing with a brilliant distinctness the feathery spray of the ferns, and shimmering, glistening foliage of the birch and mountain ash. The rocks and crags, gray with the hoar of time, jutting from the golden and brown moss or patches of bright verdure on the hillside, have a charming effect, and exhibit those pleasing tones of colour and light so captivating to the eye of the artist. With the addition of a group of stags in the foreground, this is just such a scene as Horatio MacCulloch would have loved to depict. In the middle distance the loch is seen almost surrounded by lofty hills, whose rugged precipitous sides—deeply furrowed by wintry torrents—mirrored in its "glassy, cool, translucent wave," deepen the poetic influences of the scene. Near the lake we have a glimpse of the Earl of Galloway's favourite shooting-

lodge, its sylvan shades and verdant surroundings forming a pleasant rest for the eye, in contrast to the sterility of the adjoining moors and mountains. From our point of sight the view is contracted, but through the openings in the intervening hills we can discern the bold outlines of the mountains above the sources of the Dee and Doon, whose sullen heads, penetrating the clouds, seem still "to guard and to guerdon the ancient haunts of the Bruce." The district around Glen Trool at one time formed part of the extensive forest of Buchan, and at a remote period, when the hills waved with noble woods from base to summit, it must have presented a scene of indescribable beauty. These woods were cut down as copse many years ago, and the sheep and goats having effectually destroyed the young shoots, the hills are now for the most part bare. We learned from the shepherds that, up to about the year 1876, the eagles had long chosen the mountainous and rugged precipices around Loch Trool as their eyrie, but that, seemingly annoyed by the improvements which have taken place around their ancient domain, they have retreated to "solitudes more profound," and are now, even in winter, rarely to be seen.*

The year 1684, to the beginning of 1685, was a period of such cruelty, oppression, and bloodshed in Scotland, that it has been emphatically called the "Killing time." The inhabitants of Galloway during that period were subjected to much persecution and annoyance. In the upper district of Carsphairn the notorious Sir Robert Grierson of Lag scoured the country with a band of merciless troopers, committing deeds of indescribable cruelty; while in the lower districts Graham of Claverhouse received a roving commission to seize the property and to dispose of the persons of all anywise affected with covenanting principles. So little sacred were the lives of individuals held during

* "There on the face of a cliff, near Glenhead, is the apparently very accessible eyrie where nested the last of the golden eagles of the southern uplands. Year after year they built up there, protected by the enlightened tenants of Glenhead, who did not grudge a stray lamb, in order that the noble bird might dwell in his ancient fastnesses, and possess his soul—for surely so noble a bird has a soul—in peace. As a reward for his hospitality, our guide has a better understanding of that great Isaian text, 'They shall mount up with wings as eagles,' than he can obtain from any sermon or commentary in the round world. For has he not seen the great bird strike a grouse on the wing, recover itself from the blow, then, stooping earthwards, catch the dead bird before it had time to fall to the ground? Also, he has seen the pair floating far up in the blue, only twin specks against the supreme azure. Generally only one of the young was reared to eaglehood, though sometimes there might be two; but on every occasion the old ones beat off their offspring as soon as they could fly, and compelled them to seek pastures new. Some years ago, however, in the later seventies, the eagles left Glenhead and removed to a more inaccesible rock crevice upon the rocky side of the Black Hill o' Buchan. But not for long, disturbed in his ancient seat, though his friends had done all in their power to protect them, he finally withdrew himself. His mate was shot by some ignorant scoundrel with a gun, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Loch Doon. We have no doubt that the carcase is the proud possession of some noble collector, to whom, as well as the original 'gunning idiot' as a mark of our esteem, we would gladly present, at our own expense, a tight-fitting suit of tar and feathers."—S. R. Crockett, in "The Leisure Hour," 1894.

that awful period, that not only single murders but wholesale massacres were indulged in by the lawless soldiery.

Among all the atrocities perpetrated in Galloway at this time, perhaps none exceeds in magnitude the one which these humble stones in the Caldons Wood, near the Loch of Trool, commemorate. In the quiet of a Sabbath morn of January, 1685, a few of the persecuted, undeterred by the rigour of the season, had assembled in the seclusion of this retreat to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, when they were suddenly surprised by a troop of dragoons, under the command of Colonel Douglas, and after a brief resistance six persons were killed. In this lone sequestered spot where they fell they were buried, and it is said that the monumental stone which Old Mortality erected over their common grave was the first of his chisel. It is a small stone about three feet high and two feet broad, and is carved in the rude and antique style which distinguishes the work of the solitary old enthusiast. It bears the following inscription :—

Here lyes
James and Robert
Duns, Thomas and
John Stevensons,
James M'Clive,
Andrew M'Call, who
Were surprised
At Prayer, in This
House, By Colnell
Douglas, Lievtnant
Livingstone, and

(turning to the back of the stone the inscription proceeds :—)

Cornet
James Douglas and
By them most Impious
ly And Cruelly
Murthered For Their
Adherence To Scot
lands Reformation
Covenants National
And Solemn League,
1685.

One of the party, by plunging into the lake, and keeping his head above water, covered by a heath bush, managed to conceal himself from the infuriated soldiers, and had a remarkable escape. Of the dragoons two were killed, one of whom, Captain Urquhart, was shot

under rather peculiar circumstances. As tradition narrates, he had that morning, exasperated by the difficulties of the road, sworn a dreadful oath that he would be revenged upon the unoffending Covenanters. He had dreamed that he would be killed at a place called the "Caldons," and while approaching the cottage of a shepherd in search of fugitives, he inquired the name of the place, on learning which he gave utterance to a fearful oath, and drew up his horse, uncertain whether to advance or retire. At that moment a shot fired from the window brought him to the ground.

During this period the men of Galloway played a prominent part, and it is with feelings of honourable pride and satisfaction we read of so many of its landed proprietors—among whom the Gordons were distinguished—being identified with the cause, and along with its upright and patriotic peasantry boldly taking their stand for national freedom—civil and religious. Among the mountain solitudes of Galloway our suffering ancestors sought a retreat from the fury of the persecutor: in the seclusion of its dank and dismal caves and dreary forest glades, by moaning rivers, they found a home, and often were forced in the shadow of its sequestered glens and rocky ramparts to worship the God of their fathers, when by the gleam of sheeted lightning the sacred volume was opened, and

> "* * * * leaning on his spear,
> The lyart veteran heard the word of God
> By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
> In gentle stream."

On these solitary moors, where the sighing winds and the music of the mountain stream sung their requiem, many of them have found a grave, and to the contemplative rambler, Galloway can show no objects of interest more honourable or ennobling than these humble monuments of its martyrs.

Again, reaching the highway, we proceed on our ramble and pass the shooting-lodge and cottages belonging to the Earl of Galloway, with the curious Gaelic name of "Eschonchan," or as it is written by Blaeu in his Atlas published upwards of 200 years ago, "Eshsheskewachan." These cottages are models of neatness and taste; and great improvements, by planting, draining, and otherwise, have recently been effected here. A gravel walk leads round the edge of the loch and up the hill, seats being placed in the most advantageous situations for catching glimpses of the surrounding scenery. The loch is situated in a deep glen, on either side of which rise lofty mountains. The hill of Mul-

donnoch rises on the one side of the water to the height of 1827 feet; while on the opposite bank the fell of Eschonchan is 1142 feet high.

At the head of the loch the site of the battle-field, where, in 1306, Bruce is said to have gained a victory over the English, is pointed out. It is said by Buonaparte "that poverty and hardship is the school for good soldiers," and assuredly the patriot king, after his defeat at Methven, when compelled to wander among the mountains, moors, and woods of his native land, had enough of such training. In Barbour's *Bruce* are narrated many perils and adventures of the king in the wilds of Carrick and Galloway, which it would be interesting to quote did space permit. His account of the encounter at Glentrool, which is generally looked upon as the most correct and trustworthy, we shall give in a condensed form for the benefit of our readers who may not have an opportunity of seeing the volume. Sir Aymer de Vallance, Earl of Pembroke, was told at Carlisle by spies that Bruce was in Glentrool hunting the deer for venison, then in season. He determined on surprising and capturing the king suddenly; and by riding at night, and keeping under cover during the day, got to within a mile of Bruce's party, who were lying, unaware of danger, in the romantic mountain pass at the head of Loch Trool, inaccessible for horsemen. Sir Aymer here held a council, and sent a woman, poorly dressed-up for the occasion, as a spy, to ask for charity at the lodge where the king was.

"The woman has he sene alswyth,
He saw hyr uncouth and forthi,
He beheld her mar encrely;
And by her countenance hym thocht
That for gud cummyn was sche nocht.
Then gert he men in by hyr ta,
And scho, that dred men suld hyr sla,
Tauld how that Schyr Aymery,
With the Clyffurd in company,
With the flour of Northumberland,
Waar cummand on thaim at thair hand."

The king had barely time to arm and set his men, consisting of 300 brave and trusty followers, in good array, till they were attacked by 1500 of the foe, with loud cries and noise. Here, as at Bannockburn, the king was foremost in the fight. With a bow and arrow taken from one of his men he "hit the foremost in the hals, till thrapple and weasand yeed in twa," and led the attack with such vigour and determination that the English were repulsed with the loss of a few men. The leaders, afterwards blaming each other for

the failure, quarrelled among themselves, and as Barbour quaintly chronicles,

> "And Sir Aymery, that was wise,
> Departed in Meikle pain,
> And went to Eng'and home again."

There are other accounts of the manner in which Bruce is said to have gained this victory over the English. Captain Dennistoun, a graphic, but not a very reliable writer, says that Bruce, taking up a position on the heights that rise almost precipitously from the margin of the lake, and considering the small body of troops he had at command, determined on using strategic measures to overcome the southern host. Taking advantage of the stony nature of the ground, he set his followers to loosen all the stones and boulders possible, and, by incessant labour during the still hours of night, on the morrow the huge fragments extended like the face of a wall along the breast of a hill for nearly half-a-mile. As the English army was marching up the defile, at a preconcerted signal the boulders were hurled down the declivity on their heads, causing such ruin and slaughter in their ranks that their hardiest veterans being dismayed retired in precipitate flight, and the whole of the English vanguard perished in the defile. This account appears probable enough, looking to the nature of the ground.

At the head of the loch is a verdant spot known as the "kirkyard meadow," supposed to be the burying-place of the southern soldiers who fell in the conflict, and in the vicinity are the "King's Cave" and the "Soldier's Holm," which tradition also associates with it.

Proceeding up the glen we pass the bridge over the Buchan burn, on which is inscribed the appropriate quotation :—

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood,
> Land of my sires, what mortal hand
> Can e'er untie the filial band
> That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

The course of this mountain torrent is very rocky and extremely wild, and were its waters in greater volume it would form a very picturesque subject. Its precipitous sides, profusely clad with moss and lichens, have many attractions for the botanist as well as the geologist. In the year 1894, the Rev. R. Macintosh reported to the Dumfries Antiquarian Society that he had discovered cup and ring markings on the rocks in this neighbourhood. But from the researches of those qualified to judge of the genuineness of these mysterious

symbols, it was found that the "cups and rings" to be seen on rock surfaces here in hundreds are only "the weathered rims of nodular pieces of metamorphic shales." Passing Buchan farm-house, a turreted baronial-looking building, we soon reach the farm-house of Glenhead, "lying snug among its trees, with the sleeping giants of the central hills set thick about it." After partaking of the refreshment provided for us by our hospitable friends at Glenhead, we enter the moor on the way to Loch Dee.

Depending upon the frank hospitality and honest kindness which in olden times characterised the peasantry of Galloway, we had taken little, save a few necessaries of apparel, in our knapsacks; and on arriving at Loch Dee had no reason to regret having done so. With the shepherd at Black Laggan, a lonely cot situated near the loch, we found comfortable quarters, and with the fresh mountain air and exercise as an appetiser, princely fare in the brimful "aschet" of ham and eggs, and "crumpie farles" of Scotia's oaten cake, which the "gude-wife" liberally supplied. After a brief period of rest, and having done ample justice to a substantial repast, we went out in the evening to take a sketch of the loch, and on retiring to rest, with the giant mountains keeping guard around, our slumbers were serene.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOCH DEE TO LOCH DOON AND WOODHEAD.

Loch Dee is a lonely mountain lake in a treeless waste, about five miles north-east of Loch Trool, and is only approachable by the pedestrian, or by very rough bridle roads. It is about one and a half miles in length, and a little more than three-quarters of a mile broad, its shores being barren and wild in the extreme. Heath and moss, rocks and stones without end, and jagged hills, with here and there bright verdant patches on their rugged sides, form the chief features of the landscape. Agriculture is nowhere to be seen, and the traveller might in a day's walk not alight on a human habitation. The whole region being one vast sheep farm, only here and there a solitary shepherd's sheiling is to be found in low sheltered places. The district is not opened up by roads, and its interesting character is but little known—its solitudes being seldom trodden save by the shepherd, the sportsman, and the student of Nature.

At the present time, however, the mystery associated with these practically inaccessible mountain solitudes is being gradually revealed by the incursion of adventurous pedestrians, camera in hand; and this wild region is not now the *terra incognita* it was when we first, thirty-three years ago, had in the company of our friend Mr Bruce, then of Slogarie, an enjoyable and instructive ramble through the whole of it.

In Mr S. R. Crockett's stirring romance of *The Raiders* these Galloway fastnesses are much in evidence. Amid the sublime solitudes of the Dungeon of Buchan, the drama of John Faa, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, fitly culminates. Thus, readers of the book becoming interested have a desire to penetrate and explore for themselves a district which Mr Crockett describes with the knowledge of one who, with staff in hand, has traversed like ourselves every foot of the "whaup-haunted" mountains and moors with which he has associated the names and lawless deeds of the reivers and robbers of his story. From the Bennan, where Patrick Heron, accompanied by Sammle Tamson as guide, philosopher, and honest friend in his venturesome search for May Maxwell, takes to the rough and wild moors, the moun-

tains, lochs, tarns, and mossy flows to be seen from the hill summits in the course of the river Dee to its source, and on to Glenhead and Loch Trool, are graphically and truthfully pictured and described by Mr Crockett.

From the great Corry that lies to the west of the Black Craig o' Dee, between the hill o' The Hope and the rig o' Craig Gilbert, they could see the "reeking chimneys of the steading o' Laggan o' Dee, and the links of the Black Water o' Dee, shining amid the dull yellows and grays of the grim morass through which it slowly made its way." From these heights they also saw the "untenanted onstead of Clattering Shaws, and the drove-road to the Cree Bridge, wimpling across the heather;" and in the prospect could track the cattle reivers from the little steading of Craignell on their route past Loch Dee and Loch Trool, as far as Glenhead, and up the narrow defile of the Gairland Burn, into that "tangle of lochs and mountains under the brow of Merrick, which formed their robbers' fastness."

Nothing can be greater than the contrast betwixt Loch Trool and Loch Dee. The former, surrounded by sylvan woods and bright verdure, merits the appellation of the southern Trossachs, while the latter, in the vicinity of Buchan's gloomy Dungeon, is a

> "Ruder and more savage scene,
> Like that which frowns round dark Loch Skene."

LOCH DEE.

Loch Dee abounds with trout, and nowhere could the angler with a taste for the sterner beauties of Nature spend a holiday more advantageously. About the time of our visit a monster trout was caught. It weighed no less than 12 lbs., and measured 32 inches in length, and is believed to have been the largest ever caught in the loch. Such large ones are now rare compared with what used to be the case, the increase of pike, now plentiful, having done much injury in this respect.*

With the shepherd at Loch Dee we spent the night very comfortably, and after partaking of an early and hearty breakfast started on our journey, being kindly "convoyed" by our host for a mile or so. Leaving the Black Laggan, our way lies along the margin of the loch, from which, as we approach, "the fisher heron, watching eels," takes wing, and with a heavy flight skims along the still dark waters, in which its image is beautifully reflected. Crossing the Dee at its source, which, in consequence of the unprecedented drought of the summer season, was easily accomplished by a single step, we see at some distance to our right the grounds of Craig-an-ell, Craig-an-bay, and Craig-an-cailzie, with which there are associations connected of no mean kind. The mountains, which in proud and sullen majesty rise around the source of the Dee, are rendered spirit-stirring by the memories of other times, and are calculated to arouse in the breast of the rambler feelings of patriotism and admiration of our ancestors. Being "the birthplace and cradle of our country's independence" under the patriot king, and as having afforded a safe retreat to our Covenanting forefathers from the fury of the persecutor, this district ought to be interesting to every lover of his country. Among these mountain solitudes the Bruce had many chivalrous adventures; and, after his defeat at Methven, while hunted as a fugitive, in the seclusion of this desolate region he found shelter, while sharing the humble hospitality of its brave and upright peasantry. Tradition represents Moss Raploch as the scene of a battle between Bruce and the English,

* "Around the lake, and amongst the grand, wild, and solitary hills in its immediate neighbourhood, where the lonely shepherd, and in autumn the grouse-shooter, are the only signs of human life to be met with, it is not remarkable that many of the rarer birds and animals, long since killed down in more frequented parts of the country, still exist. Among these the lordly eagle holds first rank, and often have I seen it in the forest of Buchan, winging its way to some high crag over the Loch of Dee or Doon. The buzzard, the peregrine falcon, the raven, the badger, or "brock," as the folk of the country called it (as they do in the north of Ireland also), the otter, the mountain fox, are still common, and a few real wild cats (nearly extinct in Scotland now) still hold their own, in wilds, where of old the savage wolf wandered over the mountains, the red deer made his abode in the forest, and the wild boar was numerous in the marshes. The osprey or "fishing eagle" is also still to be met with, and still, I believe, breeds annually in Ayrshire and Galloway; at all events, it did so since 1871, and is often to be observed by the seashore and sometimes also inland, by the more sequestered of the many mountain lakes."—Note to Capt. Clark Kennedy's "Robert the Bruce," 1884.

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CRAIGENCALZIE FROM MOSSRAPLOCH. John Copland.

and a number of years ago some fragments of broken weapons were turned up in the morass here. The king's stone, a large boulder

BRUCE'S STONE, MOSS RAPLOCH.

against which, according to tradition, Bruce rested after the battle, still stands at the foot of the moss. To the west of the Dee is seen at some distance the house of Craigencallie, where the king received the widow's hospitality, and enlisted into his service her three sons, who subsequently founded families of influence and position in Galloway, whose descendants, still owning some of these lands, are with us to this day. Although the account of the engagement is given by various Scottish historians, and is now pretty generally known, we prefer to give that from Symson's *Large Description of Galloway*, which is as follows:—

"King Robert, being by a part of the English army defeated in Carick, fled into the head of Lochdie to a few of his broken partie, and lodging in a widow's house, in Craigencallie, in the morning she, observing some of his princely ornaments, suspected him to be a person of eminence, and modestly asked him in the morning, if he was her Leidge Lord. He told her yes, and was come to

pay her a visit; and asked her if she had any sons to serve him in his distress. Her answer was, that she had three sons to three severall husbands; and that, if she was confirmed in the truth of his being their sovereign, they should be at his service. He askt her farther, if she could give him anything to eat. Her answer was, that there was litle in the house, but agust meal and goat's milk, which should be prepared for him; and while it was making ready, her three sons did appear, all lusty men. The King askt them if they wou'd chearfully engage in his service, which they willingly assented to; and when the King had done eating, he askt them what weapons they had, and if they could use them; they told him they were used to none but bow and arrow. So, as the King went out to see what had become of his followers, all being beat from him but 300 men, who had lodged that night in a neighbouring glen, he askt them if they could make use of their bows. M'Kie, the eldest son, let fly an arrow at two ravens, parching upon the pinacle of a rock above the house, and shot them through both their heads. At which the King smiled, saying, I would not wish he aimed at him. Murdoch, the second son, let fly at one upon the wing, and shot him through the body; but M'Clurg, the third son, had not so good success.

"In the meantime the English, upon the pursuit of K. Robert, were encamped in Moss Raploch, a great flow on the other side of Die. The King observing them, makes the young men understand that his forces were much inferior. Upon which they advised the King to a stratagem, that they would gather all the horses, wild and tame, in the neighbourhood, with all the goats that cou'd be found, and let them be surrounded and keept all in a body by his soldiers in the afternoon of the day, which accordingly was done. The neighing of the horses, with the horns of the goats, made the English, at so great a distance, apprehend them to be a great army, so durst not venture out of their camp that night; and by the break of day the King, with his small army, attacked them with such fury, that they fled precipitantly, a great number being killed; and ther is a very big stone in the centre of the flow, which is called the King's Stone to this day, to which he leaned his back till his men gather'd up the spoil; and within these thirty yeares, there were broken swords and heads of picks got in the flow, as they were digging out peats.

"The three young men followed close to him in all his wars to the English, in which he was successful, that at last they were all turned out of the Kingdom, and marches established 'twixt the two nations; and the soldiers and officers that followed him were put in possession of what lands were in the English hands, according to their merite. The three brothers, who had stuck close to the King's interest, and followed him through all dangers, being askt by the King what reward they expected? answered very modestly—That they never had a prospect of great things; but if his Majesty would bestow upon them the thirty-pound land of the Hassock and Comlodan, they would be very thankfull; to which the King chearfully assented, and they kept it long in possession."

As we advance the country becomes more and more wild, and merits well the remark made to us by a countryman, that "a' the riddlings o' creations had been thrown tae the Out Hill o' the Bush."

Proceeding on our way we ascend Elder Gower Point, and have before us in the Snibe, the Breesha, and the Dungeon, some grand savage scenery and wild precipitous rocks. Following the course of the Cooran lane we see to our right the shepherd's sheiling at the Back Hill o' Garrary, at one time named Downie Shiel, and leave behind us some magnificent views down the valley of the Dee. The adjoining mountains, Millfire, Corserine, Carlin's Cairn, Meaul, Little Millyea, Cairngarroch, Millfore, &c., with the gleaming tarns so plentiful in this region, add greatly to the interest of the scene. The district is rich in lochs of all sizes and shapes. On the way we pass the three lochs, named respectively the Long, Round, and Dry Loch of the Dungeon; also Loch Narroch, Loch Valley, and Loch Neldricken, near which last is the Murder Hole of *The Raiders*. The "Murder Hole" of

THE MURDER HOLE LOCH NELDRICHEN

tradition was situated near the Rowantree Schoolhouse, on the borders of Ayrshire and Galloway, but this did not suit the purpose of Mr Crockett's story, so, with the licence allowable to the poet and the painter, he removed it to Loch Neldricken, so as to give greater effect to his romance. "A part of this eastermost end of the loch, level as a green where they play bowls, and in daylight of the same smooth colour, but in the midst a black round eye of water, oily and murky, as though it were without a bottom, and the water a little arched in the middle. A most unwholesome place to look upon."

This is *The Raiders* Murder Hole pointed out to Patrick Heron by May Maxwell, the knife in her hand with which she had despatched the great bloodhound, "with white fangs dripping froth." Shortly after passing these lochs we had the ill fortune to be enveloped in an unmistakable Scotch mist, which retarded our progress considerably, and at one time looked so unpromising as to hold out small chance of our proceeding further that day. The clouds, which in the morning were rather ominous looking, were gathering thick on the Black Craig o' Dee, and beginning to look sullen and "dour," and all the high summits were soon shrouded in mist. The loch is nowhere to be seen, and the landscape, which before was sparkling in sunlight, has suddenly become dreary, bleak, and gruesome. Scrambling among the rocks and boulders in the drizzling mist we fairly lose our reckoning, and after some cogitation as to our position, and the possibility of our making "a leap in the dark" over some awful precipice, and becoming food for the ravens in this desert, or the chance of a ducking, if nothing more serious, in the Cooran lane for our temerity, should we attempt to proceed further, we determined on squatting behind a rock, as the least of two evils, to see how the elemental gods would favour our disinterested explorations. It was our intention, should we not be able to proceed further, to make for the Back Hill o' the Bush, and put up for the night; but in vain were all our efforts to pierce the mist. Dark as night is Buchan's Dungeon, and all around is cloud-capped and frowning, drear and bleak. Our situation behind the rock was rather unpleasant, but by sundry "nips" from our "pocket pistol," and the soothing pipe (here so much prized), we managed to keep ourselves tolerably comfortable, considering the circumstances; and, after a considerable period of suspense, had the good luck to see the day clear up. Heavy showers continuing to fall at intervals, and the prospect being rather discouraging, we set off at the "double quick," as no shelter better than the face of the rock is to be had here. So we would earnestly warn the tourist against being overtaken by fogs, or being benighted in this district, as there is no house of any description to which he could repair.

The scenery of the Dungeon of Buchan is of the wildest description, being composed of stupendous cliff elevations and rocky ramparts. On looking up, as the eye ranges along this "thunder-battered" cliff line, in some places as regular as a fortress wall, in others tossed into weird-like forms, or scooped into far-reaching corries, the spectator is impressed with feelings of awe, wonder, and admiration. It was at the Dungeon of Buchan that Patrick Heron, the hero of *The Raiders*, and

"that very honest man," Sammle Tamson, parted, both very heavy at heart. Their feelings were too deep for utterance. Sammle could only turn on his heel, and with much emotion stammer out his blessing on the youth in his quest—

"The God of Jacob be your reward."

With the loneliness of his situation among the silence of the everlasting hills Patrick was dumb. "The great clouds were topping the black and terrible ramparts opposite to me. Along the long cliff-line, scarred and broken with the thunderbolt, the clouds lay piled, making the Merrick, the Star, the Dungeon, and the other hills of that centre boss of the hill country look twice their proper height. The darkness drew swiftly down like a curtain. The valley was filled with a steely blue smother. From the white clouds along the top of the Dungeon of Buchan fleecy streamers were blown upwards, and swift gusts spirited down. Behind, the thunder rolled like a continuous roll of drums, and little lambent flames played like devils' smiles about the grim features of Breesha and the Snibe. Yonder were the frowning rocks of the Dungeon itself farthest to the north, and that great hollow-throated pass through which still a peep of sunshine mistily shot down, bore the grim name of the Wolf's Slock. Thither I must climb. Yet though there was no light in it, it was through it I could best see the hell-brew of elements which was going on up there. Here on the side of the opposite brae did I lie face down on the grass and heather and look upward. The wind came in curious extremes. Now in low warm puffs and gusts, and then again in sharp, cold *bensles* that froze the blood in one's veins."

The whole of this wild district at one time formed part of the extensive forest of Buchan, and Lord Kennedy of Cassilis bore the title of "Ranger of the Forest of Buchan." In these days (A.D. 1500) it occupied an immense area, including large tracts in the parishes of Straiton, Dalmellington, Carsphairn, Minnigaff, and Kells. The following modern farms were all included in the forest:—The farm of Buchan (the house of which stands near Loch Trool), 9999 acres in extent; the shepherds call it the "four nines." There were also Portmark, Arrow, Lamloch, Lochhead, the Star, Shalloch o' Minnoch, Tarfessoch, Palgowan, Stroan, Dungeon o' Buchan, Glenhead, Garrary, Castlemady, the Bush, the Cooran Lane, Polmaddy, and others, over which the Cassilis family then ranged as undisputed owners.

Sir Andrew Agnew, in his *Sheriffs of Galloway*, says:—"Much

of the so-called Forest was bare rocky heath, but there was also a great extent of wood. There were in it some rich and well-sheltered pasturages, and many beautiful glens, the whole abounding with game." Large Trunks of trees are often turned up, most of them still undecayed, which, on being dried, are much used for lighting fires, and are excellent for the purpose. The Dungeon o' Buchan and the Merrick are the most prominent features in these mountain scenes, among whose solitary retreats, so late as 1684, Symson writes, "are *very large* red deer, and about the top thereof that very fine bird called the mountain partridge, or, by the commonalty, the *tarmachan*, about the size of a red cock, and its flesh much of the same nature; it feeds, as that bird doth, on the seeds of the bulrush, and makes its protection in the chinks and hollow places of thick stones from the insults of the eagles, which are in plenty, both the large grey and the black, about that mountain." A ptarmigan is said to have been shot near the Dungeon of Buchan, now the property of the Earl of Galloway, so late as the year 1820.

"Lord Kennedy," says the author above quoted, "delighted in the title of 'Ranger of the Forest of Buchan;' and a nobler field for the wild sports of the chiefs of former days could hardly be imagined. Many hunting-lodges were here kept up for his convenience, of which, to this day, there are numerous remains. Of these, his favourite stood under the Dungeon of Buchan, on a pretty green knoll, surrounded by three small lakes; it was called Hunt Hall, and a choice spot it was for a sporting rendezvous. Garrary was another of his haunts, and also Polmaddy, where shepherds still tell that the food for Cassilis's hounds was prepared in former days."

In old times the rocks and cliffs of Buchan were famous for a kind of moss known as corklit, used for dyeing, the gathering of which formed a livelihood for the peasantry. At one time it was much used for dyeing soldiers' coats. From a shepherd's wife was gleaned the following rhyme, which we give as a curiosity :—

> "The Slock, Millquharker, and Craignine,
> The Brishie and Craignaw;
> The five best hills for corklit
> John Tamson ever saw."

The names of many of the hills in this region are peculiar, and in the Gaelic most expressive—*e.g.*, Millyea, in Gaelic *(Meall Liath)*, the grey hill; Millfore *(Meall Fuar)*, *Meall Mhōr (vore)*, great hill; Cairngarroch, rough cairn; Benyellary *(Beanu iolaire)*, hill of the eagles;

Wolf's Slock, the Wolf's Hole, Brockloch *(Broclach)*, a badger warren; Curleygower, the goat's peak; Curleywee, peak of the winds; Garroch, a rough stoney place; Loup o' Laggan, &c.*

In a level moss, opposite the Dungeon, is a cairn, where it is said an old woman perished, and is buried. It is supposed that she was coming from Ayrshire into Galloway, and a shepherd told us that many years ago he had seen a shred of the woman's tartan cloak at the place. The late Mr Barbour of Bogue, in his *Tributes to Scottish Genius*, narrates a story somewhat similar to this. He states that in 1826 the shepherd on the farm of Buchan observed a stot carrying a bone. The animal seemed unwilling to lay it down; and on the shepherd examining it, it appeared to be the bone of a human body. On being convinced of this, he, along with another shepherd, carefully examined the spot where the animal was first observed to carry the bone, and on the top of a benty knoll the mutilated skeleton of a human body was discovered. On the circumstances being communicated to George Campbell, farmer in Garrary, he accompanied them to the spot, and assisted in burying the bones. Subsequently he composed the following poem on the subject :—

Far, far from haunt of human ken,
Where eagles soar around,
There, fenced by rocks, embanked by moss,
Thy lonely grave is found.

From whence or why roamed here thy steps,
Amid this desert drear?
Some wild delirium o'er thy brain
Has made thee wander here.

Perchance some hard unfeeling wretch
Has broke thy heart with woe
And thou has sought this place remote
To bleach those bones of snow.

But quietly now thy head reclines
Beneath that tufted sod—
While he that wrought thy woe, perhaps,
Is cursed, and far from God.

No brother, sister, parent came
With sympathetic tear;
No drooping mourner from afar,
To lay thee on thy bier!

* These derivations are quoted from "Studies in the Topography of Galloway" by Sir Herbert Maxwell, 1887.

No dead-night taper o'er thy grave
Has e'er been seen to hover;
Or sure some shepherd's friendly hand
Had come these bones to cover.

But roosting vermin from the rocks
Came down in dark array
To waste thy flesh—part of thy bones
They've carried far away.

To yon blue sky-mixed mountain's brow,
By griping vulture's claw,
Far carried hence—wild fox's fangs
Thy gory fragments gnaw.

How shall thy grave give up its dust,
When time shall be no more;
Thy mortal part thus far dispersed
From hill to ocean shore?

Thy scattered dust shall gathered be
On that tremendous day,
When every atom shall come forth
To join its kindred clay.

A shepherd's wife told us of a funeral of the herd's wife at Back Hill-of-Bush: On proceeding to Dalry they were overtaken by a snow-drift, and had to lay the corpse three days on the mountain-path over the Millfore.

At the Dungeon we observed specimens of the filmy-fern (*hymenophyllum Wilsonii*), the three British Lycopodiums (*clavatum selago* and *alpinum*). There is also here in plenty the blaeberry plant (*vaccinium uliginosum*), with its pretty little crimson bells; the crow-berry, and the cowberry (*vaccinium vitis idæa*), the badge of the clan M'Leod.

The mountains in this district everywhere give striking evidence of glacial action. The rocks are mostly schist, whinstone, and grey granite. Rock crystals have been occasionally found among the crags. On the Black Craig o' Dee (so called probably from the darkness of its aspect when viewed in the sunshine after a shower) rock crystals are often seen. No district can surpass this region for its geological interest. As it had been illustrated by the researches and discoveries of Mr Jolly, we shall give in a condensed form the subject of a lecture which he delivered to the Edinburgh Geological Society during the spring of 1868.

Mr Jolly, in describing the glacier *debris* found in this highest and wildest region of the South of Scotland, says that the boulder-clay or

till is abundant everywhere. The Merrick (2760 feet), the highest summit south of the Grampians, is a notable example of a clay-clad mountain, a thick layer of till overlaying it to the very summit. A deep deposit is found on its shoulder, behind the shepherd's hut at Culsharg, the highest inhabited dwelling in Galloway, remarkable as occurring so near the highest point of the Southern Highlands. Here a deposit of great thickness fills up a pre-glacial valley, through which the present streamlet has cut a deep gully, the banks of *debris* rising at an acute angle from the water. The valley of the Minnock is very rich in boulder-clay, especially the tributaries from the Merrick range. The deposits are remarkably good in Glen Trool, the central granite plateau, the Dee, the Ken, and the Pulharrow. Speaking of the moraines, which are numerous in this district, Mr Jolly says—"The finest moraine, and perhaps the most striking geologic sight in the region, is that of Loch Valley, in the central plateau. At the head of a steep wild glen, a huge barrier, like a rampart or earthwork, stretches across the valley, damming back the waters of the deep lake. There could be no more striking example of a moraine-formed lake, in which the dam has that assertive artificial look so demonstrative of deposited glacial detritus. A moraine near Culsharg is very striking—the great dam running across the glen being sliced out in the centre by a steep cutting, through which the waters of a deep lake had issued. Several fine moraines are found on the Trool and Pulharrow. One of the most decided barriers of *debris* is situated at the upper end of Loch Dungeon, a bleak lake right under the precipitous and furrowed front of Milldown, at the source of the Pulharrow. A burn entering the lake has cut through a splendid moraine that abuts on one side against the mountain precipice, and this gateway of the river at once catches the eye even amidst the gloom and grandeur of the scene." Mr Jolly next notices the boulders and perched blocks so plentiful in the region. Those around Loch Valley are literally numberless, and on the very crest of the Merrick, 1000 feet above the granite plateau, there are many huge granite blocks. The rocking stones, so prevalent on the higher Galloway hills, Mr Jolly regards as poised naturally, their exquisite balance being due to weathering of the rock, motion by the winds, and the necessary keeping of the centre of gravity where the mass has been sufficient to resist the tempests. The rock-bound lake basins—Lochs Trool, Enoch, and Dungeon—he mentions as especially striking. Loch Enoch is the most apparent rock-basin in the district, being situated on the highest part of the granite plateau, absolutely

bare, grassless, treeless, and weirdly wild, every cape, peninsula, and island showing the severest ice-action. The name of Loch Enoch is said to be a corruption of "Loch in Loch," and from one of its islands having a loch on it. On one of the islands in this loch the raiders of Crockett's story lived and perished. Patrick Heron of the tale speaks of it thus :—

"Presently I was on the topmost ridge of all, and crawling a few paces, I looked down upon the desolate waste of Loch Enoch under the pale light of the stars. It is not possible that I should be able to tell what I saw, but I shall try.

I saw a weird, wide world, new and strange, not yet out of chaos nor yet approven of God, but such a scene as there may be on the further side of the moon, which no man hath seen or can see. I thought with some woe and pity on the poor souls condemned, though it were by their own crimes, to sojourn there. I thought also that, had I been a dweller so far from ordinances and the cheerful faces of men, it might be that I had been no better than the outlaw men ; and I blamed myself that I had been so slack and careless in my attendance on religion, promising (for the comfort of my soul as I lay thus breathing and looking) that when I should be back in Rathan, May and I should ride each day to church upon a good horse, she behind me on a pillion, and the thought put marrow into me. But whether grace or propinquity was in my mind, who shall say ? At anyrate, I bethought me that God could not destroy a youth of such excellent intentions. But this is what I saw, as clearly as the light permitted : A huge conical hill in front, the Hill of the Star, glimmering snow-sprinkled, as it rose above the desolation of Loch Enoch and the depths of Buchan's Dungeon. To the right the great steeps of the Merrick bounding upward to heaven like the lowest step of Jacob's ladder. Loch Enoch beneath, very black, set in a grey whiteness of sparse snow and sheeted granite. Then I saw in the midst of all the Island of Outlaws, and on it, methought, a glimmering light."

"Loch Enoch," says the Rev. Thomas Grierson in *Autumnal Rambles*, "is in some respects one of the most remarkable anywhere to be seen. It contains several islands, in one of which is a small lake said to be well stocked with trout ; and it is so indented by headlands, that keeping close to its margin would perhaps double its circumference, which may be estimated at about three miles. A more desolate, dreary, unapproachable scene, can hardly be imagined. All its shores are of granite, bleached by the storms of ages, which, in such a region, probably 1200 feet at least above the sea, must rage with tremendous fury. It is intersected by dykes of granite, resembling artificial piers ; and, as there are no woods, and deep water from the very edge, it is particularly favourable to the angler, who may in the course of a few hours fill his basket with trout, scarcely averaging herring size, but

some of which cut up red, and are of fine quality. Some of its bays contain abundance of beautiful granite sand, much prized for sharpening scythes." Enoch is the largest and gloomiest loch of the region. "A wild tormented chaos of greyness," situated more than half-way up the Merrick. "Strangest sight in all this south Galloway of strange sights is Loch Enoch. So truly another world that we cannot wonder that the trouts of this strange water high among the hills decline to wear their tails in the ordinary fashion of common and undistinguished trouts in lowland lakes." The trouts have one side of their tails worn away, it is supposed, by the friction of the sharp granite sand.

Leaving the Dungeon, on our way to Loch Doon, we have to cross a dreary morass of vast extent, over which the eye stretches, in one monotonous sweep, as far as the Carrick Hills.* With the exception of the Carlin's Cairn, there is nothing particularly worthy of note betwixt the Dungeon and Loch Doon; the surrounding tracts of country showing hardly anything else than broad flats of heath, hills, mountains, lochs, and gloomy morasses. In the words of the poet, we are surrounded on all sides

> By hills and streams,
> And melancholy deserts, where the sun
> Saw, as he passed, a shepherd only here
> And there, watching his little flock.

After a long and fatiguing walk through the moss, we reach Loch Doon. This loch lies on the confines of Galloway and Ayrshire. It is about eight miles in length, and from half-a-mile to three quarters in breadth. When viewed from a distant eminence it has more the appearance of a river than a lake. It is surrounded by lofty hills both on the Galloway and Carrick sides, those on the Galloway side being green and grassy, and excellent for sheep pasture, to which they are almost entirely devoted. Those on the Carrick side are wild and solitary, with nought but rocks and heather.

By the tunnels which have been formed, so as to prevent the

* By the way the rambler cannot fail to observe the Carlin's (or witches') Cairn on the summit of the Kells Rhynns. It is a very conspicuous object at a great distance; and from its summit, which is very difficult of ascent, there is an extensive prospect embracing "the Irish Coast, the Isle of Man, Ailsa Craig, and Cumberland Hills, and the Highlands, nearly as far as Stirling." According to "Unique Traditions," the Cairn was erected by the wife of the Miller of Polmaddy, who, on Bruce taking refuge at the mill when pursued by the English, concealed him among sacks of corn behind the *happer* of the mill, and effected his escape. In happier times Bruce rewarded his protectress with a grant of land in the neighbourhood of Polmaddy. She in return wished to raise a monument to the memory of the king for the generous gift; and, sometime after she brought together all her neighbours and kinsfolk, and caused them to carry a quantity of stones to an extreme ridge of the Kells Rhynns, in sight of Carrick, and overlooking the head of Loch Doon, and there she erected what is now known as the Garlin's Cairn.

waters of the lake, when swollen by heavy rains, from overflowing the extensive tracts of meadow land along the banks of the river Doon, its waters have been lowered considerably from their original level, and the exposure of tracts of barren sand, gravel, and stone, on its banks, detracts considerably from its beauty.

About half way across the loch is an islet, on which are the ruins of an old castle, of an octagonal form. This tower appears to have

LOCH DOON.

been of considerable strength, but of its history or origin we have been able to glean no very satisfactory account. It is called Balliol Castle, and is supposed to have been a seat of the ancient lords of Carrick. There is a hill near by, still named the Brucian hill, where tradition relates the holders of the castle encountered and defeated the English. Tytler, in his *History of Scotland*, says "that in the years 1306, Sir

Christopher de Seaton, who had married a sister of King Robert Bruce, and had rendered essential service to the king, took refuge in his own castle of Doon, but it was pusillanimously given up to the English by Sir Gilbert de Corrie, the hereditary keeper of the fortess, and Seaton, being obnoxious to King Edward on account of his having been present at the death of Comyn, was immediately carried to Dumfries and executed."

In the dry summer of 1826 nine boats or canoes of great antiquity were discovered by some fishing parties from Dalmellington, sunk in the lake near the island. They are thus described in appendix to *History of Galloway:* "They were each formed of a single oak tree, hollowed out, and were shaped somewhat like a fishing-coble. One measured 20 feet in length, by 3 feet 3 inches broad; another 16½ feet by 2 feet 10 inches; the third 22 feet by 3 feet 10 inches. The largest of them was forwarded to the museum of Glasgow, and the others were sunk in a place made for them at the foot of the loch for preservation and the gratification of the curious. In one of the canoes were found a battle-axe and the sole and upper part of a lady's shoe. The sole was entire; the upper part, which had been seamed to the sole by fine thongs, being much decayed. These were at one time in the possession of the late Joseph Train."

As we proceed over the hill to Lamloch, fine glimpses of the loch, with the neat cottages on its banks, are obtained; and on ascending the hill, Dalmellington, with the smoke of the furnaces in that neighbourhood, is seen. The influences of the scenery were deepened by the dark sultry clouds which, hanging on the western horizon, poured their moisture on the parched and thirsty earth. A moving mass of cloud edges over the face of the sun, through which his rays, in light and streaming lines, play with beautiful effect on the gleaming lochans and the dark masses of rock and gloom around the Slock of the Star. Soon the clouds deepen, the sun and the sky are obscured, and a heavy shower overtakes us in our ascent of the Lamloch hill. Worn out and fatigued with our long trudge among

> "Heather, mosses, 'mong frogs, and bogs, and fogs;
> 'Mongst craggy cliffs and thunder-battered hills,"

we are not in a mood to appreciate aright the beauties which lie before us; so again setting "a stout heart to a stey brae," footsore and weary, make the best of our way over the hills to Lamloch, distant about a mile from Woodhead, where we stayed for the night, and met with much hospitality.

CHAPTER XIX.

WOODHEAD TO CARSPHAIRN AND DALRY.

After our long and devious walk among the wilds on the previous day, we felt no disposition to be early astir on the morning of this our ramble from Lamloch through the Glenkens. Ere we felt inclined again to lift the staff and wallet and sally forth from the mansion of our hospitable entertainer, the forenoon was pretty far advanced. The day, however, was delightful, and though the sun shone out brilliantly it was tempered by such a refreshing breeze from the hills as to make pedestrian exercise pleasant.

CROSS AT GARRYHORN.

Leaving Lamloch we take the road to Woodhead, a mining village in an exposed situation amongst the hills. These mines were discovered in 1838, and the minerals found are lead, copper, zinc, and a little silver. In the following year this upland solitude was converted into a stirring scene of operative industry, and the village rose to have a population of about three hundred. From various causes, the workings of these mines have been abandoned for several years.

This upland district in the days of prelatic persecution was assigned to Grierson of Lag. Garryhorn, which we have now reached, was his headquarters. The bed on which he slept was preserved here entire till within a few years of our visit, and is described by Simpson, in *Traditions of the Covenanters*, as being very strong, pannelled with boards of black oak, overlapping each other like tiles on the roof of a house. There was formerly at the foot of it a sort of kennel in which he kept a number of dogs, which were employed in hunting and in scenting out the

hiding-places of the Covenanters. The bed, on being broken up, disappeared piecemeal into the hands of relic hunters. Near the farm-house of Garryhorn there is to be seen a stone with an incised cross sculptured on it as shown in the engraving. It is supposed to have been brought here many years ago from a cairn in the neighbourhood.

The upper strath of the Ken is extremely beautiful. The green swelling hills, with their deep garries boldly relieved in light and shade, and the magnificent mountain, the highest of the three Cairns mores, towering on our left, Carsphairn village reposing in its shadow, and the manse in a pretty situation, on the banks of the stream glinting in the sunlight, form a beautiful picture. Carsphairn village consists of a few scattered houses, with a parish church, manse, and school situated near it. There is also a good inn—the favourite *howff* of anglers in this famous fishing district.

This parish was formed in 1540 by detaching from Dalry the district lying between the Ken and the Deuch, and from the parish of Kells the district lying westward from the Deuch to the shire of Ayr, and the Polmaddy burn on the south. It obtained the name of Carsphairn from the extensive flat lying on the east side of the Deuch on which the church was placed. Soon after it was constituted John Semple was called to be its minister. He was a pious, faithful, and laborious minister, but being one of the protesters in 1657 he was apprehended with others at Edinburgh in 1660 and cast into prison, where he lay for ten months. He was afterwards brought before the council, tried, and dismissed. Returning home to his parish he continued to preach till his death in 1677.

In what are called the gold wells of Cairnsmore, it is said* that a Dr Dodds, a sort of alchemist in his day, collected the gold dust from the water; and near the roadside, on the lands of Lagwine, he erected his smithy for converting the gold into the coinage of the West Indian Islands. On the seclusion of his retirement being disturbed by some officers of the Crown sent to apprehend him, it is generally believed in the district that he threw his whole coining apparatus into what is commonly known as the green well of Lagwine. This well is in the middle of a solid rock; is about thirty feet in circumference; is supposed to have no outlet, and though much rubbish has been thrown

* "Statistical Account," Carsphairn Parish.

into it at different times, it is still of great depth. At one time its waters were used as a cure for scorbutic diseases. The Doctor was tried at Edinburgh, but it is not known what became of him afterwards.

From the summit of Cairnsmore (2696 feet) there is, when the weather is favourable, an extensive and splendid prospect of the whole surrounding country far and near. As we proceed, Knockgray is seen to the left situated on a rising ground, the country around this mansion showing very marked signs of improvement. The late proprietor of this estate, who died in London on 21st December, 1894, was a loyal, and in some respects, a distinguished son of the Province. He was educated at Eton, and at the age of fifteen developed literary tastes by organising and conducting a magazine under the title of the *Eton Review*. Leaving Eton he obtained a commission in the Coldstream Guards, and became Lieutenant in 1872, Captain in 1874, quitting the service the same year. In 1877 he visited Norway and Lapland, and published the result of his travels. He was a frequent contributor of sporting stories and angling and hunting songs to the magazines and local journals. The works by which he is best known are—*The Birds of Berks and Bucks, by an Eton Boy; To the Arctic Regions and back in six weeks;* and *Robert the Bruce, a Poem Historical and Romantic.** A short distance farther on is the old bridge of Deuch, where we take the road to the right, and proceed down the west side of the river. Near this bridge is the famous "Tinker's loup," on the Deuch, where tradition says a tinker and a person of the name of Clement performed the feat of leaping from the right bank of the chasm to the left, a distance of sixteen feet four inches.

The remains of Dundeuch Castle, at one time the residence of a Gordon, a branch of the family of Kenmure, and deputy-ranger of the Forest, is in the immediate neighbourhood. It is, along with other houses and yeomen, described in the "Call to Arms," in the *Battle of Craignilder*, by Captain Denniston, thus:—

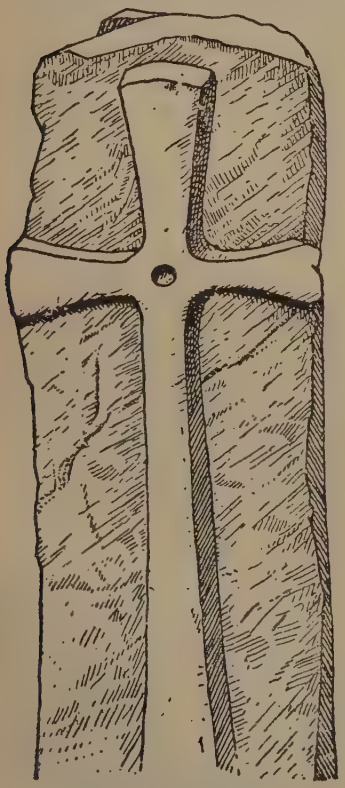
> Dundeuch has blawn his trumpet-horn;
> Holm threw his flail amang the corn;
> And Lamloch's left his crap unshorn;

* The Kennedys of Knockgray claim to be descended from the old Celtic Thanes who ruled over Carrick when that district formed a portion of Galloway. Knockgray was purchased by the Rev. Alexr. Kennedy, minister of Straiton, born 1663. His great grand daughter, Anne, married 10th Septr., 1781, John Clark, Esq. of Nunland, also in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright; and their eldest son, Colonel Alexander Clark-Kennedy, succeeded in 1835 to the estate of Knockgray. An honourable augmentation was granted to his arms, in commemoration of his having, when in command of the centre squadron of the Royal Dragoons at Waterloo, captured the eagle and colours of the 105th Regiment of French Infantry with his own hand ("Scottish Nation" vol. ii., p. 609). His son, Colonel John Clark-Kennedy, C.B., was commandant of the Military Train, and a very distinguished officer; after serving many campaigns he lost his life in the Abyssinian War. He was father of the late Captain Clark-Kennedy.

Tinkler's Loup.

And hurried to the trysting thorn,
And Todstone cantered through the burn
Wi' twenty at his back, man;
And stout Knockgray
And mony mae,
Sped after on their track, man.

Dalshangan House, a handsome modern edifice with a quaint tower, is seen to the left of the road, surrounded by stately trees. It belonged to the late Alexander Trotter, M.D., who died there 25th May, 1901. The literary and artistic tastes of his grandfather and father were inherited by the doctor; and a short time before his death he published a very entertaining and informative book, under the title of *East Galloway Sketches*. It is a bulky, illustrated volume, and comprises historical and descriptive accounts of the castles, abbeys, and villages of the Stewartry, interspersed with the lives of eminent men connected with the district. From a brief biographical sketch prefixed to the volume we learn that Dr Alexander Trotter was born at Auchencairn in the year 1835; that he was the second son of Dr Robert Trotter, the famous "Muir Doctor" of the Glenkens, the late Dr Robert Trotter, author of *Galloway Gossip*, who died at Perth in 1907, being the eldest son. In the year 1858 he passed as surgeon at Glasgow University, and in 1863 received the degree of M.D. from the University of St. Andrews. In 1859 he settled at Blyth, in Northumberland, and attained a leading position as a medical practitioner in the district. Always strongly attached to his native place in Galloway, he seldom failed, previous to his retiring to Dalshangan, to spend some weeks every year in Auchencairn, where he was well known by the older inhabitants. It is picturesquely situated



CROSS AT DALSHANGAN.

on the banks of the Deuch, and commands views of varied beauty and interest. At the lodge of Dalshangan there is to be seen a stone with a cross on it in relief, said to have been got at Bardenoch, Carsphairn. Tradition also says that the cairns from which the cross at Garryhorn and this one were taken marked the spots where chiefs were buried after a great battle, and at the cairn of Carnanock, Dalmellington, were buried the chiefs of the other side.* As we saunter down the vale, Knocknalling House is also passed on the way—the proprietor, Colonel J. M. Kennedy, being the representative of a very ancient Galloway family, dating from 1473. About the end of last century there migrated from this secluded valley five young men of humble means, Adam and George Murray, James M'Connell, and John and James Kennedy, to whom may be in a great measure attributed the founding and developing of the cotton manufacturing industries of Manchester. A very interesting account of the career of Mr John Kennedy is given in Smiles's *Industrial Biography*.

The Old Tower of Earlston is seen on the opposite bank of the river, peeping over the trees of the dense wood which surrounds it. There is a legend that Gordon of Earlston, who was a disciple of Wycliffe, was the first layman in Scotland who possessed a New Testament in the vulgar tongue, which, it is said, he used to read to his neighbours in the woods of Airds.

From an interesting volume, *The War Committee of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright*, we extract the following, relative to this ancient family :—

"The family of Earlston were amongst the first in Scotland to adopt the opinions of the Reformation, and were zealous in maintaining the Presbyterian form of worship during all the attempts which were made to establish Episcopacy as the national form of Church government in Scotland. Shortly after Sideserfe had been appointed Bishop of Galloway in 1634, Alexander Gordon of Earlston having opposed the settlement of a minister who was very unacceptable to the inhabitants of the parish, was summoned by the bishop to appear before the Diocesan Commission Court, and failing to obey, was fined and banished to Montrose. He afterwards took an active part with the Covenanters, was at the Assembly of 1638, and was one of the Commissioners for the Stewartry in the Parliament of 1641. In 1663, when a curate was presented

* The history of this fine specimen of a sculptured stone at Dalshangan Lodge is not without an interest of its own. It is believed on fairly good authority to have once stood on a heather-clad spot near Carsphairn Village, called the "Crumock Knowes." At a point there, at anyrate, the Ordnance Map shows a standing stone, and in searching for its probable sites I found a somewhat suspicious looking mound. The stone is a thick squarish block of porphyry two feet high. The arms of the cross which project in pretty high relief measure five inches each, and at their junction is a small circular hole.—"The Standing Stones of the Stewartry" by F. R. Coles.

EARLSTON TOWER. John Copland.

by the bishop as qualified for the charge of the parish of Dalry, William Gordon of Earlston was required, as being patron, and a person of influence in the parish, to countenance his induction. With this injunction, after stating his reasons, he refused to comply, and was cited before the Council to answer for his contumacy. The Council being a short time after that informed that he kept conventicles and private meetings at his house, and had also attended several conventicles in Corsock wood and the wood of Airds, at which Mr Gabriel Semple, the ousted minister of Kirkpatrick-Durham, had officiated, passed a most rigorous act against him, in which he is commanded to be banished from the kingdom within a month, and not to return under pain of death, and that he live peaceably during that time under the pain of ten thousand pounds, or otherways to enter his person in prison. It would however appear that he did not obey this sentence, as in 1667, after enduring many hardships, he was by Bannatyne and his party of troops turned out of his house, which was then made a garrison. He subsequently suffered much persecution, and at length, in 1679, having sent his son forward to the army of the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge, he was hastening forward himself to their assistance, not knowing of their defeat, when he was met by a party of English dragoons, and, refusing to surrender, was immediately killed. Alexander Gordon, his son, who was in the action at Bothwell Bridge, upon the defeat of the Covenanters, fled from the field, and escaped by the ingenuity of one of his tenants, who, recognising him as he was pursued through Hamilton, made him dismount, and concealing his horse's furniture, dressed him in women's clothes, and sent him to rock the cradle. He was declared outlawed, and fled into Holland; but having returned, he was apprehended at Newcastle in 1683 on board a ship bound for Holland, and sent to Newgate, from whence he was taken to Scotland, where, after he had been several times examined by the Council, he was sentenced to be executed at the Cross of Edinburgh. This sentence was not, however, carried into execution; but, after having been put to the torture, he was by the influence of the Duke of Gordon reprieved from time to time, and at last was sent to the Bass, where he remained until he was released at the Revolution."

Earlston Linn is a short distance from the Tower, and has a very bold and grand effect as it dashes and rushes in its unrestrained fury over the rocky precipices into the eddying pools below.

The scenery of this lower and more cultivated district of the Glenkens, presents from almost every point, a series of views so rich and varied as fully to vindicate the fame which it has acquired. At no season are its natural beauties seen to greater advantage than in early summer. The trees are in full leaf, and the hill-sides are adorned with golden broom and hawthorn spray. The bright emerald green of the meadows by the river's-side contrasts beautifully with the gray rocks on the hills, crowned with scant herbage. In the deep glens the spring flowers still linger, while on the sunny knowes the flowers

of summer have appeared in full blow; and in the woods a choir of joyous birds are chanting their "woodnotes wild"—the whole forming a most inviting rural picture.

The scenery, moreover, has a deeper interest from the historical associations and legendary lore of which the district is so full. Dr Alexander Murray, the linguist, spent some of his schooldays at New-Galloway; Dr Thomas Brown, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Edinburgh University, resided for sometime at Balmaclellan Manse with his brother-in-law and sister, Mr and Mrs Thomson, and there wrote his poem, *Agnes;* and Robert Burns for a short time enjoyed the hospitality of the house of Kenmure, and has immortalised the name in his song of "O' Kenmure's on and awa'. Willie." The biographer of Joseph Train, the antiquary, relates an anecdote of this visit of the poet's which illustrates well the noble and unselfish spirit of the bard:—"Burns and Mr Syme having spent a happy night at Kenmure Castle, next morning the hospitable proprietor took them down the loch in his boat, that they might the better contemplate the scenery. The party included the Rev. John Gillespie," father of the Rev. William Gillespie, hereafter mentioned, page 271. "When they reached the point where their host intended to land and walk home with Mr Gillespie, taking a shot by the way, he caused the boat to be directed into a shallow sedgy place where her prow stuck at such a distance from firm ground as to require a considerable leap to get dry ashore. His Lordship, in the prime of life and agile, easily sprang ashore, as did also Mr Syme, and the two safely landed turned round, expecting Burns to follow, and highly amused at the thought, which Burns at once detected, of the dilemma in which the worthy old minister would be placed, who was too stiff to leap like the rest, and must have either endangered his health by wading, or returned neglected in the boat by himself. The manly, generous heart of Burns comprehended the intentions of the two at a glance. His eyes beaming, and his face suffused, he sprang at once over the boat's gunwale, knee-deep in mud, and grasping the old gentleman with outstretched arms, he half dragged him on to his back, and bore him ashore amid the mingled shame and confusion of the two gentlemen. Mr Syme was the first to speak, and as Burns deposited his burden, exclaimed—'Well, a clerical burden on Burns's back is what I never expected to see!' What reply Burns made is not mentioned; but this, Train affirmed, was the real cause of Burns's silent moodiness towards Mr Syme after parting from their friends; and the spoiling of Burns's new top-boots by wet was not the effect of a thunderstorm on

the moor, as Mr Syme states, but of the spontaneous act of manliness on the part of the poet."*

Burns during his brief sojourn in the Glenkens was quite enchanted with the scenery. Syme relates—"I got Burns a grey Highland shelty to ride on. We dined the first day at Glendonwyn's of Parton, a beautiful situation on the banks of the Dee. In the evening we walked out and ascended a gentle eminence, from which we had as fine a view of Alpine scenery as can well be imagined. A delightful soft evening showed all its wilder as well as its grander graces. Immediately opposite, and within a mile of us, we saw Airds, a charming romantic place, where dwelt Lowe, the author of 'Mary's Dream.' This was classical ground for Burns. He viewed 'the highest hill that rises o'er the source of Dee;' and would have staid 'till the passing spirit' had appeared had we not resolved to reach Kenmure that night." Professor Wilson also spent some time in the Glenkens, and John M'Diarmid often rambled through its wilds, and graphically pourtrayed its many attractions in his writings.

For some years past the district has been gradually gaining notoriety as a resort for holiday seekers; and from its quiet seclusion, pure untainted atmosphere, rich and varied scenery, and other local advantages, there are few spots possessing in a greater degree the essentials necessary to the true enjoyment of holidays by those immured in large towns and cities.

The southern district of the parish of Dalry is composed chiefly of rich arable land and fertile holms, interspersed with wood; and in the parish are several lakes, the principal and largest of which is Lochinvar, covering an area of about seventy acres. It is distant about three miles from Dalry; and on the old road to it, situated on the farm of Bogue, is the supposed site of an ancient chapel. In 1868 the late Mr

* Old Mr Murdoch, of Drumwhirn, near Balmaclellan, who was born in 1781, and at the time of his death in 1882, was 101 years of age, was among the last contemporaries of Burns, and was present when this memorable event took place. His narrative of it to Captain Cunningham Graham, Dalarran Lodge, is slightly different to that given by Train's biographer, and is now of considerable interest. It is as follows:—In 1790 the Poet was on his road from Kenmure Castle to the Holm, now the property of Mr Augustus Spalding, accompanied by the Lord Kenmure of the day, by Mr Gillespie the minister of Kells, and Mr Thomson the minister of Balmaclellan. The chief incident in the Poet's appearance which had fixed itself in Mr Murdoch's mind was that he wore knee-breeches and peculiar long boots. It became necessary for the party to cross the river Ken, and the services of the lad, Murdoch, were called into request to ferry them over the stream. Mr Murdoch told Captain Graham that Burns was "a friendly looking body," and that when the boat approached the farther bank of the river the water was too low for its passengers to land dry-footed. Under these circumstances, Burns, whose long boots were specially adapted for the job, "got out of the boat and plunged into the mud, carrying Mr Gillespie ashore on his back." Upon observing this Lord Kenmure remarked, "Robbie, I hae ne'er seen ye priest-ridden afore." Having got safe to land the party made for the Holm, followed by the lad who had ferried them across the Ken. No fairer scene is to be found in bonnie Scotland than that which opened before their gaze, and fascinated by the loveliness of the view, Burns is said to have exclaimed, "This place would make a blockhead into a poet."

Barbour, Bogue, and the late Dr Trotter, Dalry, in a communication to the Antiquarian Society of Dumfries, stated that they had found at Chapelyards, on Bogue farm, a supposed ancient pavement, and other antiquities, believed to be the relics of an ancient religious house.

On an island in Lochinvar loch there are the remains of an old building. The gallantry and exploits of one of the young lairds of Lochinvar are the theme of Lady Heron's song in Scott's *Marmion*, which begins :—

> "O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
> Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
> And, save his good broad sword, he weapons had none,
> He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone;
> So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
> There never was knight like the young Lochinvar."

Lochinvar is considered one of the best fishing lochs in Galloway. It belongs to Mr Oswald of Auchencruive, and leave to fish must be got through his factor. May, June, and July are the best months for the angler to visit it.

The farm of Bogue was the place of residence of the late John Gordon Barbour, who in his day was well and widely known as a man of some genius and originality. He was born at Gordonstown, in the parish of Dalry, in 1775, where his ancestors had resided for many generations as extensive farmers. Mr Barbour followed the same avocation as his fathers at Bogue up to the date of his death. His bent, however, was literary ; and being in easy circumstances he was able to gratify his taste in the furnishing of his library with a good collection of books, which he carefully perused. He was also a true lover of nature, and enthusiastic in his admiration of the patriots, martyrs, and minstrels of his native land. "He was accustomed," writes a correspondent in the *Dumfries Courier* at the time of his death, "to leave his retired dwelling on the banks of the Garple, and indulge his passion for romantic scenery by frequent tours to the Highlands and the lakes of Cumberland. No man was better acquainted with the whole land of Burns. He knew all its rivers, and hills, and valleys. To him, its songs, its ballads, and traditions were familiar, and countless were the wild and pathetic tales he could tell of its cairns, its castles, and its 'hamlets lowly.' To those, therefore, who understood his character and bore with the transient sallies of his temper and his eccentricities, no man could render himself more entertaining and agreeable. Indeed to some of the greatest men of his day he was

not unknown. With the Ettrick Shepherd he was well acquainted, and more than once the author of the *Isle of Palms* visited his dwelling."

Mr Barbour was gifted with a lively imagination, an eye for marking the picturesque and the beautiful, and considerable powers of description, and these he gave scope to in various poetical effusions, stories, and traditions, which he published from time to time during his life.* These works are now scarce, and little known. From whatever cause, they have not become popular. The poems are chiefly descriptive of the celebrated or interesting spots the author had visited, and his prose works, in which are many graphic descriptions of scenery, are mainly composed of legends and traditions which he gleaned in his rambles.

Mr Barbour died at Bogue on 12th February, 1843, and his remains lie in Dalry Churchyard.

His son, the late James Barbour, born at Bogue in 1821, had also literary and antiquarian tastes. Like his father he was a lover of nature, and deeply interested in the history, traditions, antiquities, and folk-lore of the Glenkens district. All its mountain solitudes, secluded glens, and brawling rivers and streams he had visited, while following his avocation of a moorland farmer. Years before Crockett, in *The Raiders*, had drawn the attention of the reading public to the savage grandeur of the Galloway fastnesses, we frequently met with Mr Barbour in our early rambles in the Glenkens. He was then enthusiastic in his admiration of the mountains around the Dee and the Doon, which had given shelter, and of the patriots who had lent a helping hand, to the Bruce in his struggles for the kingdom's independence. Years thereafter he was equally delighted with the notoriety which the district had acquired through the literary genius of Crockett. Tourists, with cameras he told us, were invading the hitherto unvisited territory in hundreds, making "anxious inquiries" as to the time required to "do" the *Raiders* country, and jocularly remarked that many a time he had left the Bogue in a forenoon, taking the hills "as the crow flies" to look his flocks in the wilds around Loch Dee and the Dungeon, thinking as little of the tramp over moors, mosses, and bogs, as a turn round to New-Galloway. Mr Barbour

* (1) "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Character and Scenery," first and second series, 1824-25; (2) "Queries connected with Christianity," 1825; (3) "Tributes to Scottish Genius," 1827; (4) "Evenings in Greece and Baronial Promenades," 1829; (5) "Helvetic Hours and Hebrew Melodies," 1831; (6) "Unique Traditions," 1833; (7) "Dialogues of the Dead, chiefly of the Modern," 1836.

was a member of the Dumfries and Galloway Antiquarian Society, and contributed a paper on "The Glenkens in the Olden Times" to its Transactions. In the first volume of *The Gallovidian*, there is also a very informative article by him entitled "An Historical Sketch of the Glenkens." Quiet and unassuming in manner and conversation, and of a kindly, generous disposition, Mr Barbour was greatly respected in the Glenkens district, where he had spent all his days. He died at Glendarroch, near Dalry, on 21st September, 1899.

The old church of Dalry, like the famous Alloway Kirk, seems, according to a rather mythical tradition, to have been the scene of diabolical orgies. The tradition, as given by two local writers, is to the following effect:—Adam Forester, proprietor of Knocksheen, had been detained one evening until near midnight in the public-house at Dalry. On the way home he had to pass the church, and being, perhaps, like the famous "Tam O'Shanter," through indulging in "inspiring bold John Barleycorn," ready to defy all dangers in the shape of goblin and spirit, he very soon had his mettle tested. On reaching the church the windows "seemed in a blaze," and from within loud bursts of mirth and revelry reached the ears of the astonished laird. Nothing daunted, however, he dismounted, and securing his horse to a tree near the churchyard wall, he peered in at the window, and to his astonishment amongst those engaged in the "dance o' witches" were several old women of his acquaintance, amongst whom was the landlady of the public-house where he had spent the greater part of the evening, and which he had just left. Horrified with such desecration of the sacred edifice, and unable longer to restrain his displeasure, Forester shouts "Ha! ha? Lucky, ye'll no deny this the morn!" knocking at the same instant against the window frame with his whip.

In a moment the lights were extinguished, and the witches with loud yells rushed out of the church after him; but the laird having gained his horse went off at a furious gallop for the ford on the Ken, his pursuers following hard upon him, and their frantic and hideous shouts striking terror to his heart. As they could not cross the running stream they flew to the Brig o' Ken, six miles distant, where they crossed, and overtook Adam on Waterside hill, tearing all the hair out of the horse's tail; and "Lucky," getting her "black hand" on the horse's hip, she left its impression there for life. The laird, finding that he could proceed no further, dismounted, and was only saved from being torn to pieces by describing a circle in God's name round himself and horse. This charm proved effectual. The fury of

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Colonel J. Murray Kennedy, M.V.O., V.D., in the Uniform of the Galloway Rifle Volunteers.

the mysterious band was arrested, and at daybreak he rode home to his residence. The story is still current in the Glenkens, and what is supposed to be the circle drawn by the laird is pointed out on Waterside hill.

An old lady who died about seventy years ago, aged eighty-five, heard her mother say that she had seen Adam Forester riding on his white horse with the impression of Lucky's "black hand" on its left hip.

Milton Park Lodge, the residence of Colonel J. Murray Kennedy, M.V.O., is distant about a mile and a half from Dalry. With the extensive additions and alterations which have been made on the house, and the tasteful laying-out of the grounds with shrubs and trees, the Lodge is now a delightful rural residence. The Colonel, from the early days of the Volunteer movement, was an enthusiastic volunteer. Succeeding the late Colonel Gordon Maitland of Kenmure, as Colonel of the Galloway Battalion Rifle Volunteers, he was very popular with all ranks, and spent much of his time, and from the neglect and niggardly treatment which the volunteers received from successive Governments, some of his means also, in bringing the corps to the high state of efficiency to which it had attained when reviewed by the King in 1905. Shortly after the Review the Colonel was awarded the M.V.O. decoration as a recognition of his services, and on his retiral from the command in November, 1906, he was entertained to a complimentary dinner by the Officers past and present of the Regiment.

Colonel Kennedy is also artistic in his tastes, and has at Milton Park a valuable collection of paintings, mainly consisting of examples of the English school.*

Old Garroch house, the quaint and delightfully retired abode of our old and valued friend, Mr Thomas R. Bruce, is situated about three miles from Dalry. It was in the delightful companionship of Mr Bruce that we entered on our first Rambles in Galloway. To us then the stoney wilds of the Southern Uplands appeared as unknown,

* Among the oil paintings there are:—J. C. Horsley, R.A., "The New Dress"; W. J. Yeames, R.A., "The Lovers"; A. Elmore, R.A., "The Letter;" Hendrech J. Ichaetels, "A German Fair"; Lord Leighton, P.R.A., "The Artist's Honeymoon"; Robert Carrick, "Troublous Times"; Henry Gritten, "Small Coast Scene"; David Roberts, "Venice"; Phillips, "Egyptian Water Carrier"; G. Barnes, "Walton Bridge"; F. Goodall, R.A., "The Song of the Nubian Slave"; W. Muller, "Mouth of River with Barges"; J. Aumonier, "The Haymaker's Last Load"; Tayser, "The Lovers"; Artz, "On the Dunes"; N. Cocetti, "The Lesson"; W. E. Frost, A.R.A., "L'Allegro"; G. D. Leslie, R.A., "The Swans"; A. Elmore, "Figures"; C. N. Hemy, "Harbour and Boats"; Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., "Portrait of Late J. L. Kennedy"; James C. Grace, "River Scene"; E. W. Cooke, R.A., "Dutch River and Shipping"; C. Stanfield, R.A., "Italian River Scene"; Dunerger, "Interior and Figures"; A. Elmore, R.A., "Griselda"; Philippeni, "Figures"; P. H. Calderon, R.A., "Mary Queen of Scots escaping from Loch Leven Castle." Water Colours:—Herbert Marshall, "Street Scene, Glenlee, Ben Myvis"; J. Faed, "The Slave Dealer"; Sam Bough, "River Scene."

and untravelled a district, as the unexplored regions of South Africa. So, our setting out to explore the ancient haunts of the Rory Gills, Macattericks, and Marshalls of song and story, among the fastnesses of the Dee and Doon, was looked upon as quite a hazardous undertaking. Mr Bruce was then the laird of Slogarie, with many flocks and herds under his charge, and his oldest shepherd, James Hastings, who was well acquainted with the region, was taken into council in a survey of the map of the district as to the best and safest route to follow in our journey. Cautious and deliberate of speech, James gave it as his opinion that "though he was weel acquaint wi' every fit o' the grun', if a mist cam' owre us on the Cooran' lane, or the dark defiles o' the Dungeon, naething but a mercifu' providence could save us frae bein' made food for the ravens. At the same time, if fair weather favoured us in the venture nae mishaps might happen, but sae as to guaird against pit fa's amang the sliddery gress, and screes o' the Dungeon, we should hae oor buits weel tacketed, and provide oorsels with lang kents (sticks) to help us owre the moss hags and brawlin burnies." These precautions having been carefully taken, and a sketch book and vasculum added to our "traps," the journey, save that a heavy mist suddenly overtook us on the Cooran, which was soon overpast, was accomplished without any mishap. And now when age is upon us—Oh ! how refreshing it is, while smoking a pipe in the arm chair, to dream over again these happy, enjoyable days of our rambling youthful years !

Mr Bruce was then, and still is, fond of antiquities. For many years he has been a member of the Dumfries and Galloway Antiquarian Society, and in the formation of the Kirkcudbright Museum he lent valuable services. He is also an enthusiastic botanist, naturalist, and arboriculturist. What he does not know of the flora and fauna of Galloway is not worth knowing. He was also a warm supporter of the volunteers in the early days of the movement ; and, being of a scientific turn of mind, he made a study of the scientific principles of rifle shooting, which were brought by him to such perfection that he took a leading place in most of the great national Rifle Competitions at Wimbledon. He gave a great deal of his time and experience to the encouragement of Rifle Shooting in Galloway, and many of the old volunteers will still remember the happy gatherings at competitions on Mr Bruce's private range at Slogarie, and the hospitalities dispensed under the roof of the old mansion.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM DALRY TO KELLS CHURCH AND NEW-GALLOWAY.

The village of Dalry (the Dale of the King) appears to be a thriving place. It lies on the east bank of the river Ken, having a fine prospect of the beautiful valley. The houses, though rather irregular and scattered, produce a pleasing effect in the landscape. Within the last few years a number of new houses have been erected in the village and its vicinity, and on the Lochinvar Hotel such additions and improvements have been effected as to make it a very comfortable abode, and in the summer and autumn it is much frequented by tourists, anglers, and sportsmen. The walks around Dalry are varied and beautiful, and to those in search of health the bracing mountain air has often proved beneficial. A nine-hole Golf Course has been in use for several years, and with these and other attractions the village has become a famous holiday resort, and in the season is crowded with visitors. Lately it has been supplied with gravitation water from Lochinvar, and has a good drainage system. The Union Bank of Scotland has a branch office here. The Town Hall, with its red-tiled roof, spire, and illuminated clock, is a very prominent building. The clock with a chime bell was presented by the late Mr Alexander of Mackleston. This place was at one time called St. John's Clachan of Dalry, its church being formerly dedicated to St. John. What, according to tradition, is supposed to have been a stone chair or seat consecrated to the Apostle is still preserved in the village, and shown to strangers as a curiosity. Disputes have at times arisen between parties as to the custody of this interesting relic—we were told that on one occasion the late Joseph Train, the antiquary, made an attempt to carry it off for the purpose it was supposed of having it sent to Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford. He had brought a conveyance from Castle-Douglas, and was in the act of removing the relic when an alarm was raised, and the antiquary was mobbed by the villagers, and compelled to depart without the treasure. The parish church is situated near the Clachan, on a grassy mound close to the

margin of the river, amongst fine old trees; the burying-ground is also within the church enclosure, and in it there are some old and very interesting tombstones; one erected to the memory of two martyrs shot by Claverhouse, bears this inscription :—

"MEMENTO MORI.

"Here lyeth ROBERT STEWART (son to Major Stewart of Ardoch) and JOHN GRIERSON, who were murdered by Graham of Claverhouse, Anno 1684, for their adherence to Scotland's Reformation and Covenants, National and Solemn League.

"Behold! Behold! a stone's here forced to cry,
Come see two martyrs, under me that ly.
At Water of Dee, they ta'en were by the hands
Of cruel Claverhouse, and's bloody bands;
No sooner had he done this horrid thing,
But's forced to cry 'Stewart's soul in Heaven doth sing!'
Yet, strange! his rage pursued even such when dead,
And in the tombs of their ancestors laid—
Causing their corpse be raised out of the same,
Discharging in churchyard to bury them:
All this they did—'cause they would not perjure
Our Covenants and Reformation pure:
Because, like faithful martyrs, for to die
They rather chose, than treacherously comply
With cursed prelacie, the nation's bane,
And with indulgence our church's stain—
Perjured intelligencers were so rife,
Shew'd their cursed loyalty—to take their life."

Another very curious stone bears the figures of two children in relief, holding reaping hooks. Lying near the church door is a stone font, in connection with which the following legend is told:—In old times a gentleman's only son was found drowned in this font. His nativity had been cast, and death by drowning on his seventh birthday was declared. When that day arrived he went to chapel with his mother, and before the service began he was found drowned in the holy water. There are also a number of grave-stones with coats of arms on them to the memory of Stewarts, Fergussons, Barbours, Sloans, Hunters, Ramsays, Newalls, Douglases, etc., and in the south end of the Kenmure tomb is the large iron frame of a window, well worthy of inspection, the bars being curiously interlaced, and as fresh and uncorroded by rust as when first placed there. Over the window is a stone rudely carved, with the arms of Gordon and Creichton impaled, and the date, though much defaced, is believed to be 1546. Near the Church is a mote in good preservation, in the neighbourhood of which coins and urns have at various times been discovered.

The auld Clachan appears to have been a place of some note in ancient times. History records that King James the IV. passed through it several times when sent on pilgrimages by his Confessors to do pennance at the shrine of St. Ninian, Whithorn. In 1491 and 1497 we find that the King when resting at Dalry presented donations to the priest and "puir folk," and that in the year 1501 he paid 18s for "Belchair" (breakfast) and 5s for the ferry. The river then flowed past the churchyard in a broad, deep pool. Upon it a ferry boat did duty for a bridge, and the latter item evidently was the charge for ferrying the King and his retinue over the river. According to M'Kerlie, who had his information from the late Rev. George Murray, a very reliable authority, there were many still living in 1877, who recollected a house, standing scarcely out of the water-mark on the Kells side, for the boatman. At "the Boatweil" the old road west of the site of the old and new churches is still used. It proceeds from the main street of the Clachan down between the churchyard wall and the moat to the river, which is now very deep at the place on the Dalry side. From thence it runs in a strait line to Craigiebble, on the farm of Waterside. There it crosses the present highway, and can be seen onwardly through moorlands as far as Ayrshire.

The Clachan, and district, are also associated with many pathetic and stirring incidents in the History of the Covenanters. Wodrow records that during the persecution, Grierson of Lag stabled his trooper's horses in the Church of Dalry. And it was in the principal inn of the village at that time that the quarrel between the King's soldiers and the inhabitants took place in 1666, the inhuman treatment of the old man Grier by the troopers so exasperating the people that the great rising of the Covenanters took place, which resulted in the battle of Rullion Green.

A short way from Dalry, on the main road to Castle-Douglas, the traveller will observe a large stone standing in a level field or holm, called the Holm of Dalarran, near the river Ken. This is said to mark the site of a battle fought, as is popularly believed, between the Scots and Danes, though some learned in such lore assert that the engagement was between Eochabin, King of the Scots, and the Cruithnigh from Ireland, who had invaded Galloway. He triumphed over them in the battle of Ken (Dalarran) between 605 and 621, when he died near Dalarran. At a place called the Cairnford, there was a cairn which was opened during the time Lady Ashburton resided at Glenlee Park. There was found in it a stone coffin or kistvaen,

in which there were some fragments of bones and black mould.

We now leave Dalry for New-Galloway, and proceeding by the road leading past Waterside, visit Glenlee and Ballingear.

Glenlee House is situated in a level park, studded with very fine old oak trees; the avenues and walks about the place being trimly kept. This house was at one time the seat of Sir William Miller, Lord President of the Court of Session, who took the title of Lord Glenlee. His son, Thomas, became also a Lord of Session under the same title. The grounds, naturally beautiful, have been by art so improved as to make this one of the finest spots in the Glenkens. At no great distance is a very romantic glen, with two beautiful waterfalls on the Park burn.

A short way further on is Ballingear, the road to which residence is rather up-hill, but commands a series of delightful views. At a distance the house has an imposing appearance, but when approached it looks small, and has no great architectural pretensions. It is, however, finely situated on the face of a hill completely wooded from base to summit, many of the trees, apparently of a good old age, overgrown with ivy. In the adjacent grounds is a large collection of native ferns, and some rare specimens of foreign flowers and plants.

Ballingear was at one time a seat of the Griersons of Lag, and about twenty years ago there was preserved in the kitchen an old chair, popularly called "Lag's chair." It bore the date 1640. The old laird of Ballingear was accustomed to say—"I am come o' the Grahams of Clavers and the Griers of Lag, and how the deil can I be guid." A proverb about the Dalziells, who married into the Kenmure family, was formerly current, the Dalziells being persecutors also—"The Deil and Dalyell begin wi' ae letter; The Deil's no guid and Dalyell's nae better."

Retracing our steps towards New-Galloway, we next reach Kells Church and Churchyard. In this churchyard is a stone erected to the memory of Adam M'Whan, who was shot during the persecution on the hill of Knockdavie, in the vicinity of New-Galloway. It bears the following inscription:—

"Memento Mori.

"Here lies Adam M'Whan, who, being sick of fever, was taken out of his bed and carried to Newton of New-Galloway; and the next day most cruelly and unjustly shot to death by the command of Lieutenant-General James Douglas, brother to the Duke of Queensberry; for his adherence to Scotland's Reformation Covenants, National and Solemn League, 1685.

The banks and braes of the Ken, like those of "Bonnie Doon," have been the theme of the poet, and here, as we stand by the grave of one of its sweetest singers, the Rev. William Gillespie, the beautiful sonnet on "Loch Ken" may be fitly introduced:—

"Hail! beauteous Lake, bright on whose slumbering flood
Shines the fair image of the heavens imprest;
The inverted forms of rock, and hill, and wood,
Dancing to every wind that heaves thy breast.
O'er the dark Lowran frowns begirt with mist,
Where thundering torrents dash from height to height:
The whispering reeds soft by thy waves are kist,
That mark thy circling verge with sparkling light—
Oft, when a boy, around each tiny cove,
I in the rocking skiff was wont to sweep,
To marvel as thy banks appeared to move,
And mock my shadow rising from the deep;
And all thine echoes wake with songs of love,
With bosom pure as thine when all thy billows sleep."

Mr Gillespie was born at Kells Manse on 18th February, 1776. At New-Galloway School he received the rudiments of his education, and made rapid progress. His leisure hours were employed in painting and poetry, and in musing and wandering among the attractive scenes which surrounded the manse. He very early showed such aptitude in the art of drawing that a sketch of Kenmure Castle, made by him when about fourteen years of age, was engraved and sold in the print shops.

He entered the University of Edinburgh in 1792, and was a member of the Academy of Physics, instituted by Brougham, Birkbeck, and other young men of genius. On his father's death in 1806 he was appointed his successor, and at the manse, with the exception of holiday excursions to the lakes of Cumberland, London, and a journey to Paris, he almost constantly resided, performing with assiduity and acceptance the duties of his office. He died on the 15th of October, 1825, in the fiftieth year of his age, and was succeeded by the Rev. James Maitland, D.D., who was moderator of the General Assembly in 1860, and died on the 21st day of September, 1872.

Mr Gillespie's "Progress of Refinement," an Allegorical Poem, and other Poems written in the Spenserian stanza, were published in 1805. In 1815 he published an octavo volume entitled *Consolation*, and other poems, the object of which, as stated in the preface, is "to illustrate the influence of religion in supporting the mind amid the trials of life; in sickness, in misfortune, in exile, in sorrow, in old age, and at death."

These pieces are written in blank verse, and in many places exhibit great poetic power and fervour. Mr Gillespie belongs to the refined school of poetry, but his ballads and lyrics evince much fine feeling and pathos.

The burying-ground of the Gillespies is beside the eastern wall of the churchyard. Slabs, on which are poetical tributes to the poet's father and mother, and in memory of himself, are enclosed by a railing.

An inscription on a tombstone to the memory of John Murray is sufficiently curious to be worthy of reproduction. On the one side is the inscription, "To the memory of JOHN MURRAY, who died at Kenmure, Jany. 3, 1777. Erected by J. Gordon." A gun, fishing-rod, dog, and partridge are carved in relief below. On the other side is the quaint epitaph written by the Rev Alexander M'Gowan of Dalry, his lines being preferred by Captain John Gordon, who offered a guinea for the best on the subject :—

"Ah ! John, what changes since I saw thee last—
Thy fishing and thy shooting days are past ;
Bagpipes and hautboys thou canst sound no more,
Thy nods, grimaces, winks, and pranks, are o'er ;
Thy harmless, queerish, incoherent talk,
Thy wild vivacity and trudging walk
Will soon be quite forgot ; thy joys on earth,
Thy snuff and glass, riddles, and noisy mirth
Are vanished all—yet blessed I hope thou art,
For in thy station thou hast played thy part." *

There are several other stones with armorial bearings to the memory of the Ewarts, Gordons, Raes, M'Clambrochs, Kennedys, etc. Inside the church is a memorial stone, inlaid with beautiful Florentine Mosaic, to the memory of the late Mrs Kennedy of Knocknalling, and a marble tablet with armorial bearings to the memory of Dr Robert Trotter, of New-Galloway, who is mentioned in *Mactaggart's Encyclopædia* as the famous *muir doctor*, and author of "some rustic Gallovidian tales, told in a half poetic, half Ossianic strain."

From the churchyard an enjoyable walk down the hill, of about half-a-mile, brings us to the royal burgh of New-Galloway.

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* The John Murray whose epitaph is given above, was famed as being the fortunate catcher of the largest pike on record. He caught it in Loch Ken ; its weight was seventy-two pounds, and it measured about seven feet in length. John Murray was gamekeeper to Lord Kenmure. On catching the pike (the head of which rested on his shoulder, and the tail trailed on the ground), he carried it to his master, and, throwing it on the floor at his feet, said, "Ye may catch the next yoursel." The skeleton of the head is still preserved at Kenmure along with one which weighed twenty-seven pounds, and which is quite small in comparison.

CHAPTER XXI.

NEW-GALLOWAY AND ENVIRONS.

NEW-GALLOWAY is situated on the right bank of the Ken, at the intersection of the road from Kirkcudbright to Ayrshire, with that from Newton-Stewart to Dumfries. There are some very desirable residences in the burgh and vicinity, and the unrivalled beauty of the surrounding scenery, the attractions of the numerous walks by the river side, hill, and glen; its situation in a district abounding with good trouting lochs and streams, and its general amenity, point it out as being very favourably adapted as a summer resort for tourists, anglers, and those in search of health.

By a charter dated 15th January, 1629, Charles I. erected a piece of land "pertaining heritably to our Lovite, John Gordon of Lochinvar," a royal burgh now called the Burgh of New-Galloway. By another charter, dated 8th May, 1629, he ratified the foresaid erection; but continues the charter (a copy translation of which is in our possession), John Gordon of Lochinvar, after entering into an agreement with certain persons whom he expected to undertake the construction of the said Burgh, found and discovered many defects and impediments thrown in the way, which would prevent the building of the Burgh in that place (supposed by some to have been Dalry). John Gordon therefore decerned to remove all defects and obstructions which would hinder the erection and completion of the said Burgh, agreed to give another piece of land more suitable for the erection of a Royal Burgh. This consisted of a part and portion of the lands of Rid Dings, belonging to John Gordon, bounded by the lands of Achie on the west, by Kenmore Wood on the south, by the Miln burn of Kenmore on the north, by the meadows, hard by the farm lie of Roume called Balgownis on the east, lying in the Barony of Kenmore.

Although the burgh at present is not much more populous than it was about a hundred years ago, its appearance, and the material and social condition of the inhabitants have much improved. Contrasting very favourably with the account given by Heron, a native of the

burgh, in his journey through Scotland in 1793, "The inhabitants," he says, "are mechanics, labourers in husbandry, a few ale-house keepers, and two or three shopkeepers. The houses are low, ill-built, thatched with straw, and very imperfectly repaired within. A sashed window was lately a curiosity not to be seen here." The burgh was then, however, of considerable utility to the adjoining country. It had a weekly market, to which meal was brought from the low country, and to which the farmers, but more especially the cottagers from the remoter moors, repaired to supply themselves. It had also a Farmers' Club, instituted by Mr Gordon of Kenmure, which proved useful in affording the farmers in these outlandish parts a means of interchanging thoughts and opinions on general topics, and of suggesting experiments, and introducing improvements in agriculture.

With the institution of the club, markets for cattle were also established, the attention of the farmers in this upland district being then, as now, chiefly directed to the rearing and feeding of stock.

The civic rulers of the ancient Royal Burgh have not been behind in carrying out modern requirements in the interests of the town, as a summer resort. A good supply of gravitation water and a complete drainage scheme have been introduced, and considerable enterprise has been shown in catering to the recreative tastes of summer visitors. A golf course, in a beautiful situation overlooking Loch Ken, was opened a few years ago, and the "royal game" which has now become so popular has proved a great attraction to visitors. The town consists mainly of one long street, and within recent years the little town has shared in the progressive movement of modern times, though it still retains that air of antiquity about it so enjoyable to the city dweller.

The town steeple is a quaint old structure, and the Town Hall (in which there is an oil painting of Kenmure Castle, with a view of the river looking towards the Bennan hill, by Mr James Faed, junr.) is commodious for the place. Robert Heron, who attained to some literary eminence in his day, was born there in 1764. His paternal grandmother, Margaret Murray, was aunt to the celebrated linguist, Dr Alexander Murray. He was the author of a *History of Scotland*, *A Journey through the Western Parts of Scotland*, *A short Life of Burns*, and other works; but, as a literary character, had a very chequered career.

We are now in the immediate vicinity of the ancient Castle of Kenmure. It is finely situated on a lofty mound at the head of Loch Ken. The mound has every appearance of having been an artificial

structure of very ancient date, and a moat or stronghold of the aboriginal inhabitants, but it is in reality rock, which is quite visible on the south side. The Castle is approached by a splendid avenue of lime trees, and is surrounded by a thriving plantation.

When, or by whom, the original edifice was built is unknown. It is said by Grose to have been one of the seats of the ancient Lords of Galloway, and John Baliol.

The following early notices of Kenmure are interesting from a historical point of view :—Edward III., on the 18th June, 1334, issued

KENMURE CASTLE.

a declaration that the lands of Botel, Kenmure, and Kirk Andrews, which belonged to Baliol as the heritage of his family and not to the Crown of Scotland, were not to be understood as comprehended in his deed of resignation.* In 1352 we find a charter by Edward I. granting to Sir William De Aldeburgh and his heirs all the lands in Glenken, called the barony of Kelles, with the granter's Castle of "Insular Arsa," and likewise the reversions of his barony of Cressemyghelle and Kisdale in Galloway, for the yearly redendo of a rose in the season of

* Chalmer's Caledonia.

roses. Appends his seal at his Castle of Botille 29 Novr. twenty first of his reign (1352).* The lands subsequently belonged to the Douglases and Maxwells, and from John De Maxwell the lands were acquired by Adam De Gordon, so that the earliest occupation of the lands of Kenmure must have been about the end of the 14th or beginning of the 15th century.

The older parts of the building exhibit the architecture of the 13th, but the greater part of it seems to be of the 17th century. The interior is very interesting, full of winding stairs and mysterious passages, the lower part being vaulted. Among the family heirlooms are several old pictures and Jacobite relics.† In the Border feuds and wars with England, and in the times of prelatic persecution, this castle and its owners passed through many trying vicissitudes. It was burnt in the reign of Mary; and during the administration of Cromwell, the estates of Robert fourth Viscount Kenmure, from his attachment to the Stuarts, were forfeited. The Viscount, according to a tradition, on hearing of the approach of Cromwell's troops, fled to a place of hiding, and chose as his retreat the wild and sequestered glen of Lowran, a short distance from the castle. But from the account given in *The Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway*, Lord Kenmure must have been in the castle when it was invested by the Cromwellian army, and the defenders had soon to come to terms. "A note has been preserved of the Articles concluded and agreed upon the 22 December, 1650, betwixt the Lord Kenmure, governor of the Castle of Kenmure, on the one part, and Capt.

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* Bain.

† In the castle is a portrait of the beheaded Lord, which was painted for his wife (by Sir Godfrey Kneller) in the Tower of London after he was condemned to death. He is in *armour*, which most probably he never wore in reality, but it looks picturesque, which was most likely the reason Kneller chose it. There is an old picture of Queen Mary, of which the history is not known. It is like one known as "The Red Mary"—probably from the colour of her dress. She must have been very young when it was done. There is also a portrait of her son, James VI., an original, painted by Zucchero. There are portraits of two Lady Herberts, daughters of the Earl of Powis. One is very beautiful—Lady Mary—whose first husband was Sir Robert Maxwell of Orchardton. Her second husband was Lord Montague. The other, Lady Lucy Herbert, was abbess of the convent of Augustin nuns at Bruges. She was rather a famous person among Roman Catholics, and a book of prayers composed by her was published in London not long since. Leaving out a few expressions and invocations to the Virgin Mary, they are really beautiful. Her picture is curious. She is dressed in the nun's robes, one hand on a skull, the other holds a book of prayers, a cross stands on a table beside her, and (a curious mixture of pride and *mortification*) she has her coat of Arms painted on the corner of the table-cover. These ladies were sisters of the famous Countess of Nithsdale who managed her husband's escape from the Tower. There is a picture of a Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar, who was afterwards Viscount Kenmure. It is called the portrait of "Young Lochinvar," but as it is painted by Sir Peter Lely it could hardly have been the lord of the ballad, but he is handsome, and the painting itself is a very good one, and has been always much admired by judges. There is another curious old picture. It is of James VI.'s cook, Margaret Patton, who is said to have lived to the age of 130. She might be that, or any age, to judge from the wrinkled withered appearance she has in the picture. In one of Chambers' books there is a sketch of the same person sitting spinning. There are also two little old-fashioned prints, framed in black painted wood, of the *first* Pretender, or the Chevalier St. George, and his wife, which were given to Lord Kenmure in Rome by Prince Charlie himself.

Dawson, Capt. Crackenthorpe, and Capt. Nary for the Parliament of England. First, that the said Lord Kenmure shall forthwith deliver up his castle, with all the arms and ammunition, for the use of his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell. Second, that Lord Kenmure shall have all his household stuffs of whatever sort secured to his proper use, either within the castle or by conveying them away, provided it be within fourteen days. Third, that the Lord Kenmure, with such as are in arms with him, shall have liberty to repair to their own homes, acting nothing prejudicial to the army of England, or shall have seven days to dispose of themselves, their horses and arms, without let or molestation." Lord Kenmure was conspicuous as a Loyalist. He commanded a party of horse, and, as Chambers states, "it was looked upon as not the worst point of his military character, or rather discipline, that he constantly carried a large cask of brandy at the head of the corps for the use of his men;" which cask, says an old historian, was well known to the whole army by the merry appellation of "Kenmure's drum." Lord Kenmure, after many vicissitudes, survived the restoration, and died at Old Greenlaw, near Threave Castle, in 1666. A boulder of granite in the Lowran Glen, shaped like a high-backed chair, is locally known as "Kenmure's seat," from having been used as a retreat from the raids of Claverhouse by Viscount Kenmure, who sided with the Covenanters, and is still to be seen beside the Lowran Burn.*

The Gordons have always borne an honourable name in their country's history. Their first possessions in Scotland were in Berwickshire, and their name was taken from their lands in the parish of Gordon, and not, as the popular tradition goes, from their *goring down* a wild boar in the parish of Dalry. It is probable enough, however, that some encounter with a wild boar may have occurred near the ancient battle memorial called Whitecairn, near Lochinvar Loch, three boars' heads being carried on the Gordon shield. The family were sub-divided into two branches; one receiving from the crown a grant of lands in the north, from which sprang the Dukes of Gordon. The other acquired the lands of Lochinvar in Galloway, and were the ancestors of the Gordons of Kenmure, and of the other distinguished families of the name in the south-west of Scotland. The family of Gordon of Lochinvar, in process of time, acquired by grant, by

* Several coins were found in 1825 by workmen while engaged dressing granite on the hill of Lowran. These coins were one of Louis XIII. of France, five of Queen Elizabeth, and three of James VI.

purchase, or by marriage, the greater parts of the land in Kirkcudbrightshire. They were at all times distinguished by the confidence of their sovereigns, and by attachment to their persons and fortunes. After the battle of Langside, Sir John Gordon of Kenmure, who was a faithful adherent of the unfortunate Queen Mary, accompanied her to Dundrennan before she embarked for England. His son and successor was one of the most distinguished Scotsmen in the Court of James VI. In May, 1633, Charles I. bestowed the title of Viscount on Sir John Gordon, his contemporary. This nobleman, as has already been shown, though always remaining attached to the House of Stewart, was a true friend to the people, and staunch supporter of the Presbyterian form of religion. While on the Continent he formed a connection with the famous John Welsh of Irongray. One beneficial result of that intercouse was his bringing to Anwoth—the parish in which Rusco Castle, then one of his family residences, was situated—the eminent divine, Samuel Rutherford, from whose ministrations the Viscount derived much benefit, as is testified in the "*Last and Heavenly Speeches and Glorious Departure of John, Viscount Kenmure, by Samuel Rutherford.*" Lady Kenmure, sister to the celebrated Marquis of Argyle who was beheaded in 1661 for his adherence to Presbyterian principles, is intimately known through her epistolary correspondence with Samuel Rutherford, as being a lady "distinguished not more for goodness than for charity and munificence, its usual concomitants."

In the rebellion of 1715, William, the sixth Viscount, took such an active part that he lost his life and forfeited the title in the cause. The following letter from Prince Charles Edward to the Hon. John Gordon, seventh Viscount, who attended his father to the scaffold on Tower Hill, refers to the event, and shows the high estimation in which the family of Kenmure was held by the House of Stuart. It is copied from the original at Salton Hall:—"Holyrood House, October 7, 1745. The continued loyalty of your family, with your father's unhappy suffering in 1715, and the repeated assurances I have received from all hands of your zeal and attachment to my family, leaves me no room to doubt that you will take the first opportunity to appear in the cause of your king and country. Being determined to make no longer stay in these parts than to give time to some friends who are now on their way from the Highlands to join me, I judge it proper you may repair to the army with what men you can get together without delay, when

you may be assured of meeting with particular marks of my favour and friendship."

In 1824 the dignities and title were restored by Act of Parliament in the person of Viscount William's grandson; who was succeeded by his nephew, Adam Gordon, a brave naval officer; and at his death, as eighth Viscount, 1847, the title became extinct.

New-Galloway Railway Station is about six miles distant from the town. The road passes Kenmure Castle gate, runs near the margin of Loch Ken, and winds round the lofty Bennan Hill, which, when clothed with wood, was one of the greatest ornaments of the romantic shores of Loch Ken. Many years ago an affecting incident took place on this lonely road, near to Lowran Hill, which forms the subject of a ballad by the Rev. William Gillespie. In a note to the ballad it is said "that a poor Highland soldier, on his return to his native hills, fatigued, as it was supposed, by the length of the march, and the heat of the weather, sat down under the shade of a birch tree on this solitary road, and was found dead."

"From the climes of the sun, all war-worn and weary,
The Highlander sped to his youthful abode;
Fair visions of home cheered the desert so dreary,
Tho' fierce was the noonbeam and steep was the road.

"Till spent with the march that still lengthened before him,
He stopped by the way in a sylvan retreat;
The light shady boughs of the birch tree waved o'er him,
The stream of the mountain fell soft at his feet.

"He sank to repose where the red heaths are blended,
One dream of his childhood his fancy passed o'er;
But his battles are fought, and his march it is ended,
The sound of the bagpipe shall wake him no more.

"No arm in the day of the conflict could wound him,
Though war launched her thunder in fury to kill,
Now the angel of death in the desert has found him,
And stretched him in peace by the stream of the hill.

"Pale autumn spreads o'er him the leaves of the forest,
The fays of the wild chant the dirge of his rest;
And thou little brook, still the sleeper deplorest,
And moistenest the heath-bell that weeps on his breast."

From a point of this road one of the finest views of Kenmure Castle and the vale is to be obtained; but we now retrace our steps to New-Galloway, and take the road for Balmaclellan, leading past Kenmure Bridge.

CHAPTER XXII.

NEW-GALLOWAY TO BALMACLELLAN AND CASTLE-DOUGLAS.

THE Manse of Balmaclellan stands in a cosy situation near the road, and is hallowed by many pleasing associations—literary and antiquarian —during the incumbency of the late Rev. George Murray, whose name among the Bards of Galloway holds a prominent place. Mr Murray was born in the royal burgh of New-Galloway in 1812, and educated at the parish school there. From thence he proceeded to Edinburgh University to study for the Church. During the first session he gained an essay prize in the Humanity Class, which brought him under the notice of Professor Pillans, who got for him a tutorship in Ross-shire ; while there, he became acquainted with Hugh Miller, from whose companionship he derived much benefit. The two youths mused and botanized together, Murray thus acquiring a passion for botany, which, when settled in his native district, was a life-long pleasure to him. Later on he secured a prize in the class of Professor Wilson, with which success he gained the respect of the great "Christopher North," to whom in after years, when on a visit to Galloway, he was host, and acted as guide in his rambles through the district. After labouring with success as assistant and successor to the Rev. Gavin Cullen, minister of Balmaclellan, and as minister of the parish of Girthon, he was called to Balmaclellan in 1851, where he continued a faithful pastor until his death, on 22d April, 1881, in the forty-fourth year of his ministry. The Rev. George Murray was the model of a country clergyman, devotedly attached to his flock, kind-hearted and genial, he shared in all their joys and sorrows, and passionately fond of rural sports, he mingled in the innocent pastimes of his parishioners, and was respected, and beloved by them in return. He was a zealous antiquary, and was for many years a "corresponding member" of *The Society of Antiquaries for Scotland.* The volume of his poems, which was published in 1883, contains graphic pictures of rural manners and customs of the past and a fine fancy, considerable descriptive powers, and a loving sympathy with all that is beautiful and good in nature and life. His tribute to the

memory of the late Mr Maxwell of Glenlee, who was Captain of the New-Galloway Volunteers, is such a perfect little gem that we make room for it here :—

OUR CAPTAIN SLEEPS!

Our Captain sleeps! what is it that keeps
Our chief from the field away?
Each Volunteer in the ranks is here;
What aileth Glenlee to-day?

Our Captain sleeps! death cometh and reaps
The green and the stately corn!
To his lone grave, the young and the brave
Is slowly and sadly borne.

Our Captain sleeps! and his widow weeps
For the gift gone to the Giver!
Each Volunteer sheds a bitter tear
That his chief has gone for ever.

For ever? not so! the trump shall blow,
Arousing the good and true!
The chief and his men shall meet again,
At the last—the Grand Review.

The name Balmaclellan means the village or township of the Maclellans, once a powerful family in the Stewartry, a considerable branch of which, for several centuries, possessed lands contiguous to the church or village. According to Chalmers, "By the annexation of the lordship of Galloway to the Crown, in 1455, the king became patron of the Church of Balmaclellan. In the beginning of the following century, when James IV. enlarged the establishment of the chapel royal of Stirling, he annexed to it the church of Balmaclellan, with its tithes and revenues, parsonage and vicarage, which was then constituted one of the prebends of the chapel royal, and the curé of the parish was served by a vicar pensioner. The patronage of this prebend belonged to the king, but after the Restoration it appears to have been conceded to the chapel royal." When Symson wrote, in 1684, the bishop of Dunblane, a dean of that chapel, was patron of the church of Balmaclellan. When the Revolution laid in ruins the fabric of episcopacy the advowson of this church reverted to the Crown.

The church, parochial school, and churchyard are in proximity to the village. In the churchyard may be seen some very ancient stones of rude workmanship and with quaint inscriptions. There is one, dated 1695, to the memory of Jean Gordon, eldest daughter of Alex-

ander, Viscount Kenmure, spouse to William Gordon of Shirmers. Another to the memory of the Rev. Thomas Verner, minister of Balmaclellan for 59 years, who died 10th September, 1716, in the 89th year of his age, bears that he "was the last of the Presbyterian ministers that survived the Revolution." He was also uncle of Wodrow, the historian of the Church of Scotland. A very handsome spiral column has been erected by the inhabitants of Balmaclellan in memory of the valour and devotedness of five soldiers, natives of the parish, who fell during the war with Russia. Their names are William Barr, Thomas M'Robert, James Gibson, lance-corporal James M'Michael, and lance-corporal James Gordon. A stone over a Covenanter's grave bears the following inscription :—

"Here lyeth ROBERT GRIERSON, who was shot to death by command of Colonel James Douglas, at Ingleston, in the parish of Glencairn, 1685.

"This monument to passengers shall cry
That goodly Grierson under it doth lie,
Betrayed by knavish Watson to his foes,
Which made this Martyr's days by murder close.
If you would know the nature of his crime,
Then read the story of that killing time,
When Babel's brats by hellish plots concealed,
Designed to make our South their hunting-field.
Here's one of five at once were laid in dust
To gratify Rome's execrable lust.
If carabines with molten bullets could
Have reached their souls, these mighty Nimrods would
Them have cut off ; for here could no request
Three minutes get to pray for future rest."

Robert Paterson, *alias* "Old Mortality," was intimately connected with this district. Among the moors and churchyards of Galloway he wandered for many years, erecting, lettering, and renewing tombstones to the memory of the martyrs. Leaving his family and his home at Morton, Dumfriesshire, nothing would persuade him to renounce his peculiar calling ; and his wife, in order to be nearer the scene of his labours, removed in the summer of 1768 to Balmaclellan village, where she supported her family by keeping a little school. His son, Robert, also resided at Balmaclellan. In his 70th year he furnished Mr Train with an interesting sketch of his father's life, which, on being forwarded by the Antiquary to Sir Walter Scott, was embodied in the introduction to the novel of *Old Mortality*.

Several members of the family are buried in this churchyard. The nscription on the tombstone, erected in 1855 by Thomas Paterson, is

as follows:—"In memory of Robert Paterson, stone engraver, well known as 'Old Mortality,' who died at Bankend of Carlaverock, 14th February 1800, aged 88; also of Elizabeth Gray, his spouse, who died at Balmaclellan village, 5th May, 1785, aged 59; also of Robert, their son, who died 30th April, 1846, aged 90; also of Agnes M'Knight, his spouse, who died 5th August, 1818; and their three sons, John, Alexander, and Robert."

Holm House, in a fine situation on the banks of the Garple Burn, is at no great distance from Balmaclellan. The grounds are very inviting, commanding views of great extent and beauty. Near the mansion house is a statue of "Old Mortality," similar to the one at the Observatory, Maxwelltown, very appropriately placed on a brae face, amongst broom and heather. From this we follow a charming winding footpath, running near the edge of the deep and thickly-wooded glen of the Garple. A secluded spot in this glen is memorable as having been, according to tradition, the site of a hermitage built by the hapless Jean Gordon, the heroine of Mr Barbour's story "Jean's Wa's." There, it is narrated, she delighted to muse in her seclusion from the world, and we can conceive of no situation more suited for such an abode. The stream murmurs plaintively at the base of the rocky glen; the trunks of the old trees by its sides are now moss-grown, and begin to show signs of decay, their long straggling branches meet across the stream, and the banks around are clad with wild flowers and bright golden moss, all looking extremely beautiful when lit up by the afternoon sun.

Following the course of the Garple, and a little way farther up the valley, is the Holy Linn, almost hidden from view with the o'er-arching, and at this season truly, rich foliage growing by the sides of the glen in which it is situated. The trees by its brink seem to grow and flourish from out of the barren rock. Here growing by the steep declivity are the rowan, the birch, the oak, and the mountain pine, and growing in profusion at their roots are specimens of the richest wild flowers. The rugged rocks in its course are worn into the most grotesque shapes by the current of the waters. The Holy Linn is supposed to get its name from a Well where, it is said, the ousted ministers during the persecution were wont to assemble to worship, and use the well as a baptismal font."* At a short distance

* In a cave and other sequestered retreats of this glen, the Covenanters often found a place of refuge from their pursuers. Simpson, in his "Traditions of the Covenanters," states that in the retirement of this glen the gospel has often been preached by the ousted ministers. The Rev. Mr Verner, the ejected minister of Balmaclellan, on one occasion preached to a small audience in this place, and baptised, it is said, no fewer than six and thirty children at one time. The baptismal

from the Linn is the old castle of Barscobe, built in 1649 by William Maclellan, a branch of the family of Kirkcudbright. He married one of the Gordons of Kenmure, and her armorial bearings, conjoined with those of Maclellan, and the initials W.M. and M.G., are still seen over the chief entrance. The castle stands on a mound surrounded by stately and time-honoured trees. It is in good repair and habitable.

BARSCOBE HOUSE, BALMACLELLAN.

We again retrace our steps towards Kenmure Bridge on our way to Parton Station. Soon after passing Kenmure Bridge, the farm house of Shirmers is reached, where we turn in for a short time to see the ivy-clad remains of the old tower of Shirmers, supposed to have been the birthplace of Thomas Gordon, a political writer in the pay of Sir Robert Walpole, Editor of the *Independent Whig*, and translator of *Tacitus* and *Sallust*. The scenery here is somewhat varied—on the one side we have the fertile vale of the Ken with a view of Kenmure Castle, and on the other the bare and barren moors of Arvie and Mochrum.

On the farm of Upper Arvie, now Ken-Ervie, "There is," says the Rev. Mr Crosbie, in the *Statistical Account*, "a flat stone about three feet in diameter, on which are the marks of what might be supposed

water was contained in the hollow basin of a rock; from which circumstance the spot received the name of the Holy Linn, which it retains till this day. Mr Verner was minister of Balmaclellan after the Revolution.

a cow's foot, a horse shoe, the four nails on each side being very distinct, and the impression which might be made by a man's foot and knee while he was in the act of kneeling, the knot of the garter being quite evident.* The tradition connected with this remarkable stone, commonly called the 'Cow Clout,' is, that the proprietor, in order to get

THE "COW CLOUT" STONE.

up arrears of rent, 'drave the pun,' or in other words, carried off the hypothecated stock, while a fierce resistance was made by the people, and that over this stone, on which a man had just been praying for relief against his enemies, the cattle passed, followed by an officer on horseback, and that it remains as a memorial to posterity of the cruel deed."

In the life of St. Ninian there is a story related somewhat similar to this, but the locality in which "the miracle" was performed by the saint is not given. The story, according to a translator of the *Lives of the English Saints*, is this:—"St. Ninian and his brethren had many flocks and herds, which they kept for their own use; for milk and cheese would be monks' fare; and for hospitality to strangers and the use of the poor; making provision to fulfil the precept which bishops and their chapters and all monasteries were used to keep in mind,

* The Rock, with the "Cow's Clout," &c., on it, appears at the present time as represented in the pencil sketch. It stands about 100 yards to the north of the march dyke betwixt Upper Ervie now Ken-Ervie and Nether Ervie. There is little to indicate its whereabouts, but the visitor coming from Kenmure Bridge, and leaving the road on the left, opposite Ringour and Bennan farms, on the opposite side of Loch Ken, would come upon it without much trouble by following the march dyke half a mile up.

to exercise hospitality without grudging. These cattle were kept in pasture grounds, at some distance from the monastery, and St. Ninian went to bless the herds and their keepers. The bishop had them all brought together, lifted up his hands, and committed himself and all that was his to the guardianship of God. He then went round them, and with his staff marked the ground within the limits of which they were to stay, something like what was afterwards done as a superstitious spell. He then retired to the house of an honourable matron where he and his brethren were to lodge. After refreshing themselves with food, and their souls with the word of God, they retired to rest. Meanwhile robbers arrive, and seeing the herds unenclosed and unguarded, expect an easy prey. The cattle remain quiet, no sound is heard, no dog even is heard to bark; they enter within the limits, but do it to their cost. The bull of the herd attacks and severely gores the ringleader of the thieves, and himself, digging his hoof violently into the ground, impresses the mark of it on the rock, as if in wax. The mark remained, and the place was called in Saxon, "Farres Last," that is, the bull's foot-mark—*Tauri Vestigium*, as the Latin Life explains it. Meanwhile, after his regular morning prayers, St. Ninian arrives, finds the poor robber with his entrails torn out, and now lifeless, and the others running about, as if insane, within the limit he had marked around the cattle. He was deeply moved with pity, and entreated that the robber might be restored to life; nor did he cease from prayers and tears till the same Power which had caused his death restored him again to life. The other robbers, who seemed possessed on seeing St. Ninian, fell at his feet in fear and trembling, and begged forgivenes. He kindly reproved them, pointed out the punishment which awaited the robber, and at last, after giving them his blessing, allowed them to depart. The result was the sincere conversion of the man whose life had been restored."

Proceeding on our ramble we pass Drumrash, situated on the left of the road, and near a burn of the same name. A short way farther on is Glenlaggan, the mansion-house and grounds of which were greatly improved by the late proprietor, Colonel Patrick Sanderson, of the Scots Greys. The house is finely situated on a slight elevation overlooking Loch Ken, but from the road it is scarcely visible in the woods with which it is surrounded. Beyond Glenlaggan the mansion house of Airds, erected by the late Major Houghton-Hughan, and now the property of Capt. Henniker-Hughan, R.N., is passed. It is in a beautiful situation overlooking Loch Ken, and the wooded promontory

of Airds, on which is Lowe's seat, now rendered interesting as being associated with the sweet song of "Mary's Dream."

The author of this popular poem was, according to Murray's Memoir, "born at Kenmure in 1750. His father was gardener to Mr Gordon of Kenmure, son to that unfortunate nobleman who forfeited his life in 1715 in the cause of the Stuarts. Having at the parish school acquired the rudiments of classical learning, he early betrayed a wish to become a scholar; but the narrowness of his father's circumstances did not enable him to carry this laudable desire into effect, and at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a weaver in New-Galloway. He removed to the University of Edinburgh in the year 1771. Amid his severer studies Lowe did not fail to cultivate poetry, to which the natural bent of his genius had early inclined him. But the most important event of Lowe's life was his introduction, in the capacity of tutor, to the family of Mr M'Ghie of Airds. The house of Airds, situated on a declivity of a wooded hill, which is washed on opposite sides by the Dee and Ken, two rivers whose streams unite at its base. commands an extensive view of a beautiful and varied landscape, The hand of nature has shut it out from almost all communications with the living world; it seems, indeed, intended as the nursery or dwelling of a poet. Lowe could not but appreciate the happiness of his lot. He delighted to "muse o'er nature with a poet's eye;" and the sweet and poetic charms of Airds he did not cease to remember with melancholy pleasure when he was far removed from them. "The beautiful banks of the Rappahannock," says he, in a letter to a friend, "where the town in which I now reside is situated, with all their luxuriance and fragrance, have never to me had charms equal to smooth Ken or murmuring Dee. Thou wood of Airds! balmy retreat of peace, innocence, harmony, and love, with what raptures do I still reflect on thee!" To derive his happiness more from his own mind, he used to retire to an elevated cliff in a sequestrated part of the wood of Airds, "to view the beauties of the rising day," and to hold sweet converse with the *genii* of the mountains and the streams. On this spot he erected a rural seat, and environed it with a sweet arbour, entwined with honeysuckle and woodbine. It was on this spot that he composed those verses that have conferred immortality on his name, and it is thus described by him in his poem "Morning:"

> "High on a rock his favourite arbour stood,
> Near Ken's fair bank, amidst a verdant wood,
> Beneath its grateful shade, at ease he lay,

And viewed the beauties of the rising day ;
Whilst with mellifluous lays the grove did ring
He also join'd."

His two most distinguished effusions were—"A Morning Poem," of a descriptive and pastoral kind, and "Mary's Dream." The story of this latter poem, continues Mr Murray, was founded in truth. Mary, of the family of Airds, had been promised in marriage to a gentleman named Alexander Miller, a surgeon, who was drowned at sea. The impression which such an event must in any case have made upon the mind of a poet was, in the instance before us, rendered deeper from the circumstance that the sister of Mary had inspired Lowe with feelings of a tender kind. The subject, therefore, was one which could not fail to call forth all the energy of which he was capable—and, accordingly, the poem is regarded as one of the happiest efforts. There is a simplicity, a pathos, and sublimity about it to which there are few parallels in the class of composition to which it belongs." We give a verse here :—

"MARY'S DREAM."

"The moon had climbed the highest hill
That rises o'er the source of Dee ;
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree ;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;
There soft and low a voice was heard
Saying—Mary, weep no more for me."

Having been engaged as tutor to the family of a brother of the illustrious Washington, Lowe crossed the Atlantic, and settled in America, where he met with many disappointments and hardships. He died in 1798, in the 48th year of his age, and lies buried near Fredericksburgh, Virginia.

Cromek, in his *Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, gives what he terms a "Scotch Copy" of this ballad, beginning :—

"The lovely moon had climbed the hill
Where eagles big aboon the Dee,
And like the looks of a lovely dame,
Brought joy to everybodie's e'e.
A' but sweet Mary, deep in sleep,
Her thought on Sandy far at sea ;
A voice drapt saftly on her ear,
Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me."

In Hogg's *Life of Allan Cunningham*, it is shown, on Cunningham's own confession, that he was the author of almost every ballad and scrap in Cromek's collection. Cromek, in his credulity, believed this to be the original ballad, and enters into an elaborate comparison of the two copies in support of his view. But there can be no doubt that it was the composition of Allan Cunningham.

We now take train at Parton for Castle-Douglas.

QUERN FROM BALMACLELLAN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

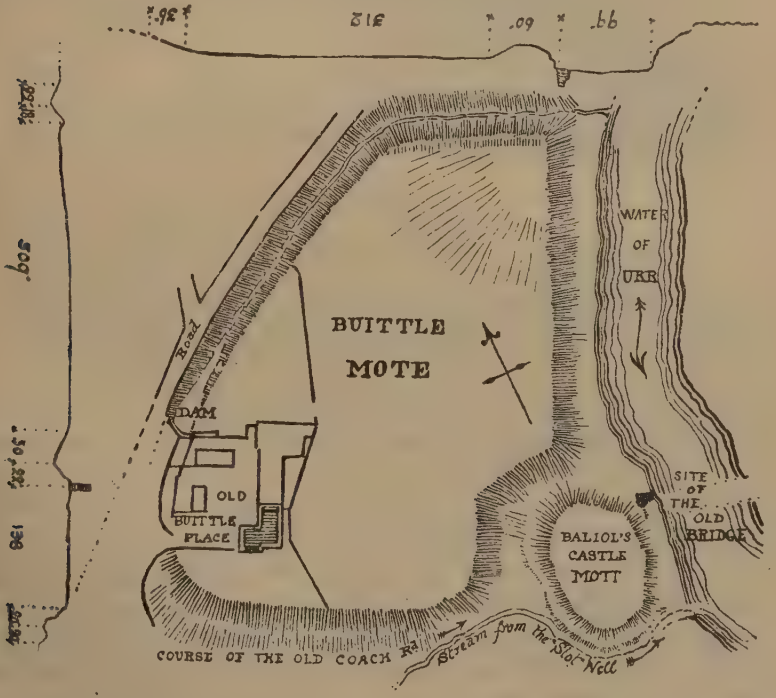
FROM CASTLE-DOUGLAS TO DALBEATTIE.

BEYOND Castle-Douglas railway station, Ernespie House is a prominent object on the left. It is the residence of Mrs Lawrence, who by recent additions to the house, has added greatly to its architectural ornamentation. Ernespie, *Ard an espoic* (espick) signifies the Bishop's Hill.* In a level field in front of the house there are two large standing stones evidently marking the site of an ancient tumulus. In the same field there is a well, known from time immemorial as "Willie's Well," in the neighbourhood of which, according to tradition, a martyr was shot during the persecution of the Covenanters. Quite close to the house there is what appears to be an artificial moat or perhaps a sepulchral mound. From Ernespie we regain the public road leading past Leathes to Buittle Kirk. The ruins of the old church stand in the centre of the graveyard, and bear marks of remote architecture, but there are no records regarding the period of its erection. The east end, where the choir was located, is wider than the other part of the building, and was divided from it by a Gothic arch. The walls still remain entire and are covered with ivy. A mile or so from Buittle Church, near the High School, there is a well called the "Rumbling Well," of which Symson, who wrote in 1692, says :—"It was frequented by a multitude of sick people, for all sorts of diseases, the first Sunday of May, lying there the Saturday night and then drinking of it early in the morning." There is also another well about a quarter of a mile distant from the former towards the east. This well, according to Symson, was made use of by the country people when their cattle were troubled with a disease called by them the "connoch." From the Rumbling Well we follow the footpath leading past the reservoir, which supplies Dalbeattie with gravitation water, and after a very enjoyable walk soon reach the public road near the farm of Buittle Place. From thence we proceed to the ruins of the old Castle of Botel or Buittle, in a beautiful situation amidst an amphitheatre of

* "Studies in Topography," by Sir H. E. Maxwell.

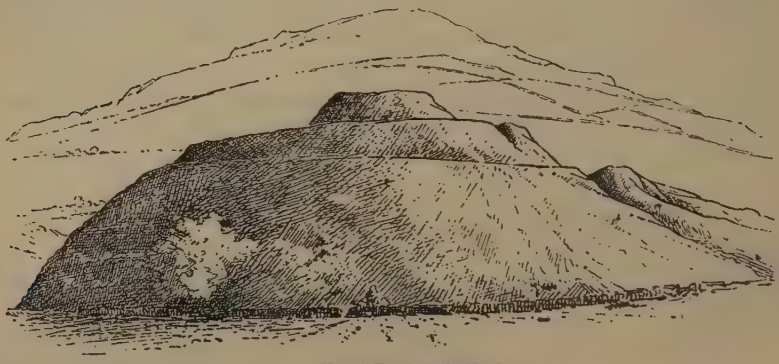
Buittle Castle. From Drawing by Grose.

hills near the river Urr—at one time a place of large dimensions and great magnificence. It is said to have been originally possessed by the ancient lords of Galloway, and to have been the favourite habitation of Balliol. The vaults and fortifications are all that now remain of the original structure. It was here that John Balliol, the "Competitor," was born in 1249. It was here also that the Charter of Balliol College was signed in 1282. In the year 1312 the Castle was besieged by Robert Bruce, and after he became King of Scotland, it passed to Sir James Douglas, known in Scottish history as the Good Sir James. The old Castle, of which Grose gives a drawing in his *Antiquities of Scotland*, was a seventeenth century building and not the castle of history.

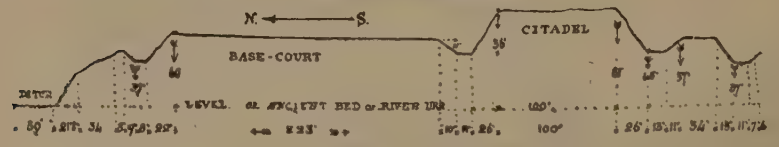


Beyond this Craignair granite quarries are to be seen, and the prosperous little town of Dalbeattie is soon reached. Meantime we take a stroll up the road leading to Haugh of Urr, and pass on our way the largest and most perfect moat in Galloway. It stands on the west side of the Urr, about half a mile below the church.

It is an artificial, conical, flat-topped mound, and comprises citadel, trenches, and base-court—all on an extensive scale clear and well preserved. These are common in Galloway, and are generally believed to have been used as places of meeting for dispensing justice. They are supposed by some antiquaries to be six, seven, or eight hundred years old, while others consider that these mounds were formed in



Mote of Urr, from the North.



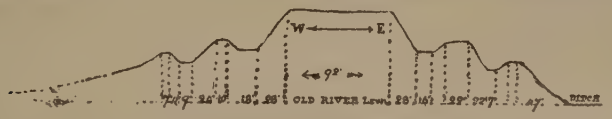
Mote of Urr. Longitudinal Section.

prehistoric times; that they were connected with the *Phallic* or nature worship, and may have been used for sacrifice; that in later times some of them *may have been* used as places where justice was administered—their sanctity giving weight to the law—it being very doubtful if ever they were used as temples of justice.*

A singular family tradition respecting the gift of this moat to a woman named Sprotte, for her loyalty and hospitality to Robert the Bruce after an encounter with Sir Walter Selby on the banks of the Urr, was inserted in the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier* of 1st October 1822. The combat between them is said to have been brought to

* Dr Christison, in his "Introduction to the Study of Scottish Motes and Forts," says:—"The only motes mentioned in the Exchequer Rolls are Urr and Earlston. The numerous references between 1456 and 1503 are to annual rents drawn from them as farms." And in his Rhind Lectures on "The Early Fortifications of Scotland," he states "that the distribution of the motes in Scotland showed that their great centre was Kirkcudbright, which contained 76. As to the conclusion of the period of the Scottish motes, all that could be said was that they ceased to be used at the fifteenth century, as they were used in charters of that and the following two centuries, not as fortresses, but as sub-divisions of land. The Scottish motes were in general very small.

rather an ignominious conclusion by Dame Sprotte seizing the English knight by a lock of hair which escaped from his helmet, and pulling him backwards to the ground, when he had no other alternative but to give himself up a prisoner. The two knights, after washing their bloody hands in the river Urr, were conducted to the cottage of this good woman, and entertained to a bowl of brose as breakfast. As a recompense to their entertainer for her loyality, Bruce offered as much land as she could run round while he and Selby finished the bowl of steaming brose, the terms of holding the land to be, that should ever any of the kings of Scotland pass the Urr they were to partake of brose from Robert the Bruce's bowl. The story is called "Robert Bruce's Bowl," and was related by Simon Sprotte, a descendant of the heroine.



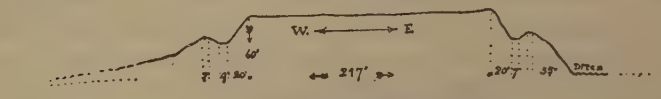
Mote of Urr. Section across Citadel.

Mote of Urr, from the South.

On the estate of Redcastle, about a mile east from the Moat of Urr, there is a remarkable memorial stone standing in a field; it is a block of granite in its natural state, about ten feet high, and is mentioned in *Caledonia* among the antiquities of Kirkcudbrightshire, but nothing is known, by history or tradition, as to the event which it has been reared to commemorate. On the farm of Waterside, and about 150 yards east from Haugh Mill, there are the remains of a mote or British fort. It is partly surrounded by a wood, and situated on a height near the river Urr. Its summit from north to south measures about 150 feet, and from west to east about 170 feet.

The Rev. Dr James Muirhead, minister of the parish of Urr, who

died in 1808, was the author of the well-known humorous song, "Bess the Gawkie." Dr Alexander Murray was ordained assistant minister and successor to Dr Muirhead in 1806, and continued to perform his clerical duties there till 1812 when he was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages in Edinburgh University.



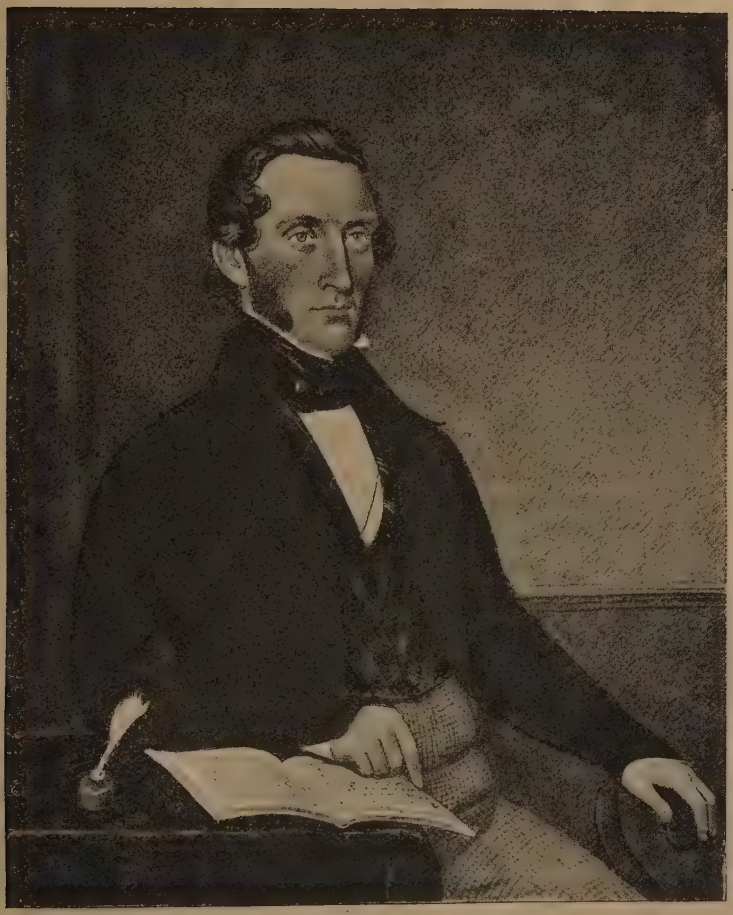
Mote of Urr. Section across Base-court.

Mote of Urr, from the West

Mote of Urr, from the East.

The late Robert Kerr, author of "Maggie of the Moss" and other poems, an edition of which was published in 1891, was born at Mid-town of Urr on 2nd September, 1811, and died at Redcastle on 30th September, 1848. Several short pieces are remarkable for tenderness and truth, notably "My First Fee," a verse of which we give here :—

"My mither was wae, for my faither was dead,
And they threatened to tak' the auld house ower her head ;
Her earnings were scanty—the meal it grew dear,
And the auldest of five, I could whiles see the tear,
When she cam' hame at nicht, glisten bricht in her e'en,
Half-hid as it didna just want to be seen.
I said nae a word, but my heart it wad ache,
And I wished I was big for my puir mither's sake."



Robert Kerr.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DALBEATTIE AND ENVIRONS.

The town of Dalbeattie is entirely of modern origin. It is said to have been established as a village about 1780.

A traveller about a hundred years ago writes, "At Dalbeattie are mills, and a small village, which seems thriving." The town is now one of the most considerable in Galloway, and is every year increasing in population and wealth. It is very pleasantly situated near the Urr; and the houses being rather irregularly scattered, give to it, when viewed from a distance, the appearance of a large town, and add more to the effectiveness of the landscape than if they were built more regularly. It consists of one main street, with others diverging. In the principal street, which is spacious, there are some good well-furnished shops. The houses, being generally built of the native granite, have a substantial and tidy appearance. The Town Hall is a plain substantial granite building, with a square tower and illuminated clock. In the lesser hall is housed the library of the Mechanics' Institute, and at the end of the bridge a new Post Office has recently been erected. In the town there are branches of the Union and Commercial Banks. There is also an auction mart, open every alternate Saturday, and conducted by Mr Wallet; but owing to its proximity to Castle-Douglas, the business done is comparatively limited. Since the last edition of the "Rambles" was issued a large number of cottages and some handsome villas have been erected along the Barhill and north side of the town. The Public School, an imposing-looking granite building, is situated on the higher ground on the east side of the town. It is one of the finest school buildings in the Stewartry, and has accommodation for over 800 scholars. There are also in the town churches of various denominations, and hotels sufficient for the wants of the neighbourhood. The lawn tennis, quoiting ground, and bowling-green are in a sheltered situation at the Mill isles. An excellent golf course of nine holes is situated on Meikle

Dalbeattie farm and commands a charming view of the vale of Urr, right down to the Solway.

In the year 1900 Miss Copland of Collieston presented the town with eight and a half acres of rough land at Isle croft, which through the enterprise of the Improvements Committee, and the generosity of the inhabitants has now been converted into a very attractive Public Park. And about two years ago Mr W. J. Maxwell of Munches also gifted to the town the field on the opposite side of the burn, known to Cricketers of old as "Daniel," which has also been added to the Public Park. The Park is nicely laid out, possesses a Band Stand, small artificial lake, &c., and is a great boon for recreative purposes.

At the Cross or Market Square there is a very handsome drinking fountain, formed of Dalbeattie, Peterhead, and Westerly, U.S., granite, and topped with a lamp. This fountain was erected by public subscription as a memorial of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. In the Square opposite the Auction Mart there is a drinking fountain erected by the late W. H. Maxwell of Munches and gifted to the town in the Jubilee year.

To the natural advantages of its situation is to be attributed the great progress which the town has made in material prosperity. In addition to the benefits of railway communication there is a harbour on the river Urr, called Dub o' Hass, distant about five miles from the Solway. The river is navigable thus far for vessels up to 150 tons burthen ; but vessels of 200 tons can be loaded at the Old Land Wharf, and those of larger size, up to 300 tons, at Palnackie.

The Dalbeattie Burn, which falls into the Urr, is utilised for various kinds of mills and manufactories, and, from the spirit of enterprise which the inhabitants generally appear to possess. numerous important branches of trade are carried on along its banks. At Maidenholm, Mr David Newall has a granite polishing mill, and immediately below are the Barr Bridge Corn and Bone Mills, owned by Messrs Carswell. Lower down are Mr Forsyth's paper mill, Mr Bell's saw-mill, the bobbin mills of Messrs Jackson and the corn and saw-mill occupied by Mr Ewing.

On the Barhill road Messrs Lawson & Henderson have erected new steam bobbin and saw-mills. Not far off is the Creamery. Near the Port there are two brick and tile works and the large chemical manure works of Messrs Thomas Biggar & Sons.

The granite quarries, however, contribute most to the wealth of

the place, and afford employment to a great number of skilled workmen and labourers.

The development of this industry in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright is of comparatively recent date. Though it had been long known that granite existed in great abundance in certain districts of the Stewartry, it was seldom made available for building or other purposes. When Tongland Bridge was erected in 1805, the stones employed in its erection were freestone blocks transported from Annan and the Isle of Arran, and freestone from Dumfriesshire quarries was generally used in the decorative portions of buildings. The late Andrew Newall was the first to introduce the trade of granite hewing into Galloway. About a hundred years ago he opened a quarry at Craignair, and conducted a small and remunerative business; but it was not till 1825 that anything like an impetus was given to the trade. In that year a portion of Craignair Hill was leased by the Liverpool Dock Trustees for the purpose of obtaining blocks of granite to be used in the erection of the docks. Quarries were opened, and extensive operations were energetically and very satisfactorily prosecuted till 1832, when the works were abandoned for others at Kirkmabreck, already mentioned. One of the quarries at Craignair—the principal one—is worked by Messrs D. H. & J. Newall, who turn out great quantities of dressed granite of all descriptions. Another is leased by Mr David Newall. The Old Land and Steadstone quarries are on the opposite bank of the Urr, and leased by Messrs Fraser & Young. The "Howlet" and "Spy Craig" quarries on the east side of the town are also leased by Messrs Fraser & Young. Messrs D. H. & J. Newall have also opened a quarry in the "Cow Park," on the north side of the town.

The granite crushing industry, which was entirely unknown in the district when the first edition of this work was published, is now one of considerable magnitude, and is from year to year increasing. Various crushing-mills are now in operation—one being worked by Messrs D. H. & J. Newall at Craignair, from which they have an ærial rope-way direct to the siding at the Railway Station. Messrs Fraser & Young have three mills, two at Dalbeattie Railway Station and the other at Old Land quarry, where they have a private wharf for shipping.

The granite polishing works of Messrs Newall are situated in Dalbeattie. The machinery is propelled by powerful steam engines,

and the operations carried on are so very interesting as to be well worthy of a careful inspection.

The environs of Dalbeattie are not lacking in rural beauty and historical association. A very enjoyable and interesting road leads along the banks of the Urr past Redcastle, the Moat of Urr, Haugh Village, and Spottes, joining the mail road from Castle-Douglas to Dumfries a short distance from Chapelton.

Munches House, about two miles from Dalbeattie, is a handsome modern building of the native granite, in a very pleasant and sheltered situation near the river Urr. In the adjacent ground are many noble specimens of the Scotch fir. The farm-steadings and workmen's houses on the estate have a neat and comfortable aspect, and the attention and taste of the proprietors of Munches, and the adjoining estate of Kirkennan, which now appertains to a member of the Munches family, have contributed much to adorn and beautify the landscape.

The Maxwells of Munches have always been distinguished by their zealous endeavours to promote the prosperity of the country. As enlightened and improving agriculturists their example and encouragement have tended much to advance the progress of agriculture in this locality, and as superiors of the greater part of the burgh of Dalbeattie they have at different times contributed in no inconsiderable degree to the improvement and prosperity of the place. The late Wellwood Herries Maxwell spent nearly the whole of his long life in his native province, and it was devoted, in great measure, to useful public duty. He was a worthy representative of the Maxwell's of Breconside and Terraughty.* His descent being from the first of the Maxwells who received the dignity of Lord Herries, and it was the Terraughty branch who continued in the person of Alexander Maxwell the male line of the Earls of Nithsdale until his death at Terraughty, without surviving issue, in the year 1815. He was succeeded by his niece Clementina, eldest daughter of his brother, William Maxwell, and wife of John Herries Johnstone Maxwell of Barncleuch, Irongray, in the Estates of Munches, Terraughty, and Dinwoodie. On the death of his father, John H. Maxwell, in 1843, the late W. H. Maxwell entered on the management of the estate of Munches, which was the property of his mother. Her title was, however, disputed, and it was not till 1854 that it was finally settled by a decision of the House of Lords. The event was the occasion of general congratulation and rejoicing at the time in the district. His mother died in 1858. Born in 1817, the late

* "Book of Caerlaverock."

W. H. Maxwell was educated at the Academy and University of Edinburgh, and Exeter College. In 1844 he married a daughter of the late Sir William Jardine of Applegarth, Dumfriesshire. He was called to the Scottish Bar in 1839, but "the brawlings of the Courts and the dusty purlieus of the law" were uncongenial to his tastes. He had always a great liking for agricultural pursuits, and giving up the idea of following the legal profession he retired to his estate where he showed himself to be an enlightened and improving agriculturist. He also devoted much of his time to the public interests of the County. He was the principal originator and promoter of the railway from Dumfries to Castle-Douglas, and acted as chairman of the company till it was taken over by the Glasgow & South-Western system, and his services were publicly acknowledged in June 1866, when he was presented with a handsome service of silver plate. W. H. Maxwell held the position of Convener of the Stewartry for forty years, and his retiral was marked by the presentation of his portrait, painted by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A. He had also the honour of representing the County in Parliament from 1868 to 1874. In agricultural affairs he took a deep and active interest. For more than fifty years he was closely identified with the Highland Society and he was one of the founders of the Dumfries Union Agricultural Society and of the Dalbeattie Agricultural Society. As a great admirer of the Galloway breed of cattle, he promoted a sale of Galloway bulls at Castle-Douglas, now carried on by the Galloway Cattle Sales Association. W. H. Maxwell also took a lively interest in the religious and educational affairs of the district. A writer in *The Gallovidian*, who had enjoyed his friendship during twenty years says: "'Munches' was indeed an admirable man, his whole life was ordered by a deep sense of duty, an earnest love of work for its own sake. Kindly considerations marked his relations with all men, and he was especially attentive to the courtesies of life. He never forgot old friends, no matter what their station in life, and would put himself to infinite trouble, and often drive long distances to show his respect and interest in them." W. H. Maxwell died at Munches on 13th August, 1900, and was buried in the family burying ground in Buittle Churchyard. He was succeeded by his son, Mr William Jardine Herries Maxwell, the present popular laird of Munches, who, as Convener of the Stewartry since 1900, as M.P. for Dumfriesshire from 1892 till 1895, and as President of the County Association of the Territorial Army Scheme, is worthily following in the steps of his respected father.

CHAPTER XXV.

FROM DALBEATTIE TO ROCKCLIFFE, DOUGLAS HALL, SOUTHWICK CHURCH, AND KIRKBEAN.

As we leave Dalbeattie and proceed by the road leading towards Rockcliffe, "Autumn spreads her treasures to the sun," and cheerful bands and picturesque groups are busy at work on the harvest rig.

About a mile from Dalbeattie we pass the Old Land Quarry, near the road, and a short distance further on Barnbarroch House, situated amongst trees, on the right. After passing Barnbarroch Village, the road which is seen on the right leads to Kippford or the Scaur, a picturesque little village at the mouth of the Urr, and a favourite resort in the season for holiday makers and health seekers. The houses are principally situated on a level strip of land adjacent to the shore, and closely girt on the land side by a range of rocky and heathery heights. As seen from a turn of the road a short distance past the mansion-house of Kipp, the village, with its wave-worn craft irregularly lying about the beach on a bend of the river, has such a pleasing and picturesque look about it as to render it attractive to the artist. There is a nine-hole golf course, which in the season is largely patronised by the devotees of the fascinating game. The country possesses but few attractions till Clonyard is reached, where there is a group of small lochs known as Clonyard Loch, Barean Loch, and White Loch, which add to the beauty of the landscape in this neighbourhood. Barean Loch, partly fringed with wood and backed by grey rocks, ferns, and heather, is the finest of the group, and we would recommend ramblers to visit it by the way. It lies at a short distance from Clonyard House, and is reached by a footpath across the fields. This loch is interesting as containing at its south end an artificial island formed by the pre-historic inhabitants.

A short distance from Clonyard is Colvend Manse, in a cosy situation, with a surrounding of trees, overlooking the White Loch, near which the road on the right leads to the church, erected in 1771, distant about a quarter of a mile. A little distance farther on, in

KIPPFORD.

PUBLIC
PARIS

the same direction, is Rockcliffe, a pretty tidy little village, and famous sea-bathing resort, picturesquely situated on the shore of a bay near the mouth of the Urr. In the vicinity of this village there are many very pleasant and interesting walks.

The view from the Castlehill of Barcloy, on the summit of which stood an old castle, will well repay the exertion of reaching it. All that now remains of this castle, which, in Timothy Pont's *List of Castles and Gentlemen's Houses of Chief Note in Galloway*, is placed second, are the foundations of a ruined wall and the fosse in front of the tower. On a clear day this hill commands a charming and extensive view of the Firth and the English coast, the Isle of Man, and the estuary of the Urr. A pretty peep is also obtained of Balcary Bay and house nestling among the trees in the distance, with Heston Isle, White Port, the White Horse Bay of *The Raiders*, and the bold ridges of Screel and Bengairn. Near the Castle Point a cairn of

ELBE MONUMENT.

stones has been erected in commemoration of the escape of the crew of the schooner Elbe on 7th December, 1867. A slab embedded in the cairn bears the following inscription :—"The schooner Elbe, Capt. Samuel Wilson, after providentially landing her crew here, backed off the rocks and sank off Rascarrel, December 7th, 1867." Shipwrecks have been frequent on this coast. The treacherous sandbanks of the Solway have often proved disastrous to strangers when groping their way to the estuary of the Urr. In January, 1866, a schooner was

wrecked on the Barnhourie sandbank, and three lives were lost after suffering great hardships.

A little to the north of the Castlehill, near the margin of the beach, is a solitary tombstone, marking the spot where a sailor was buried. It bears the following inscription :—"In Memory of JOSEPH NELSON, who was lost on his passage from Whitehaven, 2d Jany., 1761, and was buried here, July 20th, following year, aged 39 years. This stone is erected by his widow, Ann Nelson, in Whitehaven."

Having retraced our steps to the manse, the shore road to Dumfries is followed, and Colvend Schoolhouse passed. Barnhourie Mill is shortly afterwards reached, where a slight divergence from the main road to the left will bring the pedestrian to the ruins of Barnhourie House, a small Scottish mansion of the seventeenth century, with its adjacent office-houses, embowered among trees.

Close to the mill a road leads up to Fairgirth and Drumstinchall, At Fairgirth, besides other vestiges of antiquity, there are the remains of the ancient Chapel of St. Lawrence, which has not been used since the Reformation. The walls, completely embedded in ivy, now form a courtyard in front of Fairgirth House. In the adjoining farmyard there is a spring still known as St. Lawrence's Well, which, according to Chalmers, "was formerly held in repute, as it was arched over with great care." There was also a cemetery, which occupied the site of the present barnyard. About seventy years ago there were people alive who remembered having seen tombstones and inscriptions, but none can now be found. In the Sibbald MSS. in the Advocates' Library, Fairgirth is mentioned as one of the considerable houses in the ten parishes which are under the Synod of Dumfries "The western part of it," writes Mr W. R. M'Diarmid, in his *Handbook to Colvend and Southwick*, "is of considerable antiquity, containing a turnpike stair formed of millstone grit, and closed at the foot by a strong oaken door, studded with iron nails. The upper of the two rooms, approached by this stair, has an oaken floor. This may either have belonged to the considerable house of Fairgirth, or been the residence of the priest of St. Lawrence's chapel."

A brief walk brings us back to the shore at Douglas Hall, where those who feel an interest in botanical and geological pursuits should halt for a while, as there are few localities richer in these and other natural curiosities. The walk along the coast will be found especially interesting.

The Piper's Cove, the Brandy Cave, a solitary pillar of silurian

Port o' Warren.

rock standing on the Merse called "Lot's Wife," and an arch in the cliff on the shore near Southwick bank called the "Needle's Eye," are the principal objects of attraction to most visitors to Douglas Hall. From the south side of Port-o'-Warren Bay to the mouth of the Urr there is a fine range of cliffs rising from 200 to 400 feet above the sea. Besides being peculiarly interesting to the geologist, these cliffs, in their varied combination of rock and lichen, furnish ample studies for the artist. There are also many excellent studies of rock in detail, and some picture-subjects perfect in composition. One of these cliffs, called

"LOT'S WIFE."

"The Dookers' Bing," so named from its being at one time the breeding-place and haunt of cormorants, known locally as "black dookers" or "Co'en elders" is very striking and picturesque. The hoary fronts of these precipices present a variety of colour very pleasing to the eye. The bright red hues of the porphyry in the rocks are softened with a covering of lichens and shrubs, and ivy and oak spring out of their crevices, giving beauty and richness to the view, while during the breeding season the scene is enlivened by the flight and cries of innumerable sea-birds. "The view of this cliff on a glowing summer day," writes M'Diarmid, "when its base is washed by the dark blue sea, may compare favourably with the coast scenery of any other country."

The popularity of this shore as a fashionable sea-side resort has so

much increased within recent years that at Rockcliffe, Port Ling, and Douglas Hall several fine commodious villas, commanding sea and inland views of wide extent and varied beauty, have been erected for the accommodation of visitors during the season. As an additional attraction to pleasure-seekers, a nine-hole golf course has recently been opened at Douglas Hall.

After walking about two miles from Barnhourie we turn to the left and pursue a by-road leading to Southwick Old Church. The ascent is steep, but on looking back fine views of the Solway are obtained, which quite repay one the trouble of climbing. This is almost the only pre-Reformation parish church left in the district. It is situated about a mile from the main road, in a quiet and secluded strath betwixt Bainloch Hill and the picturesque Clifton Crags, in an enclosure which is still used as a place of sepulture. The walls of the church, which are rudely formed of granite boulders, cemented by shell lime, are tolerably entire. They are 14 feet high, and the building is 64 feet in length and 25 feet in breadth. In the eastern gable there are two elegant lancet-shaped windows of dressed Nithsdale sandstone and millstone-grit, which are sufficient to show that the date of the building is "anterior to an epoch which threw Scotland back in ecclesiastical architecture for centuries."

Of the history of this church little is known. In the Expenditure Books of Edward the First there is an entry of a small sum offered, with his devotions, to our Lady of Southwick, from which it may be inferred that the church was originally dedicated to the Virgin.

In August, 1743, an offender was rebuked before the congregation in Southwick, which shows that it was used as a place of worship up to that time.

In the "auld kirkyard" there are many old and very curious stones. At the east end of the church, near the site of the altar, there is a freestone slab, $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet square, lying on the ground, evidently a portion of what must have been a much larger stone. On this stone are emblazoned the arms, as is supposed, of the family of the Lords Carlyle of Torthorwald. The motto of that family is "Humilitate;" but the supporters are two peacocks proper, with spread tails, which are on this slab represented rudely, with the tufts on their heads almost developed into the resemblance of a crown. The letters "Hu" of "Humilitate" have been obliterated, either by the action of the weather or through mischief. In the centre of the shield is a Maltese cross, and upon the top of the shield is the crest, resembling somewhat

a bishop's mitre; but as there was no bishop belonging to the family of Carlyle, and as it was not usual for the *supporters* to be taken by anyone but the head of the house, this crest is more likely to be a representation of two dragons' heads and necks, or of a peacock with wings displayed, which was in reality the crest of the Carlyle family. The only family in Scotland who have a mitre for their crest is that of "Barclay." From the following inscription on a trough-stone in the churchyard, it is evident that a family of Carlyle must have been connected with the district:—"Here lyes the body of Wm. Carlyle, only son of Michael Carlyle of Loch Arthur, who died the first day of January, 1750, aged 22 years."

Another curious stone, one foot broad and two feet high, situated about the centre of the churchyard, and supposed by some to be the workmanship of "Old Mortality," bears the representation of a skeleton, and the motto—"Hodie mihi, cras tibi."

On the hills in the neighbourhood there are several curiosities of nature well worthy of notice. On the Mains Hill, and about a hundred yards from its base, there stood about ninety years ago a large granite rock or slab, leaning against another rock. In a cavity below the slab there have at different times been found some very fine crystals. The slab, which was called the "Diamond's Craig," was well known. In certain states of the atmosphere it glanced brilliantly in the sun, and served as a landmark to mariners in the Solway. The slab has been carried away piecemeal by peripatetic geologists, and now no vestige of it is to be seen.

On again reaching the public road, we come by a short and enjoyable walk to the village of Caulkerbush, the name of which is supposed by some to be derived from the fact of Dutch busses or smuggling vessels putting in here to have their hulls and keels overhauled and caulked. The new Parish Church of Southwick, which was erected mainly through liberality of Sir Mark J. M'Taggart Stewart, is finely situated among old trees on the Southwick estate, about a quarter of a mile from the public road, on the left hand side of the road leading from Southwick bridge past Shawfoot. It is a very tasteful little building, in the Norman style. Southwick House, in a very pleasant situation, embosomed amongst trees, where some magnificent specimens of the silver fir may be seen, is near by; and the village of Mainsriddle, where there is a wayside inn, is shortly afterwards reached. This village was no doubt named after Sir James Riddle, Bart., to whom, in the end of last

century, belonged the lands of Southwick. The ruins of Wreath's Castle, which belonged to the Regent Morton, and where he sometimes

WREATHS CASTLE.

resided, are seen from the inn window. Leaving Mainsriddle the road runs through a level tract of rich alluvial land in the parish of Kirkbean, which has been termed by some the "Garden of Galloway;" and as we proceed, its beauty and fertility increase. Before arriving at Preston Mill, a little rustic-looking village situated on the banks of a burn, we diverge from the main road and take the one on the right, in order to see an ancient cross at East Preston farm, where a considerable village once stood. It was a burgh of regality, and had four yearly fairs. The cross is a pillar of sandstone grit, about seven feet high, standing on a pedestal about four feet in height o'ergrown with ivy. It is surrounded by a wall, and near by is an old grass field, which, according to some ancient charter, is not allowed to be ploughed.

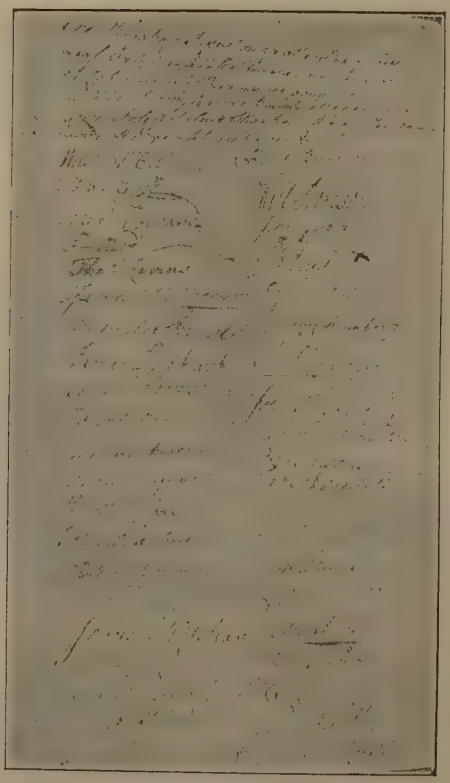
Continuing our route by a road leading round the shore, we reach Southerness Village, which for many years has been the favourite resort of sea-bathers and summer visitors. Southerness lighthouse, overlook-

ing the Solway, is a prominent object in the view; and it gives us pleasure to observe that after having been discontinued as a lighthouse for over twenty-seven years the edifice has been repaired, and again made serviceable as a beacon to the mariner in the dangerous navigation of the Solway. This restoration of the light was mainly accomplished through the generosity and exertions of Mrs Blackett of Arbigland, who formally re-opened the lighthouse on 4th August, 1894. We next come to Arbigland, and visit the house in which Paul Jones, the celebrated sea-captain, or, as he was called by Lieutenant Pinkham of the American Navy, who repaired the house in 1831, "the Father of

EAST PRESTON CROSS, KIRKBEAN.

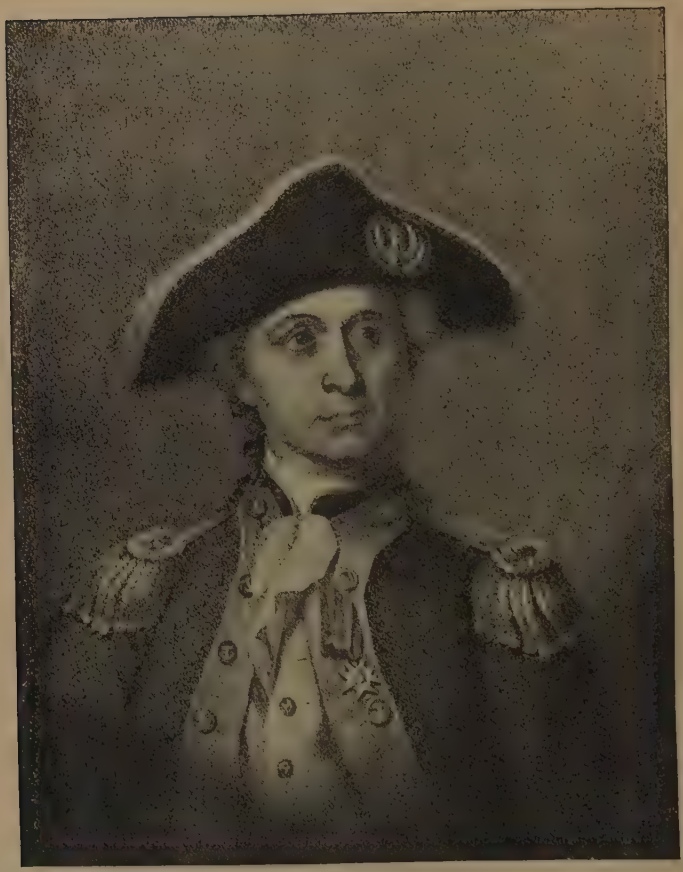
the American Navy," was born and brought up. This Gallovidian, now famous in story and romance, was born on the 6th of July, 1747. His father's family was originally from Fifeshire; but his grandfather removed to Leith, where he followed the business of a gardener. The father of John Paul, by whom the name of Jones was subsequently assumed, followed the same calling. On finishing his apprenticeship he entered into the employment of Mr Craik of Arbigland, for whom he laid out the garden there and planted the trees around the mansion. Shortly after being settled at Arbigland he married Jean Macduff, daughter of a small farmer in the parish of Newabbey. There were seven children from the marriage, the youngest being John, who was educated at the parish school of Kirkbean. The character of the

scenery which surrounded the home of Paul Jones' boyish days was well suited to cherish an adventurous temperament and create an inclination for the sea. The cottage in which young Paul was born is of one storey, and is situated on a gently sloping promontory about a quarter of a mile from the shore. It commands an extensive view of



LODGE ROLL.
(With Signature of Paul Jones.)

the Solway, the Cumberland shore being distinctly visible; while in the remote distance rise the majestic heights of Helvellyn, Skiddaw, and the Saddleback. When only twelve years old Paul Jones was bound apprentice to a merchant in the American trade, and soon after went to sea in the "Friendship" of Whitehaven, bound to Rappahannock. By the force of his character he rose rapidly in his profession. Being resident in America when war broke out, his feelings were those of the



Paul Jones.

country in which he lived, and he took part with those of his fellow-countrymen, whom he believed to be in the right. Resolute, intelligent, indefatigable, brave, he soon rose to rank and distinction, and placed his name among the first of naval heroes. After an enterprising, daring, and adventurous career, and the conception and carrying out of schemes in which he showed the courage and genius of a Nelson, he died on the 18th July, 1792, in France. "The National Assembly, desirous of honouring the memory of Paul Jones, Admiral of the United States of America, and to preserve, by a memorable example, the quality of religious rites, decrees that twelve of its members shall assist at the funeral rites of a man who has so well served the cause of liberty."* In the year 1906 the remains of Paul Jones were discovered in the old disused Protestant Cemetery in Paris, and conveyed, under the direction of the United States Government, with great ceremonial, to a specially prepared mausoleum at Annapolis, Maryland, U.S.A.

The mansion-house of Arbigland is a handsome commodious structure, situated in a secluded sylvan retreat. In the grounds, which are laid out with taste, there are many giants of the wood. A silver fir, growing in the policies near the mansion-house, measures about sixteen feet in circumference at a height of three feet from the ground.

On the coast near Arbigland there are some very singular rocks, among which the natural Gothic arch called the *Thirl Stane* is the most conspicuous. At Southerness, and near by, there are indications of lime and coal; and this locality and the Rascarrel shore and Netherlaw are almost the only places in the Stewartry which show anything like sandstone formation. The clean and charmingly-situated little village of Kirkbean, distant about a mile, is our next halting-place. The manse, church, and churchyard are near the village, and the rambler must not omit, while tarrying here, to stroll up and explore the pretty and enticing little glen called Preston Gill. In this retired and beautiful spot the lover of nature and the botanist might linger for hours, and find ample sources of enjoyment. Between Preston Mill and Kirkbean Village, on the left of the public road, is the site of Cavens Castle, close to the mansion-house of Cavens. This Castle also belonged to

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* "The Life of P. Jones," by Edward Hamilton, 1848.

A song, composed in honour of Paul Jones, on his arrival in the Texel with two English prizes, in 1779, is still so popular in Holland that even now a Scotchman or American arriving at Amsterdam need not be astonished if he meet some half-drunk sailor trolling, "Hier komt Paul Jones ann. Het is soon aardig ventje." (Here our dear Paul Jones comes. O what a funny fellow.)

the Regent Morton. King James, while he was under the care of the Regent, spent his holidays at this place.

There is a tradition, that "at that time the chief of the clan Aitken held the castle of Preston. This family were true Scots, poor but proud. One day James visited at the castle, and they were very scarce of provisions; the only thing they had to present was a dish of flounders, but they managed to produce two courses, by giving first the brown side and then the white side of the flounder, upon which James remarked, 'Oddsfish, man! they's fine fish, but I think the white anes are the best.'"

It was while engaged on the carved ornamental work of the mansion-house of Arbigland that Allan Cunningham met for the first time his future wife, Jean Walker of Preston Mill—she is the subject of one of his finest songs, *The Lovely Lass of Preston Mill.* Mrs Cunningham had in her nature all the fine feelings and sentiments of the poet, and as a congenial spirit was a fitting mate for "honest Allan." Though she published none of her warblings in her own name, she is supposed to have written some of the songs for Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.* To her also is attributed the letter to Cromek, accompanying the ballad, *The Mermaid of Galloway*, of which Roscoe said—"It was the finest thing ever written, and had more than the spirit of Burns." The letter shows her to have been a fervent lover of poetry, and a keen sympathiser with the poesy of her native land. The mermaid's favourite haunts, according to the superstitious beliefs of our worthy ancestors, were along the shores of the Nith and Urr, and on the edge of the Solway sea, which adjoins the mouth of these waters. Tradition tells that "this world is an outer husk or shell which encloses a kernel of most rare abode, where dwell the mermaids of popular belief. According to lowland mythology, they are a race of goddesses corrupted with early passions. Their visits to the world "tho' few and far between" are spoken of and remembered with awe. Their affections were bestowed on men of exalted virtue and rare endowments of person and parts. They wooed in such a strain of syren eloquence that all hearts were fettered with the witcheries of love. When their celestial voice dropt on the ear, every other faculty was enthralled. They caught the beloved object in their embrace, and laid him on a couch, where mortal eyes might search in vain into the rites of such romantic and mysterious wedlock. William Maxwell of Cowehill is the bridegroom 'Willie' of *The Mermaid of Galloway.* According to popular history, he was nephew to *The Lily of Nithsdale*, heroine

of the sublime song, *She's gane to dwall in Heaven.* As *The Mermaid of Galloway* is so much associated with the district of Kirkbean, its supposed author, Jean Walker (Mrs Allan Cunningham) being a native, we quote here a few verses :—

There's a maid has sat on the green merse side,
Thae ten lang years and mair ;
An' every first night o' the new moon,
She kames her yellow hair.

An' ay while she sheds the yellow burning gowd,
Fu' sweet she sings an' hie,
Till the fairest bird that wooes the green wood
Is charm'd wi' her melodie.

But wha e'er listens to that sweet sang,
Or gangs the fair dame te ;
Ne'er hears the sang o' the lark again,
Nor waukens an earthlie e'e.

It fell in about the sweet simmer month,
I' the first come o' the moon,
That she sat o' the tap of a sea-weed rock,
A-kaming her silk locks down.

* * * * *

She kamed her locks owre her white shoulders,
A fleece baith bonny and lang ;
An' ilka ringlet she shed frae her brows,
She raised a lightsome sang.

* * * * *

" I hae dwalt on the Nith," quo' the young Cowehill,
" Thae twenty years an' three,
But the sweetest sang e'er brake frae a lip
Comes thro' the green-wood to me.

" O, is it a voice frae twa earthlie lips
Whilk made sic melodie ?
It wad wyle the lark frae the morning lift,
And weel may it wyle me !

* * * * *

" The simmer-dew fa's saft, fair maid,
Aneath the siller moon ;
But eerie is thy seat i' the rock,
Washed wi' the white sea faem.

* * * * *

" How rosie is thy parting lips,
How lilie-white thy skin,
An' weel I wat thae kissing e'en
Wad tempt a saint to sin."

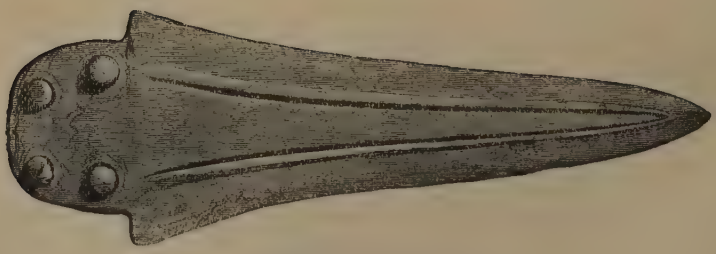
* * * * *

Then took she up his green mantle,
Of lowing gowd the hem;
Then took she up his silken cap
Rich wi' a siller stem;
An' she threw them wi' her lilie hand
Amang the white sea faem.

She took the bride ring frae his finger
An' threw it in the sea;
"That hand shall mense nae ither ring,
But wi' the will o' me."

She faulded him i' her lilie arms,
An' left her pearlie kame;
His fleecy locks trailed owre the sand,
As she took the white sea faem.

First raise the star out owre the hill
An' niest the lovelier moon;
While the beauteous bride o' Gallowa'
Look'd for her blythe bride-groom.



BRONZE DAGGER BLADE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

KIRKBEAN TO NEWABBEY, AND FROM NEWABBEY TO MAXWELLTOWN.

Newabbey, which is our next object, is distant from Kirkbean Village about five miles. It is an exceedingly pleasant road. The rambler will obtain from many points of it fine views of the firth, and will mark on the opposite shore the stately ruins of Caerlaverock Castle. The little fishing village of Carsethorn is also seen on the shore; some of its houses, built of stones of a reddish hue, having an excellent effect in the picture. On the left Criffel rears its majestic head nearly 1900 feet above the sea. At the smithy on the roadside, a road on the left leads to Loch Kindar, a beautiful sheet of water of about one square mile in area, fringed with woods, lying at the foot of Criffel. This loch affords first-rate sport to the angler, and besides possessing many natural charms it is historically interesting as having on the largest of its two islands the remains of what, in Roman Catholic times, was a parish church. The smaller island is artificial, and is built on piles—one of the numerous crannogs or lake-dwellings. In the vicinity of the loch there is a magnificent larch which is worthy of notice.

Departing from the loch, a short walk brings us again to the public road opposite Ingleston, where there is a moat. Soon after a height is reached, which commands a view of the Abbey, situated in the rich and beautiful vale. The ruin and the vale are hardly seen to greater advantage than from this point, and the landscape cannot fail to arrest the eye of all travellers.

Newabbey Village, where there is a good inn, is now reached, and the tourist should linger here awhile to study the beautiful ruins of the Abbey. Its environs also present many engaging rural scenes, and command noble prospects of the Solway Firth and the coast of Cumberland. Shambellie House is in a beautiful situation, surrounded by fine old trees, near the village, and to those who take an interest in arboriculture and floriculture we would recommend

a ramble through the grounds and woods around this mansion. This property, says the author of *Lands and their Owners in Galloway*, is closely connected with the history of Newabbey, and consequently, as with all church lands, the names of the early owners are now difficult to trace. Pont, in his map, spells the name of the property as Schanbilly. Both spellings seem to be a corruption of the Norse, Skambœli, the first meaning fertile meadow land, and the latter a farm, etc. Sir Herbert Maxwell gives the derivation as from Sean (Shan)baillie, old building—perhaps, here in antithesis to Newabbey and New House of Loch Arthur. The Bruns or Browns are the only early owners to be traced, and as they were closely connected with the Abbey, there can be no doubt that what they obtained was through the Church. In 1640, John Stewart of Shambellie was in possession of the property. He was appointed Commissioner of the War Committee of Covenanters for Newabbey. For his adherence to the principles of the Reformation, he was in 1662 fined £600 by the persecuting government then in power. To the mountain lover Criffel will at all times be inviting. It presents a surface more soft and verdant than is usual with the hills of Galloway, and the ascent can be accomplished without much fatigue. The view from its summit in various directions is extensive—Annan, Carlisle, Dumfries, and Castle-Douglas are distinctly visible, and also the Isle of Man, besides the whole range of the Cumberland Hills.

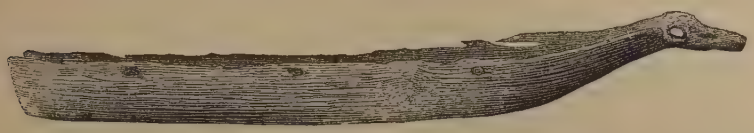
A ramble among the moors in the neighbourhood will also reward the visitor. Carsegowan Hill, on the summit of which is the "Waterloo" Monument, a round tower built of rough granite, some fifty or sixty feet in height with a spiral stair inside, is an object of attraction. Over the gateway of the tower is the following inscription :—"Erected to commemorate the valour of those British, Belgian, and Prussian troops, who, under Wellington and Blucher, on the 18th of June, 1815, gained the famous Battle of Waterloo, by which French tyranny was overthrown, and peace restored to the world.—1816."

On Kinharvie Hill, a little farther north, the wild cascade of Gilwhaum forms an attractive feature amid the wild scenery which surrounds it; and not far from Auchengray Wood there is a natural curiosity in the form of a deep indentation of a naked human foot on a rock.

At the foot of Craigend Hill there is a huge rocking-stone, and in the vicinity are the picturesque and romantic lochs of Lochaber and Loch Arthur—the latter being called by this name from a tradition

SWEETHEART ABBEY. T. Clark, R.S.A.

that King Arthur sojourned in this district, and had a fortification on an island in the lake. Some years ago a canoe, nearly fifty feet long,



hollowed out of one single oak trunk, was discovered in this loch. One half of it was removed to the Scottish Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh ; the other half was left where it was found.

The picturesque ruins of Newabbey, or the Abbey of Sweetheart, lie fully a mile to the right of the river Nith, situated in a valley of surpassing beauty, about seven miles south of Dumfries. The boundary wall of the precincts, part of which still remains, was built of huge granite boulders, and enclosed a space of about twenty acres in the immediate vicinity of the village. After many years of destruction and neglect, owing to the building having been used as a quarry to supply material for houses in and around the village, in 1779 the progress of destruction was arrested by the spirited efforts of the parish minister and some of the neighbouring gentry, who raised a sum of money by subscription, and thereby purchased its preservation. From that time the ruins, though little cared for, were at least secure from violence, and there still remains sufficient to show that this Abbey has been one of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland.* More recently, with the rise of a more reverent feeling towards antiquity, attention has been directed to Sweetheart Abbey ; and repairs, involving an expenditure of over £500, were made a few years ago upon the ruins, at the joint expense of Mr Oswald and the gentlemen of the district.

The historical facts in connection with Newabbey are very few. "One reason for this," says the Rev. J. S. Wilson, in an admirable lecture on the subject,† "was, that it lay out of the highway of public

* In the manuscript account of the family of Herries, Lord Herries is said to have caused the Abbeys of Dundrennan and Newabbey to be pulled down. This, however, was not the fact ; on the contrary, though commanded by the Lords of the Congregation to demolish Newabbey, he declined to do so. This we learn from a gift which he obtained from Gilbert Brown, abbot, dated at the Abbey of Sweetheart, 27th August, 1577, of the "Ile of Loch Kindelocht, with all the fowlis that sall abyde and big thair," and the fishing of the said Loch, reserving the kirk and kirkyard to the parish, to which it appertains. In this gift, it is particularly stated that it was made in consideration of the service done to the said Abbey by his lordship, when, as Warden of the West Marches and "Generale Justice of this Cuntie," he refused to obey the order of the Lords of the Congregation to demolish their kirk and place of Newabbey, "quhair he was maist pairt brocht vp in his youth," when the other abbeys in the kingdom were suppressed.—"Book of Caerlaverock."

† Delivered at the Dumfries and Maxwelltown Mechanics' Institute in January, 1874.

events, and took no great part in Scottish story, civil or religious. The other and more satisfactory reason was this :—At the time of the Reformation, when Sweetheart Abbey, like all other religious houses, was abolished, Gilbert Brown was its abbot. He lingered in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, where there were many influential Catholic families, for nearly fifty years after the Abbey was suppressed, in spite of the fulminations of Presbytery, Synod, General Assembly, and Privy Council. At last even this district got too hot to hold him, and he left for Paris, taking with him many of the papers belonging to the Abbey ; including no doubt many from the obituaries, chartularies, and registers of the parish and neighbourhood—such as were kept in all abbeys ; and probably these were deposited in the Scotch College at Paris, to which he repaired, and in which he lived and died. During the French Revolution that College was unfortunately sacked, and those papers were doubtless burned along with others. If the abbot did leave any papers behind him in Scotland they were lost in the following way :—" Archbishop Spottiswoode, whose diocese Newabbey was in, sent some soldiers down to Newabbey to secure what was there, They went to the abbot's house, and laid hold of all Papist reliques. and all documents written or printed. The former were brought to Dumfries, where they were burned at the Cross on the market-day, probably a Wednesday then as now ; and the latter were handed over to the custody of Mr Maxwell of Kirkconnel. The Privy Council afterwards thanked the archbishop for having acted so worthily the part of a Protestant churchman, and ordered Mr Maxwell to deliver up the documents to him. What became of those papers I have not heard. They were handed over to the archbishop, and are probably in the muniment chests of the Spottiswoode family at this day."

The Abbey was founded in 1275 by Devorgilla, third daughter of Alan, Lord of Galloway, grand-daughter to David, Earl of Huntingdon, widow of John Balliol of Barnard Castle, the founder of Balliol College, Oxford, and mother of John Balliol, for some time vassal-king of Scotland. Her husband died at Barnard Castle in 1269, and was buried there, all except the heart, which Devorgilla had caused to be extracted, embalmed, and deposited in a casket bound with silver and enamelled. "Wherever she went she carried the casket with her ; whenever she sat down to meals it was placed where her husband used to sit ; and whenever she entered a room she paid lowly obeisance to the heart of her dear husband." Besides the monastery of Newabbey, Devorgilla built the old bridge over the Nith at Dumfries, convents

for Franciscan friars at Dundee and Dumfries, and Dominican friars at Wigtown. When she died in 1289, at Barnard Castle, at the age of eighty years, her body was brought to Newabbey, and buried in its interior, near the high altar; the heart of her husband, which she had kept constantly beside her in life, being laid upon her breast in obedience to her dying request.

From this pleasing history of untiring affection originated the romantic name which the Abbey afterwards bore—*Dulce Cor*, or

DEVORGILLA.

Sweetheart Abbey. The circumstance is mentioned by Wyntoun in the following quaint lines:—

"That ilke hart than, as men sayd,
Scho bawmyd, and gert it be layd
In-til a cophyn of evore,
That scho gert be made thare-fore,
Annamalyd and perfytly dycht,
Lokyt, and bwndyn wyth sylver brycht;
And alwayis quhen scho yhed til mete,

That cophyne scho gert by hir sett;
And till hyr lord, as in presens,
Ay to that scho dyd reverns."

Upon a tombstone, of which now no trace remains, there was inscribed the following epitaph composed by Hugh de Burgh, prior of Loch Leven :—

"In Dervorvilla moritur sensata sibilla
Cum Marthaque pia, contemplativa Maria;
In Devorvillæ regine, Rex summe, potiri,
Quam tegit iste lapis, cor pariterque viri."

which is rendered thus—

"In Devorgil, a sybil sage doth die, as
Mary contemplative, as Martha pious;
To her, oh deign, high king! rest to impart
Whom this stone covers with her husband's heart."

Upwards of fifty years ago there were discovered in the ruins two stones with an inscription upon them, thus :—

Devorgilla Fūdatrix Hujus Mona : MCCLXXXIIII.
[Devorgilla : Foundress of this Monastery. 1284.]

THE SEAL OF DEVORGILLA.

The Abbey was founded for monks of the Cistercian order, and appears to have been largely and liberally endowed. To it was presented the land of Kinderloch, the ancient name of the parish, together with a part of the parish of Kirkpatrick-Durham, and the patronage of the churches at Crossmichael, Kirkcolm, Buittle, and

Kirkconnel. The abbey had also a right to the fisheries all down the shore, and the inhabitants of the parish inherited that right from the monks, and hold it still. The monks were the greatest farmers of the period, and spent much of their time in horticultural pursuits. They also devoted much of their leisure to the education of young noblemen. A touching incident in illustration of this is found in the annals of Scottish ecclesiastical history. About the time of the Reformation, Lord Herries, the staunch friend of Queen Mary, and the only Protestant of his whole line, was ordered by the Privy Council to go down and destroy Newabbey. But he firmly refused to obey, and gave as his reason that he remembered with much tenderness that he had been educated there in his youth, and spent many happy days within its walls, and in roaming about the braes of Criffel. Gilbert Brown, the last abbot, in consideration of this generous conduct, made over to Lord Herries the little island in Loch Kinderloch, and "all the fowls and all the fish" in the loch itself.

The list of the abbots, so far as we have been able to ascertain, was as follow:—Henry, 1275; Ericus, 1290; John, 1296; Thomas, 1400; William, 1470; Robert, 1503; John, 1539; Gilbert, 1565-1612. The first abbot, Henry, after his appointment, went over to France to be ordained at the mother monastery there, and either on his way there or on his way back he died.

During the War of Independence, in which Devorgilla's descendants figured prominently, and our forefathers were victorious, there is reason to believe that in 1300, Edward I. of England was encamped in the neighbourhood of Newabbey, when he received by the hands of Robert Winchelsea, Archbishop of Canterbury, a bull from Pope Boniface VIII., who sided with the Scots, recommending peace.* About 1370 the Abbey was struck by lightning, and greatly damaged.

When the monks saw the cloud of Reformation approaching they prepared to meet it by disposing of their property to such persons of influence as could protect them from the general ruin which awaited such religious establishments as Newabbey.

After the downfall of the Douglases of Threave the Maxwells acquired almost supreme power in Dumfriesshire and Galloway, and to this family, who remained staunch to the Roman Catholic faith, they leased their estates, and constituted Lord Maxwell heritable bailie over the entire Abbey property. The Abbey came under the Annexation

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* See foot note, *ante* page 106

Act in 1587, and the lands were converted in 1624 into a temporality for Sir Robert Spotswoode, as Lord New Abbey. He was President of the Court of Session, and Secretary to Charles I.

Nearly all that remains of the Abbey are the ruins of the Conventual Church. It is a beautiful lofty pile, of a cruciform structure. Its extreme length is 200 feet, the breadth at the transepts is 115 feet, and of the nave and chancel 66 feet. The tower, which is pretty complete, is 92 feet high. Its outline comes out distinct against the sky line, and has a peculiarly light airy effect. Besides the square tower the ruins at present consist of a six-bayed nave 115 by 67 feet, transept 105½ feet long, and choir 28 feet wide. In the roof of

INTERIOR OF SWEETHEART ABBEY.

the south transept is an escutcheon "charged with two pastoral staves in saltire, over them a heart, and beneath them three mullets of five points, two and one, said to be the arms of the Abbey." Over the escutcheon is an inscription in old English letters, which Grose, who was not able to read it himself, took on report to be "Christus Maritus meus," but which has since been found to be the more commonplace motto, "Choose time of need"—spelt thus, "Ghus Tim o' Nid." The choir and transepts are appropriated as burying-grounds chiefly by the Roman Catholic families of the district. "The predominating forms," writes Mr Billings, "have all the graceful solemn dignity of the early English style in its best day, and the second pointed or decorated

style has just come in to give richness and variety to the tracery of the windows. Some features, such as the depression of the upper window of the transept, are instances of the independent eccentricity of some of the Gothic artists."

The Parish Church, built in 1731, which stood on the south side of the Abbey, was a very uncomfortable and unseemly building, concealing, and disfiguring a great part of the beautiful ruins of the Abbey, has now been removed. On an eminence at a short distance to the south-west of the village a new Parish Church has now been built. It is a very neat commodious building in the Gothic style of architecture, with a belfry, and is a prominent object in the landscape at a distance. Over the gateway into the cloister green was, up to about 1891, suspended the original refectory bell, which, according to tradition, summoned the monastic brotherhood to vespers. Built into the wall are several stones with ancient escutcheons and devices, with the dates in which they were exhumed or discovered cut upon them in modern characters. Under these stones is a small niche where originally stood a statue of the Virgin, to whom the Abbey, like all other Cistercian abbeys, was dedicated. There are also vestiges of a carved representation of the Samaritan woman drawing water from Jacob's Well.

In the churchyard adjoining is a stone with the following inscription, marking the place of interment of Walter Gledstanes, one of the earliest parish ministers after the Reformation, who was buried here in 1660 :—

M.

W. G.

Q.—Quare levis lapis sub
Opaci tegmine saxi ?
R.—In viscere telluris
Aurea gemma latet.
1660.

MEMORIAM

W. GLADSTONE.

Which is translated thus :—

Question.—Why is the *Gladstone* under
The covering of the dark stone ?
Response.—In the bosom of the earth
The golden gem lies hidden.

Distant about three-quarters of a mile from the Abbey, on the

farm of Landis, belonging to Kirkconnell estate, stand the ruins of a square building called the Abbot's Tower. The walls are from forty to fifty feet high, and the tower has, it is supposed, been built as a stronghold. The ruin is now roofless, with its walls partly covered with ivy. It is almost entirely surrounded with trees, and is not easily observed from a distance.

THE ABBOT'S TOWER.

Having exhausted the beauties of Newabbey and environs, we proceed on our way to Maxwelltown. The road runs parallel to the river Nith, the scenery of which on both sides is very pleasing. The landscape is considerably diversified with wood, water, hills, and heath, embellished with stately mansions, villas, and cottages. Close to

KIRKCONNELL HOUSE.

Newabbey Village the stranger will stay to admire the splendid avenue of lime-trees which intertwine their branches over the road, and form a pleasant shade. At the end of the village a road is seen on the left leading to Kinharvie shooting-lodge (Lord Herries's), Loch Arthur, and Lotus; and on to Killywhan railway station, distant $5\frac{3}{4}$ miles. This is a very pleasant road for the rambler, who, by the way, might visit the fish hatchery at Kinharvie. The piscatorial experiments carried on by the Solway Fishery Company are very interesting, and will well repay a visit.

Near the entrance to Shambellie House a remarkable group of Scotch firs on the right of the road will also attract the attention of the rambler.

The Maxwells of Kirkconnell are of very ancient descent. The first of the house, as traced in history, went by the surname of Kirkconnel, and the representatives of the family, who assumed the name of Maxwell on their becoming allied by marriage with the Maxwells of Caerlaverock about the year 1410, have, at various periods, taken a prominent part in the history of the country. According to Dugdale it was one of the lairds of Kirkconnell who founded the abbey of Holywood, situated about five miles from Dumfries. The first of the house of Kirkconnell of that ilk was probably of Saxon origin, who settled at Kirkconnell in the time of Malcolm Canmore (1057-1093), or about a hundred years previous to the foundation by the family of Holywood Abbey. The name of the property, as was the case with that of Kirkconnell in Tongland parish, was evidently given from St. Conel, Abbot of Inis-Coel in Firconal, Ireland, a titular saint, as Butler states, honoured with great devotion, whose festival day was 22nd May. The hamlet where the church of St. Conel in Tongland stood bears the name of Kirkconnel, and the coat of arms of the Kirkconnels, "Azure two croziers, or, placed in saltire ardosses, with a mitre of the last placed in chief," shows the family to have had in ancient times some connection with the church. The old charters, still extant, in connection with the property, are of great interest. They date back to about 1235; the first charter contains a grant of certain lands between Polleychos and Genesik, and extending over the river Nud (Nith). The witnesses to this deed are Gilbert, of Candida Casa, Bishop, and Michael, Archdeacon of the same. Other grants include fishing rights to the monks in the waters of Nith, and also grazing for six oxen, six cows, and two horses, together with free entry and exit through the lands.

Kirkconnell house is about two miles from Newabbey. It is situated some distance from the main road, in a level holm, surrounded by "tall ancestral trees." And in the spacious and beautiful park that stretches from the house to the banks of the river Nith there are many "monarchs of the wood," in keeping with the antiquity of the old mansion. Close to the house there is a large garden, in which there are many old-fashioned flowers and plants. An old orchard is also near by, and from many points at the back of the house the picturesque views of the old tower peeping through the trees, and the old-world aspect of the buildings around the court yard, would invite the pencil of the artist. Altogether the venerable edifice forms a fine feature in the sylvan landscape. The old place having been built in those lawless times when strength was necessary to security against the strong hand, shows little architectural ornamentation. Some suppose the oldest portion of the house to have been "of the usual form and construction of the castles or fortalices of the period of Edward I.," while M'Gibbon and Ross, in their *Castellated Remains*, say "there is no clue extant to fix the date of the Tower, but it is quite obvious that it is of a period not earlier than the sixteenth century." The front of the house, which faces the lawn, was considerably enlarged and improved by James Maxwell about the year 1750. He built with bricks, made on the property, the modern part of the house, which, in comparison with the stately proportions of the quadrangular tower, with its narrow windows and loop-holes rising behind, lichened and grey, has quite a youthful appearance.

By the courtesy of Colonel J. Maxwell Witham, the present proprietor of Kirkconnell, we were shown over the interior of the house, and privileged to inspect the many Jacobite relics, old family portraits, and objects of great antiquarian interest contained in the mansion. We were first shown several most interesting Stuart relics associated with the life of Queen Mary:—(1) A copy of the prayer used by the Queen when on the scaffold immediately before her execution—"O, Dominie Deus, speravi in Te! O, care mi Jesu, nunc libera me! In dura catena, in misera pœna, desidero Te! Lanquendo gemendo, et genuflectendo, adoro, imploro ut liberes me!" which translated is—"O, Lord God, I have hoped in thee! O, my dear Jesus, now release me! In hard chains, in wretched punishment, I yearn for thee! Suffering, groaning, and kneeling, I implore thee to release me." This memorial of the beautiful and unfortunate queen was given to Mr Maxwell Witham by the Rev. Father Edward

KIRKCONNELL HOUSE FROM THE WEST.

Huckles, Prior of the Dominicans, Woodbridge, in 1879. (2) A miniature of Mary's grandson, Charles I. This is set in gold in the form of a scarf pin, on the reverse side of which are the emblems of death, the skull and cross bones, and the initials C.R. This relic has been in the Kirkconnell family for more than 170 years. (3) A manuscript volume of letters, meditations, and prayers composed by James the II. when in exile at St. Germains. This volume was sent to the Kirkconnell family in 1702, after the death of James, and is a copy of the original. It is entitled "A collection of several of his late Majesty's Papers of Devotion, copied exactly out of the original," and the authenticity is certified by a holograph note from James's Queen, Mary of Modena. (4) A snuff mull of dark wood, shaped like a small opera glass case. It has a silver hoop whereon are engraved the words—"Jac: et Clern: Dei Grat: Maj: Brit: Fra: et Hib: Rex et Reg: Fidei Defensor, 1726." On the lid is a heart-shaped shield charged with a sphere, and over it is the legend "Spes Ultra." This snuff box was sent to the Kirkconnell family by the Chevalier and his wife, Clementina, through Sir David Nairn, their secretary, whose name is imprinted on the bottom. (5) A beautiful artistic miniature on ivory of the Princess Mary of Orange, daughter of James II. This was shown at the Stuart Exhibition in London, 1888-1889. (6) A very fine miniature of Prince Charles's father.

Among the numerous family portraits perhaps the most interesting is one of James Maxwell, who was educated at Douay College, in France. After concluding his course of philosophy there, he returned to Scotland in 1728, and in 1745 he was in arms on behalf of the Stuart cause, and was present at Culloden, after which he escaped to France. He wrote a "Narrative of Charles Prince of Wales' Expedition to Scotland in the year 1745," which was printed by the Maitland Club in 1846. Although the writer modestly remarks in his preface that "he does not profess to literary attainments," the style of his narrative is bright and vigorous, and the fact that he was an eye-witness of the remarkable events of the eight months, from August, 1745, to April, 1746, gives great weight to the evidence. Maxwell places the whole blame of the failure on Murray of Broughton, against whom he makes most severe charges, and insinuates still worse. In his opinion, Murray, for selfish ends, persuaded Prince Charles to start the expedition; to secure his own advancement he kept his chief at variance with those who should have been the Prince's councillors, and in many cases his greed of money brought great hardship on men and

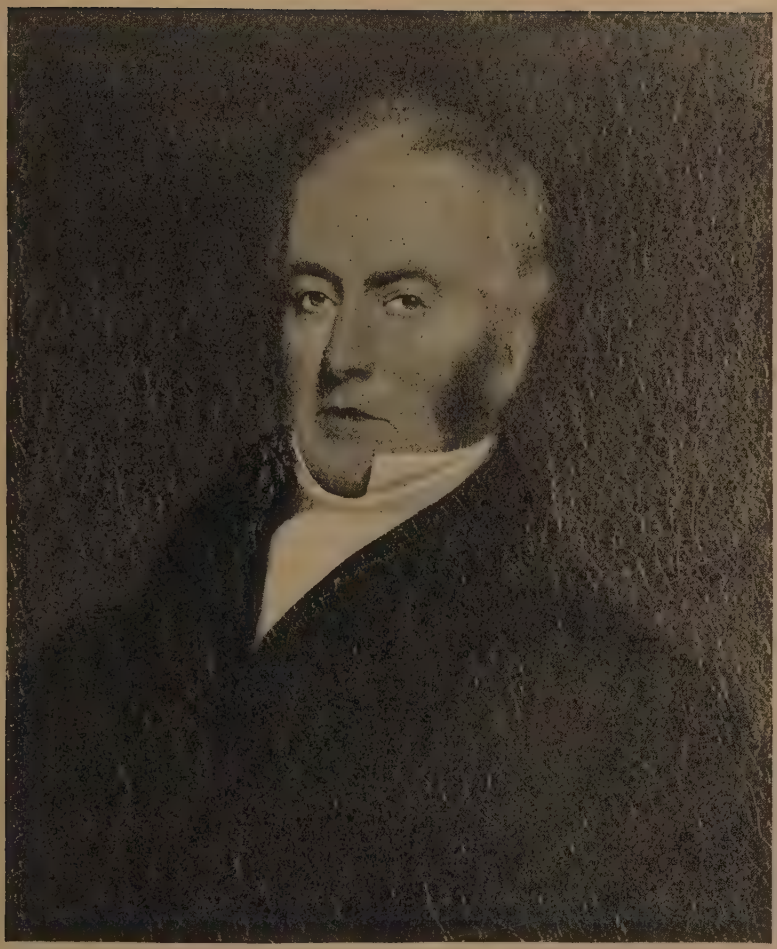
officers alike.* Along with the manuscript of the Narrative there is preserved at Kirkconnell the author's silver compass, of quaint design, and showing fine lettering. James Maxwell died in 1762, in the fifty-fourth year of his age

Another portrait, equally interesting, is that of his second son, Dr William Maxwell, who had also strong Jacobite leanings. He was the friend and congenial companion of Burns. A notice of Dr Maxwell's death which appeared in the *Dumfries Times* of 22nd Oct., 1834, states: "His intimacy with Burns, whose friend as well privately as professionally he was, and of whose last illness he was a faithful and affectionate soother in both capacities, has in some measure rendered the name of Maxwell literary property." Burns, when on his death bed, presented to Dr Maxwell a pair of pistols as a memorial of their friendship. Dr Maxwell, sometime before his death in Edinburgh, gave the pistols to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Edinburgh, and it is satisfactory to know that the bishop presented them to the Edinburgh Antiquarian Museum, where the precious relics would be in safe keeping.

With the marriage of William Maxwell in 1706 to Janet, eldest daughter of George Maxwell of Carnsalloch, and widow of Colonel John Douglas of Stenhouse, the family became possessed of Carnsalloch estate, and we were shown several portraits of members of that family. There are also the colours presented by Mrs Maxwell to the Troqueer Volunteers in 1806; which, after having done the duty required, were returned to her, along with a handsome silver cup, bearing the inscription:—"Presented to Mrs Maxwell of Kirkconnell by the Troqueer Volunteers as a small tribute for her patriotic liberality and attention to them—1806." Among other antiquarian objects there are preserved several old swords and portions of armour found in Kirkconnell Moss, with large antlers, bronze pots dug up in the vicinity of the Nith, and a glass bead found in Sweetheart Abbey on 3rd September, 1879, by Miss Maxwell Witham.

The old castle has been carefully kept in repair by successive proprietors, and, at the present time, it is in excellent preservation. The walls are in some places fully six feet in thickness, and a narrow turnpike stone stair leads to a room that was formerly used as the chapel. It is a plain square room with groined roof of stone, and it "used to be so full of people that they had to kneel down the cork-

*"Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland."



Dr William Maxwell.

screw stairs."* The priest's sleeping apartment adjoins the old chapel, and a trap-door leads to the top of the tower. With the progress and refinements of modern civilisation, the old chapel gave place to a spacious and well-lighted domestic chapel, which was built in a part of the courtyard close to the house. As we tread the mazes of the stone stairs and dimly-lighted corridors of this old-world domain, one has a feeling that to encounter a band of swaggering troopers clad in coat of mail, with jack boots and spurs, would not be out of keeping with the mediæval aspect of all its furnishings and surroundings. Kirkconnell is a very ancient barony, and the old tower is believed to be the oldest inhabited house in Scotland. For many generations it has been occupied by the same family, who have always remained true to the ancient faith.

The late Lady of Kirkconnell was a grand-daughter of the James Maxwell who wrote the Narrative of Charles Prince of Wales' Expedition before mentioned. She died in 1904, and was succeeded by her son, the present laird, Col. J. Maxwell Witham, who recently retired from the Colonelcy of the 3rd Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers. He resides at Kirkconnell and has kept up the patriotic traditions of his family. During the dark days of our reverses in South Africa he volunteered with his regiment, and along with his friend, Major John M'Kie, D.S.O., of Bargaly, the representative of another very ancient and honourable Galloway family, spent over two years in active service. He was mentioned in despatches, and is entitled to wear the Queen's medal with three clasps, the King's medal with two, and on his return home received, in recognition of his services, the C.M.G. decoration.

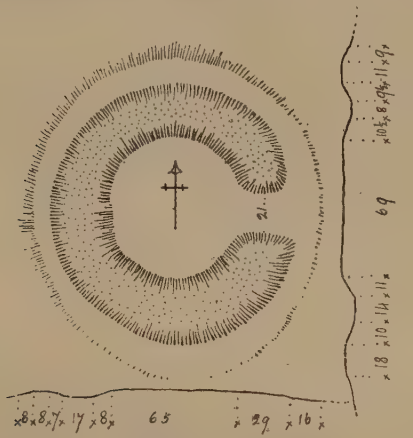
Mabie House, situated on a rising ground surrounded by wooded eminences, and commanding a splendid view, is seen on the left of the road. A short way further on is the mansion house of Cargen, up to the time of his death on 9th February, 1895, the residence of Mr Patrick Dudgeon, who, as an authority on mineralogy, antiquities, and place-names, was well and widely known. In Cargen house there is a very fine mineralogical museum. St. Jergon or St. Querdon's Well, as it is popularly known in the district, is situated in a moss about a mile west of Cargen. Mr Dudgeon, three years before his death, contributed an article on this well and the offerings made to it, to the *Proceedings of the*

* "Ancient Catholic Families."

Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. In it he states that St. Jergon or St. Querdon is no doubt a corruption of St. Kieran or St. Queran, an Irish saint having many dedications in Scotland, who, according to Butler, flourished in the ninth century (A.D. 876). His festival is celebrated on the 9th September. Up to the year 1842 it was the custom for devotees visiting the well to hang ribbons and pieces of cloth on the adjacent bushes as offerings to the tutelary saint.† This well is one of the numerous Saints' or Holy Wells scattered all over the country, and was long held in repute for the cure of diseases, particularly those of women and children; from the number of people who still visit the well, particularly on a fine Sunday afternoon, Mr Dudgeon was inclined to think that the curative powers of the water are, by a few, not yet altogether disbelieved in. There is apparently nothing particular about the water; it is not all chalybeate, as most of the springs are in the district; it contains a considerable amount of marsh gas (light carburetted hydrogen), and when the bottom of the well is stirred large quantities of this gas are disengaged. The source of the spring must be at a considerable depth, and is not appreciably affected by wet or dry seasons. About the year 1872 Mr Dudgeon had the well cleaned out and at that time many hundreds of coins were found in it. They consisted mainly of Irish (Elizabeth) pennies and half-pennies, James VI. two-penny pieces and hardheads or bodles, and the same of Charles I., Charles II. turners and half-turners, William and Mary bodles, Louis XIII., double turnois, some Fresian (Holland) copper coins, and George II. and III. pennies and half-pennies and farthings. No later coins than George III. were found. The oldest really *English* coins found were of William and Mary's time; all the older coins, not Scottish, were exclusively Irish and French, showing, as Mr Dudgeon remarks, how much more intimate the relations were, in this part of the country, with Ireland and France than with England, though comparatively so near the border. In the Presbytery books of Dumfries about 1630-1640 several entries occur denouncing persons who resorted to "the Idolatorous Well at Cairgan, called St Jargon's Well." Col. Dudgeon, the present proprietor of Cargen, informs us that the practice of parties visiting the well with offerings is at certain times still continued to some extent. A short distance from the well there are the remains of a small building, supposed to have been the cell of some "solitary hermit." And

† "Transactions of the Dumfries and Galloway Antiquarian Society."

not far from the well there is *The Picts Knowe*, near which have been found an oak boat and other lacustrine relics. The earth work consists of a small, low, mound, originally perhaps circular, having an entrance due east. It is surrounded by a trench, and a rampart outside of it as shown in the sketch by Coles. The late Patrick Dudgeon



THE PICTS' KNOWE.

along with his mineralogical and antiquarian tastes was a lover of the fine arts and had at Cargen a valuable collection of paintings and articles of vertu.* And Colonel R. F. Dudgeon who, while devoting much of his time to the public interests of the county, also interests himself in art and artists, has added several good pictures to the collection—notably two Turners and a Gerard Dow. Mavisgrove, like Cargen, is pleasantly situated among tastefully laid out grounds, and commands fine views of the beautiful windings of the river.

Distant about a mile from Maxwelltown, we pass Cargen Holm, Troqueer Church, Manse, and Churchyard. They are finely situated on the banks of the Nith. The manse, which was built in 1815, commands an extensive view of the picturesque windings of the Nith, Criffel's towering height being a prominent object, with Skiddaw and

* In the Inner Hall there are several works by R. Ansdell, R.A.; Horatio Macculloch, R.S.A., and Gourlay Steele, R.S.A. In the Dining Room there are portraits of Mr and Mrs Dudgeon by John Faed, R.S.A.; A Highland Loch, by Alex. Fraser, R.S.A.; a Sea-piece, by E. T. Crawford, R.S.A.; Buckingham Rebuffed, by A. L. Egg, R.A.; Scene in Belgium, by David Roberts, R.A.; Loch Scavaig, by J. Danby; Portrait of R. F. Dudgeon, 1854, by—Ballantyne, R.S.A.; Smugglers—Moonlight, by E. Rieck; and Dead Dear on the Spean, by R. Ansdell, R.A. In the Library there are works by Hunt, Huggins, J. Wilson, jr., J. Danby, Geo. Shalders, A. G. Nasmyth, A. L. Egg, R.A., R. Cameron, R.S.A., and Chinnery. In the Drawing Room John Faed's famous works—Sir Isaac Newton blowing bubbles and Ruth and Boaz; Evening Star, by Frost, R.A.; Landscape, by Creswick, R.A.; and a fine work, Fairies dancing on the sea-shore, by Dadd. There are also some very artistic and valuable bronze and other ornaments.

other lofty mountains in Cumberland closing in the far distance. The Moat of Troqueer is seen a little to the south of the manse. On approaching Maxwelltown, the Convent on Corbelly Hill is a prominent object; and "history repeated itself when, after the lapse of 700 years, the daughters of St. Benedict renewed their connection with Nithsdale, and when France, which is believed to have sent the first band of Black Nuns for the old house of Lincluden in 1164, performed a similar service for the new house in 1884."†

Feeling somewhat fatigued with our long ramble among the moors and dusty roads, we were glad to hail the sign of the hotel at Maxwelltown, which we reached as the sun was flecking the spires and steeples of the "Queen of the South" with gold, and the purple bloom of evening was seen on the distant hills.

† "M'Dowall's Chronicles of Lincluden."

"JOUGS" FROM MUSEUM OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES, SCOTLAND.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MAXWELLTOWN, ETC.

Maxwelltown formerly bore the name of Brig-en', and was a place so notorious for disorderly conduct that it was a common remark—"You might trace a rogue over the whole kingdom, but would be certain to lose him at the Brig en' of Dumfries." In 1810 it was erected into a free Burgh of Barony, under the name of Maxwelltown, in honour of Mr Maxwell of Nithsdale, its superior, and the good effects of this change were soon apparent in the improved value and extent of houses, and increase in the number and respectability of its inhabitants. The town stands on the right bank of the Nith, directly opposite Dumfries, and is connected with it by three bridges. The principal streets are straight and spacious, and in the new parts of the burgh there are several good houses. In the vicinity, and chiefly to the southward of the Corbelly Hill, there are a series of elegant villas, mostly built as residences by the business men of Dumfries within the last twenty years, so that, while Maxwelltown is still the Brig-en' o' Dumfries, it is in the largest and best sense its west end also. The headquarters of the Nithsdale Tweed trade are now situated at the lower end of the town, the extensive mills belonging to Messrs Walter Scott & Sons and Messrs Charteries, Spence, & Co. being in this locality. His Majesty's Prison for the three south-western counties is also now situated in the town, and it is somewhat curious that the place where once criminals considered themselves safe from the "limbs of the law" should now be the one they all struggle to avoid. The Brig-en' is the largest and most important town in Galloway as to population and value of property. The recent erection of a large and commodious Town Hall, with handsome suites of rooms for the transaction of judicial and county business, perhaps points to it yet taking a more prominent part in the public life of the Stewartry than its very near connection with the municipality of Dumfries has hitherto enabled it to do. In the year 1895 one of the finest and best appointed golf courses in Galloway has been put in full operation. Public-houses,

once so plentiful as licensed houses, and still more plentiful in the way of places of illicit supply, are now reduced to a minimum. Ecclesiastical structures are conspicuous in the burgh. From all points of view the Convent of the Benedictine nuns that crowns the summit of Corbelly Hill is a prominent object. The steeples of the Free Church and its near neighbour, Maxwelltown Parish Church, form a pleasing variety in the villa scenery adjacent to Laurieknowe. St. Ninian's, a recent addition to the episcopal chapels of Galloway, as yet is not decorated with the proverbial steeple which the old rhyme popularly accredited Maxwelltown kirks with always lacking. On the summit of this hill the Observatory is a conspicuous object, well worthy of a visit. "It contains," writes a recent tourist, "a choice museum of natural history, a powerful telescope, an excellent camera obscura, and a regular suite of Claude Lorraine glasses, in which the prospect may be made to assume the warm purple of summer, the yellow hue of autumn, the grey aspect of spring, and the snowy tints of winter. Such adventitious aid is, however, not necessary for our appreciation or enjoyment of the exquisite scenery; for, indeed, it is not often that the eye of the artist can be at once so easily and so fully gratified. Dumfries lies snugly nestled on the right or eastern bank of the river Nith, surrounded by an amphitheatre of gently-sloping and exuberantly wooded hills. On the north its horizon is bounded by the somewhat sombre outline of the Queensberry group; on the east by the uplands of Torthorwald; and on the south-west by the splendid range of the Criffel mountains, which constitute the northern bulwark of the Solway, and form a conspicuous point in all the surrounding scenery. Through this beautiful dale the river makes a bold and majestic sweep, until it bursts through the ancient arches of the old bridge, where it is resolved by the mill-weir immediately underneath into something like a gentle waterfall, and at length loses itself through the rich meadows and sylvan banks of its lower valley. Seen from this point, too, the quaint old town has a more romantic look; its hard angular lines are softened, and its singular contrasts of colour toned down; and, finally, its unallied group of steeples and chimneys, with their respective churches and manufactories, get harmoniously blended into one powerful composition. Seen by moonlight, and with an atmosphere of the light, rolling, fleecy clouds which always hover, more or less, over the Solway Firth, we should think that few such pictures are to be found, even in Scotland." The Observatory contains a number of portraits of local celebrities, and quite a remarkable series of relics of Burns, which include the

LINCLUDEN COLLEGE. M. M'L. H.

original MS. of "The Whistle," several other MSS., the Poet's trunk, in which he carried his meagre wardrobe about with him, and a cast of his skull, &c.

The small but beautiful ruins of Lincluden College, of which much the finest view is obtained from a knoll to the south, are situated about a mile from Maxwelltown, on a grassy mound, at the foot of which wimple the clear waters of the Cluden—

"Hast'ning to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant rolling swells and fa's."

A sweeter seclusion than this romantic spot could not have been chosen as a retreat for religious recluses.

The ruin is approached from the main road by a green lane shaded by old ash trees, and the surrounding scenery is diversified by water, verdant meadows, and hills ornamented with plantations. The rich winding vale, through which the Nith meanders, being dotted with clumps of trees and hedges, partakes somewhat of the character of an English landscape. It is well known that the

"roofless tower
Where the wa'flower scents the dewy air,"

was a favourite haunt of Burns while he resided in Dumfries; and we can well imagine such a retired romantic spot to have been very dear to the heart of him who wrote that "his dearest aim was to make leisurely journeys through Caledonia, to wander by the romantic banks of her streams, and to muse by the stately towers or venerable ruins, once the abode of her heroes." Musing beside this fragment of departed grandeur, he, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," doubtless spent many a calm, meditative hour, and, let us hope, the "care and woes" which at times pressed so heavily upon him during his brief and feverish existence were oftentimes lightened by the stream's sweet murmuring. As we linger awhile over the beauties of the scene, fancy delights to picture the manly figure of the illustrious bard as he wandered down "the sweet side of Nith's winding river," when

"Spring had clad the grove in green,
And strewed the lea wi' flowers;"

or, in the stillness of a summer's evening, reclining with some well-chosen volume in shadow of the ruins, screened by the mantling of the trees, weaving those "imperishable breathings" which have made his name immortal.

According to various authorities this College or Provostry was originally a convent for Benedictine or Black nuns and was founded in the reign of Malcolm IV. by Uchthred, son to Fergus, lord of Galloway, who endowed it with considerable territorial possessions in the neighbourhood. The founder, who was assassinated in 1174, is said to have been buried in the original church. In 1296, Alianore, the Prioress, swore fealty to Edward I. at Berwick and was confirmed in her dignity. About the end of the 14th century the nuns were expelled by Archibald the Grim, Earl of Douglas, for certain irregularities, their "insolence" being mentioned by another chronicler as the cause of their dismissal, and an ecclesiastical college, consisting at first of a provost and twelve canons, was founded by him. It afterwards maintained a provost, eight prebendaries, twenty-four bedesmen, and a chaplain. The chaplainry appears to have been founded by the Countess Margaret, who made several grants to the College in 1429, confirmed by her brother James I. While the western marches were under the protection of the Douglases of Threave, they exercised almost regal power in the district. At Lincluden College, on 18th of December, 1448, they assembled a parliament of the whole lords, freeholders, and eldest borderers "that best knowledge had, and there he caused those lords and borderers bodily to be sworn, the holy gospel touched, that they, bodily and truly, after their cunning, should decrete, decern, deliver, and put in order and writing the statutes, ordinances, and uses of march that were ordained in Black Arch$^{d.}$ of Douglases days, and Arch$^{d.}$ his son's days, in time of warfare."

M'Dowall, in his *Chronicles of Lincluden*, published in 1886, gives an interesting account of the various provosts of Lincluden, and supplies many curious particulars regarding the inner economy and the temporal endowments of the College. His work shows great research, and to it the antiquarian reader is referred.

Though a small building compared with the remains of other Abbeys, the old College of Lincluden is considered a very elegant specimen of Gothic architecture. On entering the Chancel, which is by far the finest part of the ruin, the visitor is impressed with wonder at the beautiful and elaborate workmanship. What first attracts notice is the tomb of Margaret, Countess of Douglas, eldest daughter of King Robert the Third, and wife of Archibald, Fourth Earl of Douglas. She died at Threave Castle about 1440, and was interred in this magnificent tomb, which had been built into the north wall of the choir, near the altar, when that part of the edifice had been erected by

Archibald the Grim. Over the tomb is inscribed, in old English letters, the epitaph :—

"A l'aide de Dieu!

"Hic jacet Dña. Margareta, Regis Scotia filia, quodam Comtissa de Douglas, Dña. Gallovidæ et Vallis Annandiæ.

[Here lies Lady Margaret, daughter of the King of Scotland, Countess of Douglas, and Lady of Galloway and Annandale.]

On this tomb the sculptor has exerted his utmost skill. It is canopied by a richly ornamented arch; among the decorations being the representation of three large chalices or cups. A heart and three stars are also prominent; the former being adopted as the leading symbol of the house of Douglas, after the good Sir James was slain, when carrying the heart of Bruce to the Holy Sepulchre; and the latter by marriage to the heiress of Bothwell in the person of Archibald the Grim.

The author of the *Gallovidian Encyclopædia*, on visiting this ruin about eighty years ago, describes scenes representing our Saviour's birth and death, and other holy emblems and inscriptions, but these, through "fell decay's defacing fingers," are now scarcely distinguishable. Over the stone cover of the recess which was formed to receive the body, was placed a full-length sculptured figure of the countess, recumbent, the head resting on two cushions. Now no vestige remains of this effigy, and the sarcophagus is uncovered and empty. Pennant, who visited the ruins in 1772, states "that the figure at that time was still to be seen, though mutilated;" and, he adds, the bones of the deceased "were scattered about in an indecent manner by some wretches, who broke open the repository in search of treasure." The ruin combines three orders of architecture, and the character of the building is peculiar.

In the year 1885, Mr James Barbour, architect, Dumfries, contributed to the *Transactions of the Dumfries and Galloway Antiquarian Society* a very exhaustive description of the ruins of the Abbey and Collegiate Church, from which, by the permission of Mr Barbour, we give the following extracts here :—

"The ruin of the ancient Religious House of Lincluden in outline and colour on close examination exhibits architectural details rich, elegant, and of a

boldness unusual, arranged and combined with harmony and taste, and admirably executed. The plan of the church comprises a Nave, with north and south aisles, a south Transept or Transeptal Chapel, a choir, and a north Sacristy.

The buildings are wholly roofless, and much of the masonry has been broken down and carried away. Of what still exists the walls of the Chancel and Transept are nearly entire; most of the south wall of the south aisle and a small piece of its west wall remain; the foundation of the west wall of the Nave exists, and traces of the north wall of the north aisle, and of some walls outside the north-west corner of the church. The walls of the Sacristy are nearly entire, and considerable portions of the masonry of the Provost's Lodging continues standing. The architecture mainly is lately decorated, but fragments of other types also are found, each characteristic of the different periods when the buildings were erected. There are early English details, and also one or two stones bearing the peculiarities of the Norman style. These early remains are characteristic of the age when the first foundation was granted for an Abbey at this place. As all knowledge of the design of the Abbey Church was lost, the following description by Mr Barbour, gathered from the now uncovered remains, is of interest and value:—Of these early remains there is, *in situ*, at the north-east angle of the nave, and attached to the wall of the Chancel, the base and part of the shafting of a respond or half pier upon a pedestal. The respond measures three feet, and half an inch across from north to south. Part of the plinth of the eastmost pier of the North Arcade also remains *in situ*. Several pieces of cylindrical piers have been found, which give a diameter corresponding to the measurement across the respond mentioned; and a fragment of a base moulding corresponding to that of the respond also exists. There remains a large number of arch stones which went to form the Arcade arches connecting the piers. The arches have been pointed, and of two plain chamfered orders, with a string or hood moulding over them.

There are three stones, part of arch rings, of very distinctive character. Two are moulded with a roll on the angle, a fillet and hollow on the soffit, and the zig-zag ornament on the face; and on the other is worked an angle roll, and the zig-zag ornament on both the soffit and the face—the most characteristic ornament of the Norman style. The stones almost certainly formed part of the doorway of the church, a feature which in Scotland retained something of the Norman type after the style had otherwise become obsolete. Numerous fragments of windows remain—pieces of mullions, tracery, and arch-shaped tops. One piece of tracery is groved for the reception of cusping after the manner of the earlier windows of Newabbey, and the arch-shaped tops are also cuspated apparently into trefoil forms. These fragments are early English and of a somewhat more advanced type than was prevalent at the period of the foundation.

Putting together the fragments described, and following out the design to the extent indicated by them, there is presented an outline of a considerable portion of the Church. It was entered by a western doorway, with a semi-circular arched top, of at least two orders, moulded and enriched with the

zig-zag ornament. From the threshold the church was approached by a descent of two steps. Within was presented a Nave, measuring 56 feet from east to west, and 20 from north to south ; a north aisle, 13 feet in width, including the Arcade ; a Chancel of equal width with the Nave, which, in accordance with the arrangement prevailing at the period, would likely be much shorter than the existing one ; and there would probably also be a south aisle, but of this no remains exist. The Church was a small one, and not ornate ; it was characterised by the simplicity and chasteness peculiar to the types of Gothic architecture prevalent at the period of its foundation—the period when the greatest number and the grandest of the ecclesiastical buildings in Scotland were erected."

THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH.

At the time of the erection of the Abbey, and from the commencement of the great church building era, about the middle of the eleventh century until the breaking out of the war of independence, the architecture of England and Scotland was in agreement. The Norman style, in which the earliest churches of the era were built, gradually underwent transition, culminating in Early English, and that again reaching maturity began to undergo change towards the Decorated Style, when the progressive development was suddenly checked in Scotland by the breaking out of the war, and for a long time church building there continued in abeyance. Meanwhile, in England, the Decorated style of architecture became matured, and it, in its turn, was superseded by another, the Perpendicular style.

When, about the end of the fourteenth century, Scotland had in some measure recovered from the effects of the war, church building revived. This revival period presented two great changes compared with the earlier epoch. Formerly the Religious Foundations, not Parochial, were chiefly Cathedral or Conventual ; now they are Collegiate. The other great change relates to the architectural character of the fabric. The thread of the development reached at the commencement of the war is not taken up, nor is the expanded English type adopted. There is generally found in the churches of the period a mixture of styles, some of the earlier Home forms being introduced along with advanced Decorated, exhibiting peculiarities supposed to indicate French influence.

Our own district furnishes, in Sweetheart Abbey, founded in 1275, one of the latest foundations in Scotland of the earlier epoch ; and here, at Lincluden, is one of the earliest of the new order and the revival period.

Although the re-building of the church receives no historical mention, and is not necessarily implied by the change effected in the order of the Foundation, the remains sufficiently indicate that the greater part of it was about this time re-erected. The architecture exhibited by the remains of the Abbey and that of the remains of the college, appearing side by side, one characterised by simplicity and massiveness, and the other by profusion of richness, points to the intervening of centuries between their epochs ; and as the former is distinctive of the time of the early foundation, so is the latter of the epoch of the new foundation. The heraldry on the walls of the Church also sufficiently attests the connection with it of the Douglas family.

The new building, although it would probably be the design of its founder

ultimately to extend it so as to embrace the re-building of the whole Church, had stopped short of completion and a part of the older erection, the remains of which have been described, continued to exist until the time when the establishment was finally dismantled.

The remains of the Collegiate Church embrace the Chancel, the South Transept or Transeptal Chapel, the South Aisle, and the Sacristy; and two vaulted chambers north of the Sacristy also belonged to this period.

This Church, like that of the Abbey which preceded it on the same site, is of small extent, but it stands out unsurpassed by any of its class for the boldness, richness, elegance, and purity of its architecture.

Externally the noticeable features of the building are—the far projecting buttresses, rising to the height of the side walls unbroken by any intake; the large double base table, extending round the bottom of the walls; the cornice, decorated with richly carved foliage, on the top of the south wall of the Chancel; the well proportioned pointed windows, enclosed in peculiar and very bold mouldings, hooded, and originally divided by many mullions and rich geometrical tracery, inclining to leaf and flame forms, of which little now remains.

The buttresses are of uniform design, and placed at right angles to the walls, except at the Transept, where they project diagonally from the corners.

The windows exhibit uniformity in some of their parts, and in others much variety. The lights in all cases stand in the centre of the wall, the jamb mouldings are continued on the arches, and their internal and external orders are respectively alike, as are also those of the mullions and tracery, except in the case of the east window of the Side Chapel, where they are dissimilar. The principal mouldings of the Chancel windows and of those of the Aisle are similar, but whereas the mullions and tracery in the Aisle have hollow chamfers only, those in the Chancel have edge rolls in addition, with bases and caps to the mullions. The two windows of the Side Chapel differ from all the others as regards their mouldings, and also from one another. The tracery of the two westmost windows in the south wall of the Chancel correspond respectively in design to that of the two small windows opposite in the north wall, otherwise the arrangement of the tracery has in no two windows been alike.

Internally a much more correct idea of the Church can be formed now than was possible before the carrying out of the recent excavations. Entering at the west end, the plinth or lowest stone of the west respond or half-pier of the Arcade is found remaining attached to the foundation of the west wall. The east respond, attached to the west wall of the Chancel, remains entire; and in the floor, which is of pavement, are three blanks where three pillars, no part of which now remains, have stood. The Arcade has been of four bays, its pillars shafted and placed diagonally, the capital of the east respond being moulded only, while that of the west respond, which has now been recovered, is richly floriated; its arches have been segmental, as indicated by a small portion of the eastmost one remaining, and it has extended across the front of the southern projection, which is therefore not properly a Transept, but a side Chapel. The side Chapel and the Aisle have been vaulted over at a uniform height, with groined and ribbed vaulting, and there has been an apartment

over the Chapel, probably a *Domus Inclosi*, lighted by a small double window in the top of the gable, and approached by a newel stair within a projection at the angle formed by the Chapel and the Chancel.

Upon the walls of the Aisle and side Chapel remain part of the moulded ribs of the vaulting, supported on shafts with floriated caps and sculptured corbels. A little of the vaulting itself also remains, and it has been constructed of rag-work, that is, small flat bedded stones, in this case half an inch to three inches in thickness, and entirely unhewn, set in thick beds of mortar. An etching by Storer, published in 1805, represents a portion of the vaulting or vaulting ribs as continuing at that time to span the Chapel.

The Chapel is provided with a Piscina in the south wall, where the priest emptied the water in which he washed his hands; on its east wall is a carved image bracket; and there is evident provision for an altar in the circumstance that the sill of the east window, before which it would stand, is at a higher level than that of the south one.

Separating the Nave from the Chancel is the Rood Screen, in this instance of stone, and over it the Rood Loft and the Chancel Arch. Under the Rood Loft, on either side of the screen, are corbellings, on the west side of sculptured figures, and on the east of very large leaf work. The Chancel Arch is a segmental pointed one, and the imposts are shafted, with floriated capitals similar to that which had belonged to the west respond of the Arcade.

Entering the Chancel the eastern window is seen to occupy nearly the whole width of the wall and extend upwards to the vaulting. Below the window are corbels which supported the slab of the High Altar, and on its sill is a small carved image bracket. In the south wall are a triple Sedilia or seat for the officiating priest and his attendants, and a Piscina; and in the north wall the tomb of Margaret, Countess of Douglas, all of very beautiful design and workmanship, and in their parts bearing considerable resemblance to one another.

The Chancel was roofed by groined and ribbed vaulting in three divisions, the vaulting shafts and parts of the ribs being still upon the walls.

Over the vaulting of the Chancel, as in the case of the side Chapel, there has been an apartment to which access was got by the newel stair before mentioned, and the apartment was roofed by plainstone vaulting with large chamfered transverse ribs. Of the upper vaulting only a little at each side above the springing remains, but it was complete when Grose visited the ruins in 1789, and an etching by Storer in 1805 represents one of the ribs as then in position.

The Sacristy is a north one, and access to it is by a rich doorway in the wall of the Chancel. There is a descent of three steps to the room, and it has been roofed, in two divisions, by segmental groined vaulting of rag-work, with plain chamfered ribs, springing direct from the walls without shaft or corbel.

SCULPTURE.

Medieval sculpture at this period had obtained its highest development, and in gracefulness of design and beauty of execution it rivalled the works of ancient Greece and Rome. On this small building there is more sculpture, and

the work is of greater merit than is apparent at first sight. The figures are so broken and abrased that they have the appearance of rudeness. Many have almost ceased to retain any resemblance to sculpture, and it is only after a careful study of them that some appreciation of their original excellence is gained.

The sculptured figures upon the west side of the Rood Screen are arranged in rows one over another. The middle row consists of about 18 figures, winged, their hands crossed over their breasts ; the upper row represents heads, filling in the triangular spaces between the wings of the figures below them ; and the lower row, which is much mutilated, has consisted of 25 to 30 figures, the southmost one holding a scroll, which has been inscribed. The lower sculptures were probably intended to represent the Birth of Our Lord and scenes in His life ; and those above the adoration of the Heavenly Host.

Fragments of sculptured slabs have been recovered, evidently pieces of the breast work or parapet of the Rood Loft. The work is 2 feet 9 inches in height; on the face of it is arcading with ogee tops, and in every panel a sculptured figure in low relief. St. Paul is represented resting on a sword ; St. John holding in his left hand a cup and pointing over it with his right ; a figure holding in the left hand a book and something like a scroll in the right, there is no nimbus, but the face bears a striking resemblance to the usual representations of Our Lord ; also another complete figure and a fragment. Over the arcading is some small incised Old English lettering, probably intended to be descriptive of the subjects. The length of the Rood Loft would admit of eighteen such figures, which, added to the three rows of sculpture before described, brings up the picture of this feature of the building to one of great splendour.

The westmost remaining vaulting shaft of the Aisle is supported by a figure ; at the angle formed by the walls of the Aisle and side Chapel the vault ribs spring from a pair of figures ; and the image bracket in the side Chapel is supported by a figure, winged, and holding a scroll uninscribed. Within the Chancel there are six figures supporting vaulting shafts, all winged ; two of them are represented playing upon musical instruments, and two hold uninscribed scrolls.

Many of the bosses of the roof have borne sculptures—the *Agnus Dei* and other symbolic subjects.

The attitude of these sculptured figures on the walls can yet be observed, and through all the mutilation and almost obliteration of detail something of their power is still visible. The way in which they appear to spring from the walls, and support themselves and the superincumbent shafts with ease, indicate vigorous conception and masterly execution.

HERALDRY.

The heraldry is in better preservation than the sculpture, and therefore it has the appearance of being the predominant decorative adjunct of the building. The charges are beautifully and delicately cut, and the disposition of the shields, along with scrolls and carved foliage, gives variety and relief to forms that otherwise might appear somewhat stiff.

There is no heraldry upon the walls of the Aisle or side Chapel. This kind of decoration is confined to the Chancel and the Countess of Douglas' Tomb, and all the charges appear to have reference to the founder's family and connections.

On the front of the sarcophagus of the Tomb is arcading of nine panels, in each a shield, and, beginning at the dexter side, the blazonings are respectively :—A saltire and chief, for the Lordship of Annandale ; a lion rampant for that of Galloway ; three mullets. the arms of Murray ; a man's heart, three mullets in chief, for Douglas ; a field uncharged, a field nebuly, a field uncharged, a fess chequy, for Stewart ; and paly.

Over the tomb, forming a corbel for the support of a vaulting-shaft, is a shield bearing a lion rampant, within a border fleury ; and on the south wall, forming a corbel for the opposite vaulting-shaft, is another shield bearing three fleurs-de-lis, the arms of France, crowned, and with dogs as supporters.

The tympanum of the Sacristy doorway is enriched with two shields, the dexter one bearing three mullets, and the sinister one a man's heart, on a chief three mullets, impaling a lion rampant, crowned. These probably represent the arms of the founder and his wife, although, according to the heralds, the wife's arms should occupy the sinister shield and not, as here, the dexter one.

There are other fourteen shields in the interior of the Chancel. On the north wall, beginning at the west, the first, second, third, and fourth shields are without charges, and attached to them are uninscribed scrolls ; the fifth is a shield couchie, bearing three urchins—the arms of Herries, Sir Robert Herries of Terregles married Margaret, daughter of Archibald Douglas, the founder of the College. The sixth shield on the north wall is uncut.

On the east wall are two shields, the charges of the south one are obliterated; the north one bears three mullets impaling the first within a border fleury, probably for Murray and Douglas. There is on Bothwell Church, of which Archibald Douglas the Grim was founder, a shield bearing similar charges, but in the reverse order.

The remaining six shields are on the south wall, and, proceeding westwards, the emblazonments are—A man's heart, on a chief three mullets, impaling a lion rampant ; on a field ermine a man's heart, on a chief three mullets ; quarterly, first and fourth, a man's heart, crowned, on a chief three mullets ; second and third, a lion rampant, crowned ; within a border, quarterly, first and fourth a man's heart, on a chief three mullets ; second and third a bend between six cross crosslets fitched, said to be the arms of the hero of Otterburn ; on a bend, three mascles, and in the sinister canton a buckle. Round the shield is a scroll, inscribed *Loyal Dei* . . . Halyburton . . . and under it appears the initials J. H. The sixth shield bears a lion rampant.

On the Chancel walls outside are seven shields, three on the south wall, bearing respectively a bend engrailed, three urchins, a saltire between four mullets ; two on the east wall, one within a wreath of beautifully cut holly leaves, bearing a saltire, the other bearing a fess chequy debruised by a bend engrailed ; and two on the north wall, both uncut.

TOMBS.

An interesting tombstone has been recovered from the *debris*. It is of red sandstone, measuring 8 feet by 4 feet, and lies in the south-west corner of the side Chapel, marking the grave of Alexander Cairns, the second Provost of Lincluden, who was also Chancellor to Archibald, 4th Earl of Douglas. An inscribed border extends round the four sides, and in the centre is a representation of a tree, surmounted by a shield bearing a fess, and an inscribed scroll, all incised. The stone is broken into three pieces, and the inscribed border is mostly obliterated. What remains is an Old English character, and reads—*Hic jacet Magister Alexander de Carnys . . .*" Not being able to read the legend upon the scroll, I sent a rubbing of it to Dr Frazer, and his reading of it is—"*Qui me calcatis pedibus prece subveniatis.*" (You who tread on me with your feet help me with your prayers.) Carnys probably died in 1422, when John Cameron became Provost of Lincluden.

There are two tombstones in the side Chapel besides that of Cairns, and one in the Nave, of after Reformation date. Those in the side Chapel have borders respectively inscribed—"Heir · lyis · ane · honest · man · Alexander · Cooper · Mason · 1·5·8·8;" and "* * ·lyis · Robert · Cowper · Mearsone · Bwrgis · of · Drownfris · 161*." That in the Nave is also inscribed round the border, and on its face is a sinking as if for the reception of a brass; but being much broken, the inscription cannot be read.

THE PROVOST'S LODGING.

The portion of the ruin known as the Provost's Lodging extends northwards from the Sacristy. The basement consists of five vaulted cellars. The first floor appears to have contained a square apartment at the north end, and the remainder of the floor formed probably the Great Hall. The second floor contained a north room, and the space over the hall would be divided into several rooms. The north part of the building only was carried up a third floor, forming a square tower with crow-stepped gables. The entrance door opened upon the octagonal staircase, and the stair gave access to the several floors. One of the cellars was entered from the staircase, and the other four by outside doors in the west wall. The windows of the rooms have been principally in the east wall, and would overlook the well formed gardens, the scarped mound attached to the place, the meeting of the waters, and an extensive tract of country beyond.

The octagonal Tower, most of the walls of the square Tower, and the greater part of the west wall extending between the square Tower and the Church existed in 1805. Now only the lower parts of the walls of the octagonal Tower, which fell in 1851, the Cellars, and the square Tower, to about half its height, with a piece of one corner of it of greater height, remain. The two cellars adjoining the Sacristy appear to have been erected at the same time as the Church, the hewing being similar to that of the Church; the vaulting also being of rag work. The workmanship exhibited in the other portions of this part of the ruins is different and inferior, and quantities of slates and other material, which have belonged to some former building, are found embedded in the walls; the mouldings also are dissimilar to and of later date than those of

TERREGLES HOUSE.

the Church. Grose states that William Stewart, who was Provost about 1530, either rebuilt or greatly repaired the Lodging. Stewart's arms, which have been recovered, appeared upon the octagonal Tower, and a carved corbel, which was also upon the Tower has been found bearing the initials of his name, V.S."

For many years this venerable relic of antiquity—one of the fairest ornaments of the beautiful scenery around Dumfries—was allowed to remain in a wretched state of dilapidation; but in 1877 Captain Maxwell of Terregles was approached by a deputation from the *Dumfries and Galloway Antiquarian Society*, and in the year 1882 he had the remains put into good order at great expense. Many of the long hidden features of the Old College were brought to light, showing fine specimens of the earlier styles of architecture.

Terregles House, distant about three miles from Maxwelltown, is situated in a naturally picturesque spot in the Nithsdale valley, surrounded by beautifully wooded eminences. It is a spacious, substantial edifice, comfort and commodious internal arrangements having obviously been considered more than external architectural adornments in its construction. The gardens, conservatories, and policies are extensive and beautiful, and in the grounds there are many venerable trees, giving to the place an air of antiquity. The present mansion was built by Lady Winifred Maxwell and her husband on the site of the old historic house, a drawing of which, in a partly dilapidated state, is given in *Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland*. It is interesting to note, remarks the author of that work, who acknowledges his indebtedness to the *Book of Carlaverock* for his information, that "the old house was condemned to be pulled down as early as 1568. Regent Murray, in a military progress through the country at that time, 'razed to the ground' various castles of those who opposed him. But Terregles, though condemned to destruction, was spared for a singular reason. 'The Lord Herreis' hous of Terreglis the Regent gave full orders to throw it downe. But the Laird of Drumlangrig, whoe was the Lord Herreis' uncle, and much in favour with the Regent, told that the Lord Herreis wold take it for a favour if he wold ease him of (his) pains, for he was resolved to throw it doune himselfe, and build it in another place. The Regent sware he scorned to be a barrow-man to his old walls. And so it was safe.' It stood for two hundred years after this incident."

The settlement of the family of Herries on the lands of Terregles is of very ancient date. M'Kerlie says the early history of the property is unknown. About the year 1489 Sir Herbert Herries

was created by James IV. Baron Herries of Terregles. His great granddaughter, Agnes Herries, married John, second son of Robert, Lord Maxwell, and by this alliance the Maxwells became possessed of the Herries title and the lands of Terregles.

Several representatives of the Terregles family have at various periods taken a prominent part in the history of the country. John, Lord Maxwell, fell at Flodden on 9th September, 1513. In the reign of Queen Mary, Sir John Maxwell, who had been knighted by that ill-fated monarch, was distinguished by his unshaken loyalty to her cause. We have told, when writing of Dundrennan Abbey, how, after the disastrous defeat of the Queen's forces at the battle of Langside, Lord Herries conducted Queen Mary to Terregles House, where she remained for some days. Thereafter, disregarding his earnest entreaties to remain in Scotland, she embarked in a small boat for England, and relying on the protection of Queen Elizabeth, the cruel fate befel the ill-starred Queen, which some of her friends had predicted. Again, in 1715, William, fifth and last Earl of Nithsdale, joined the rebellion of that year, and was with Lord Kenmure, Lord Derwentwater, and other lords and officers, taken prisoner at Preston, Lancashire, on the 14th November. From Preston the prisoners were taken to London and placed in the Tower. They were tried at a court held in Westminster Hall on 9th February, 1716, and Lord Nithsdale, with the others, pled guilty to the charge of high treason on which they were arraigned. Sentence of death was pronounced upon them, and the execution was to take place on the 24th February. Great exertions were used by persons of influence at court to obtain a pardon for the condemned lords. When the Countess of Nithsdale heard of her lord's capture, his imprisonment in the Tower, and his death sentence, "she was overcome with sorrow, and resolved to risk everything in an attempt to effect his escape." She obtained leave from the authorities to visit her husband in the Tower on the evening before what she believed to be the day of his execution. The means used by the noble and heroic Countess to effect her purpose were so daring, and romantic, that the story reads more like a tale of fiction than reality. Various accounts of the escape have appeared. We prefer to give the particulars of it in the Countess's own words, as contained in a letter by her to her sister, Lady Lucy Herbert, Abbess of the Augustine Nuns at Bruges, dated Palais Royal de Rome, 16th April, 1718 :—

"On my arrival (in London from Terregles) I went immediately to make what interest I could among those who were in place. No one gave me any

WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

hopes; but all, to the contrary, assured me, that although some of the prisoners were to be pardoned, yet my lord would certainly not be of the number. When I inquired into the reason of this distinction, I could obtain no other answer than that they would not flatter me: but I soon perceived the reasons which they declined alleging to me. A Roman Catholic, upon the frontiers of Scotland, who headed a very considerable party; a man whose family had always signalized itself by its loyalty to the Royal House of Stuart, and who was the only support of the Catholics against the inveteracy of the Whigs—who were very numerous in that part of Scotland—would become an agreeable sacrifice to the opposite party. They still retained a lively remembrance of his grandfather, who defended his own castle of Carlaverock to the very last extremity, and surrendered it up only by the express command of his royal master. Upon this I formed the resolution to attempt his escape, but opened my intentions to nobody but my dear Evans. In order to concert my measures, I strongly solicited to be permitted to see my lord, which they refused to grant me unless I would remain confined with him in the Tower. This I would not submit to, and alleged for excuse that my health would not permit me to undergo the confinement. The real reason of my refusal was not to put it out of my power to accomplish my design: however, by bribing the guards, I often contrived to see my lord, till the day on which the prisoners were condemned; after that we were allowed for the last week to see and take our leave of them.

By the help of Evans I had prepared everything necessary to disguise my lord, but had the utmost difficulty to prevail upon him to make use of them; however, I at length succeeded by the help of Almighty God. In the evening of the 23rd February, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned, and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had everything in readiness, and that I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for Mrs Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans has introduced me, which I looked upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a very tall and slender make; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood one that I had prepared for Mrs Mills, as she was to lend her's to my lord, that in coming out he might be taken for her. Mrs Mills was then with child, so that she was not only of the same height but nearly the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment when I first opened my design to them had made them consent, without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs Morgan; for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs Mills when she left her own behind her. When Mrs Morgan had taken off what she had brought for my purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase, and, in going, I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me, that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly downstairs to meet Mrs Mills, who had the precaution to

hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had, indeed, desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick: however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers to disguise his with. I also bought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as hers; and I painted his face with white and his cheeks with rouge to hide his long beard, which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more so as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord's chamber; and in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said—my dear Mrs Catherine, go in all haste, and send me my waiting maid: she certainly cannot reflect how late it is: she forgets that I am to present a petition to-night: and, if I let slip this opportunity, I am undone, for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes. Everybody in the room, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters. seemed to compassionate me exceedingly, and the centinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted; and the more so because he had the same dress she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats, excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us, so I resolved to set off. I went out, leading him by the hand; and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I—my dear Mrs Betty, for the love of God, run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodging; and if ever you made despatch in your life do it at present: I am almost distracted with this disappointment. The guards opened the doors and I went downstairs with them, still conjuring him to make all possible dispatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the centinel should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the dispatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him.

In the meanwhile, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return upstairs and go back to my lord's room, in the same feigned anxiety of being too late; so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathise with my distress. When I was in the room I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened

the door and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said, but held it so close that they could not look in. I bid my lord a formal farewell for the night, and added that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the merest trifles: that I saw no other remedy than to go in person: that if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night, but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance to the Tower, and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for him, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went downstairs and called a coach. As there were several on the stand, I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, as I hoped; but that I did not know where he was.

When the news was brought to the king, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed; for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly dispatched two persons to the Tower to see that the other prisoners were well secured, lest they should follow the example. Some threw the blame upon one, some upon another: the Duchess of Montrose was the only one at court who knew it. When I left the Duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me that, when she had seen him secure, she went in search of Mr Mills, who by the time had recovered himself from his astonishment; that he had returned to her house, where she had found him; and that he had removed my lord from the first place, where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman, directly opposite to the guard-house. She had but one small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday till Saturday night, when Mrs Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian Ambassador. We did not communicate the affair to his Excellency; but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which day the Ambassador's coach and six was to go down to Dover to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr Mitchell (which was the name of the Ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais."

The Earl ultimately settled in Rome, where Lady Winifred joined him. He died there on 20th March, 1744, and his gallant Countess survived him five years. Lord Kenmure and Lord Derwentwater

suffered the extreme penalty on the day after Lord Nithsdale's escape from the Tower.

Terregles and the Nithsdale Estates passed in 1776 to the granddaughter of the Earl of 1715. She was popularly known as Lady Winifred Maxwell and during the quarter of a century she resided at Terregles House, "she dispensed a very generous and unbounded hospitality. She seldom sat down to dinner without a company of between twenty and thirty friends and neighbours." At this time Burns resided at Ellisland, and having strong Jacobite leanings was received as a visitor at Terregles. "Mrs Burns records in her memoranda that during the Ellisland period Burns dined once or twice at Terregles House, and she recollects of her husband talking with wonder of the number of wax candles he had seen lighted at supper. Lady Winifred had a great liking for the poet, and called once at his house in Bank Street. She presented him with a splendid snuff-box, of Oriental manufacture, on the lid of which, was a likeness of Queen Mary from an original portrait." *

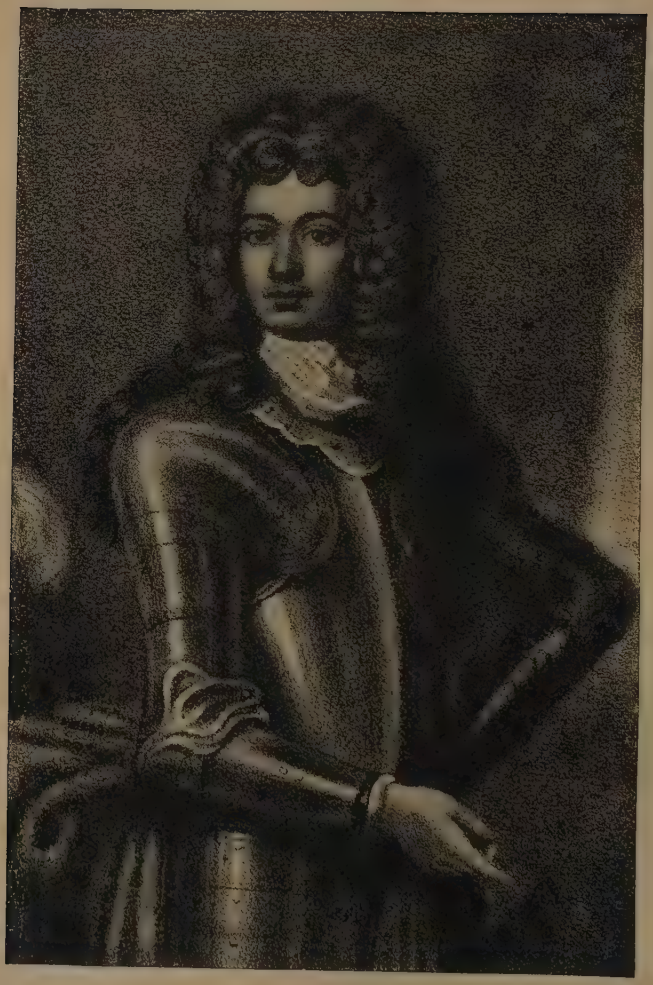
When Lady Winifred returned to Scotland and rebuilt Terregles House, the event was celebrated by Burns in the "Welcome Home" of the Maxwells, of which the following is the opening verse :—

"The noble Maxwells and their powers,
Are coming o'er the Border;
And they'll gae bigg Terreagles' towers
An' set them a' in order.
An' they declare Terreagles' fair,
For their abode they choose it;
There's no a heart in a' the land
But's lighter at the news o't."

Lady Winifred married in October, 1758, William Haggerston Constable of Everingham, Yorkshire, who assumed the surname of Maxwell and from that union the present family descends.

In Terregles House there are some objects associated with the visits of the unfortunate Queen Mary which now possess great historical interest—the most remarkable of which are the remains of a bed occupied by her on her visits, and which the tradition of the Maxwell family especially associates with the last night spent by her under their roof. The remains, as described in *The Book of Carlaverock*, "consist of a wooden scroll, some eight feet long and one foot in breadth ; a flat cloth canopy, which must originally have been supported by a timber

* M'Dowall's "Burns in Dumfriesshire."



William, 5th Earl of Nithsdale.

framework ; and a head-piece, measuring six feet long by five broad, which had hung from the roof inside down to the pillow. The materials of the bed are a serge tick stuffed with wool, which still has its original white and fresh appearance, and covered with satin, now no longer white as it once was, richly embroidered with flowers in needle-work." There is also at Terregles a Prayer Book beautifully engrossed on very fine vellum, and exquisitely illuminated. It bears the date 1544, two years after the birth of Mary. Another interesting relic of Queen Mary at Terregles are the "leading-strings" of King James VI. These consist of two separate strings and a belt for the body. The two strings are of red silk. On both sides of one of the strings are beautifully worked, in letters of gold about an inch long, the letters being reversed on the different sides, the words :—

Angelis . Suis . Deus . Mandavit . De . te.

On both sides of the other string are similarly worked the words :—

At . Custodiant . te . in . omnibus . viis . tuis.

(To His angels hath He given charge over thee, that they keep thee in all thy ways.)

The strings are ornamented with a worked border of flowers, fruit, &c. The belt for the body is still more richly wrought, with small crowns in the bottom. The whole is understood to have been the work of Queen Mary. These articles are supposed to have been left by her at Terregles, or given to Lord Herries. At Terregles there is an ancient oak door bearing the initials of William, Lord Herries, 1601. Amongst the other family treasures are the portraits of William, Fifth Earl of Nithsdale (1715), clad in mail armour, and Winifred, Countess of Nithsdale (1715), taken when she was in the bloom of youth. Lord Herries, the favourite of Queen Mary, died suddenly in Edinburgh on Sunday, 20th January, 1582, in the afternoon, when going to an upper chamber in William Fowler's lodging in time of sermon to see the boys' bicker. He said before dinner that he durst not trust himself to go to the afternoon's preachings, because he found himself weak.* Leaning to a wall, he fell down by little and little, saying to a woman that followed—"Hold me, for I am not weale!" He was interred in the choir of the Church of Terregles, which he had built as a place of sepulture for himself and his family. No monument exists there to his memory ; but two monuments to two of his sons—Sir Robert Maxwell

* "Calderwood's History, Vol. III., p. 232.

of Spottes and Edward Maxwell of Lamington—still exist, drawings of which are given in *The Book of Carlaverock.* There are also armorial bearings in the Church of Terregles of Agnes, Lady Herries, with a date 1583. *

The ancient choir or "queir" of Terregles, distant about a mile from Terregles House, is well worthy of inspection. Though really forming the choir of the Established Church, it has been divided from it by a wall, and with its separate entrance on the south side forms a beautiful mortuary Chapel. The altar at which mass is still said on certain anniversaries, is at the east end, immediately over the vault, to which the descent is down a handsome marble staircase, at the head of which is a beautiful statue of the Angel of the Resurrection, by Phillips. On a stone above the doorway at the eastern end, is carved the date—1583. Up to about 1876 the old building, which, though of unpretending appearance, is elegant in design, was so neglected that it was in a very dilapidated and ruinous state. It has now been completely restored by the late Captain Maxwell of Terregles, and is one of the most interesting objects in the district.

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* "Book of Carlaverock."

CELTS FOUND AT GLENLUCE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IRONGRAY CHURCH, THE COMMUNION STONES, CROCKETFORD, AND CORSOCK BRIDGE, TO CASTLE DOUGLAS.

IRONGRAY Church and Churchyard, about four miles farther up the valley, in a quiet and secluded situation, near the brink of the Cluden, is our next object of interest. The church, which was erected in 1831, has been altered and improved by the erection of a handsome tower, and the substitution of ornamental windows with stained glass for those of the old-fashioned design. It is surrounded by the burying-ground, where, beneath the flickering shadows of several wide-spreading trees, "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

In this churchyard Helen Walker, the prototype of Jeanie Deans, is buried, and a tombstone, with the following inscription, was erected by the great novelist over the grave :—

This stone was erected
By the Author of Waverley
To the Memory of
HELEN WALKER,
Who died in the year of God MDCCXCI.
This humble individual
Practised in real life
The virtues
With which fiction has invested
The imaginary character of
JEANIE DEANS.
Refusing the slightest departure
from veracity,
even to save the life of her sister,
She nevertheless showed her
Kindness and fortitude
In rescuing her
From the severity of the law,
At the expense of personal exertions
Which the time rendered as difficult
As the motive was laudable.

Respect the grave of poverty,
When combined with the love of truth
And dear affection.

The parish of Irongray occupies a prominent place in the history

of the Covenanting times, and recalls many associations of interest connected with that period. At that time John Welsh was minister of the parish. He was ordained in 1653, and was ejected, with seventeen of his brethren, in 1662, when Presbyterianism was overturned and Episcopacy established. His grandfather was the famous John Welsh, who, while minister of Kirkcudbright, married Elizabeth Knox, daughter of the illustrious Reformer, and who, on removing to Ayr towards the end of the year 1599, was, for his reforming zeal in the beginning of the 17th century, banished to France, where he lived for sixteen years in the capacity of a Protestant minister.

Inheriting the Covenanting spirit of his fathers, the minister of Irongray, during the memorable struggle for religious freedom which the Presbyterians maintained from 1662 to 1685, was a devoted leader. He took part in the Pentland rising, and had a narrow escape in that unfortunate encounter. He was also an intrepid conventicle preacher, and so obnoxious to the State and the Bishops that a price was set upon his head. It was said that Claverhouse, in his zeal to secure him, would, "on suspecting his hiding-place, have journeyed for forty miles on a winter's night." His parishioners were also such notable Covenanters that Wodrow, in his *History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*, records of them :—"The first open opposition to the settlement of the curates I have heard was at Irongray, where Mr John Welsh was minister." After enduring many perils and much suffering in the cause he had espoused, Mr Welsh escaped a violent death, and, it is said, died in London in 1681.

At a distance of scarcely a quarter of a mile beyond the churchyard two martyrs are buried. On the Moor of Lochinkit, in the adjoining parish of Kirkpatrick-Durham, there were captured on 2nd March, 1685, by Captain Bruce and the Laird of Lag, six covenanters. Four of them were shot where taken, and the remaining two were brought through Irongray, and hanged upon a tree, which formed part of a clump of oaks on a knoll near where they were buried.

The following inscription, rudely carved upon a slab lying upon the ground, marks the spot :—"Here lyes Edward Gordon and Alexander M'Cubbine, martyrs, hanged without law by Lagg and Captain Bruce, for adhering to the Word of God, Christ's kingly government in his own house, and covenanted work of reformation against tyranny, perjury, and prelacy. Rev. xii. 11. March 3d, 1685."

"As Lagg and bloodie Bruce command,

ROUTING BRIDGE. James Faed, Senr.

We were hung up by hellish hand;
And thus their furious rage to stay,
We died near kirk of Irongray.
Here now in peace sweet rest we take,
Once murdered for religion's sake."

This old stone was some years ago enclosed with an iron railing, and an elevated tombstone was erected, which bears an inscription to the effect that a sermon was preached in Irongray Churchyard by the Rev. J. M'Dermid, Dumfries, minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Church there, and with the proceeds of the collection made on that occasion the surrounding railing and monument were erected, to testify the sympathy which the present generation felt for the principles of the Covenanters. Immediately beyond these trees is the farm-house called Haughhill or Halhill, which was formerly, probably, a mansion-house, as it is said "the lady of the Haughhill gave her scarf or handkerchief to bind over the eyes of Gordon and M'Cubbine, for which she was condemned to seven years' banishment to the colonies. When near the coast of Virginia a violent storm broke the vessel in pieces, and she escaped by being floated to the shore on a cask, and lived to return to Scotland at the Revolution."

About two miles from Irongray Church is the Routing Brig, which generally attracts the notice of travellers "as a singular and lovely little piece of scenery." It is quite a curiosity of art and nature, and once seen can never be forgotten. On approaching the bridge from Irongray Church, and on looking over the parapet on the left, the spectator almost imagines that he could reach with his hand the rocks down which the old water of Cluden (for it becomes the new on being joined by the Cairn just beyond the bridge) frets and surges with tumultous sound among the jagged water-worn rocks. On peering over the other side nothing is seen but a deep dark pool, "where all the tumult has ceased, and the sound alone tells you that it is still the *Routin Brig*." To see it to advantage the visitor should descend by the pathway to the ledge of rock or gravelly bed which projects almost into the middle of the river. It will then be seen that the bridge is erected on two perpendicular rocks, the tops and sides of which are beautifully fringed with trees, and honeysuckle, ferns, and other plants and creepers of the wild wood hang about the bridge in picturesque confusion. The whole viewed from the ledge below, when there is a dash of sunshine on the scrub and verdure behind and under the bridge to contrast with the shady basin and pool of the

fall, forms a perfect little picture, leaving little for the imagination of the artist to supply.

Opposite the Routing Brig, and surrounded by thriving plantations, is the stately mansion of Newtonairds, on a site commanding a view of the lovely valley of the Cairn. Our route from the bridge leads to the Communion Stones of Irongray on Skeoch Hill; but those who have previously visited these "hoary monuments of the mountain worship of our forefathers," would do well to proceed up the valley of the Cairn as far as Glenesslin, and from thence by Drumwhirn to Balmaclellan and New-Galloway. The valley is studded with elegant mansion-houses, and those who have time to ramble or drive through it will be highly gratified with the scenery. Near to the farm of Glaisters, where there are the supposed remains of a Druidical circle, the traveller will observe, on the opposite side of the water, Craigenputtock, which belonged to the late Thomas Carlyle, of which he has himself given an interesting description in a letter to Gœthe in 1828:—"Our residence is not in the town (Dumfries) itself, but fifteen miles to the north-west, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock our estate stands forth a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens, and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat substantial dwelling; here, in the absence of professorial or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way."

Shortly after leaving the Routing Brig we follow the road which diverges to the left, and pass on the way Drumclyer, situated near the road, on our right, and Cludenbank House, embosomed in wood, on the brink of the river, on our left. Passing a bridge over the Cluden, beside which are several neat cottages, a halt is shortly afterwards made at the farm-house of Threepneuk, where, or at the farm of Skeoch, a short distance farther on, accommodation can be had for horses, and the stranger will be shown the best way up the hill. In ascending the hill little is seen more interesting than rocks, hills, and an expanse of moorland, in autumn purpled with heather. At the communion stones a monument of polished granite has been erected at a cost of about £50. It is placed in a most appropriate situation beside the heap of stones which served as a table for the communion elements, and is a capital landmark to guide the stranger to the spot.

The inscription on the Monument is as follows:—

"ERECTED
By Voluntary Subscription in 1870,
To Mark the Spot

Where a large number of Covenanters met in the Summer of 1678 to Worship God, and where about 3000 Communicants on that occasion celebrated the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The following ejected Ministers officiated:—John Welsh of Irongray, John Blackadder of Troqueer, John Dickson of Rutherglen, and Samuel Arnot of Tongland—the adjacent Stones being used as the Communion Table. These Stones are significant memorials of those troublous times, in which our Fathers, at the peril of their lives, contended for the great principles of civil and religious freedom."

The sacramental tables are, so far as we know, the most perfect, if not the only, specimens of the kind to be found in Scotland; and with such reverence have they been regarded by the country people that they remain at the present day almost in the same position as when used. They consist of four rows of large flat oblong whinstones, disposed in straight lines, each row containing about thirty seats. At the one end there is a circular heap or pile of stones a few feet high, whereon the emblematic bread and wine were laid, and beside which the minister officiating must have stood in dispensing the ordinance, or in exhorting the people. The gently sloping ground, which rises immediately in front of this, and close behind the opposite end of the tables, being within the compass of a moderate voice, would answer well the purposes of a gallery; and, considering the circumstances of the Covenanters, no place could have been chosen more happily adapted for their purpose. In this secluded hollow, called Bishop's Forest, the congregation would be completely concealed from the view of any one but a short distance removed; "while Blackadder, Welsh, Arnot, and Dickson in turn lectured, preached, and dispensed the bread of life, alert sentinels were posted on every *coign of vantage* to guard against surprise; and Earlston, at the head of the Galloway horse, stood ready for any emergency."* Skeoch Hill, from which wide and delightful prospects of the beautiful and rich valleys of the Cairn and the Nith may be enjoyed, rises to the east, and is the highest land on the moors of Irongray. The whole of the surrounding scenery is interesting; but these rude, moss-grown memorials of covenanting times, significant of the patriotism, courage, and deep religious feelings of our forefathers, give to the lonely moorland "a new meaning and a nobler consecration."

* Dr King Hewison's "Covenanters."

There is a tradition still extant in the parish to the effect that the communion cups, which originally belonged to the church, were used at this communion, and that they were concealed somewhere in the neighbourhood and lost. "In connection with this tradition," writes the Rev. Mr Underwood, Irongray, in a communication to the Dumfries and Galloway Antiquarian Society, "I may mention a reference to the said cups, which I find in the Kirk-Session Records, dated July 4th, 1697:—'The cups, table-cloths, and other utensils belonging to the church being amissing, and there being need of them because of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which shortly is to be administrat, it is laid upon every elder to lay out themselves as much as they can in making enquiry after them to see if they can be found.' The next meeting of Session is dated July 11th, 1697, and the elders then give in their report concerning the matter of the cups, and it is to the following effect:—'The several members of this judicatory have made search after the utensils of this church, can hear nothing anent them, only that they were carried away with Mr John Welsh, his plenishing.

"The communion cups now in use in the parish church bear the following inscription:—'Thir cups were gifted for the Paroch of Irengray, by Mr James Guthrie, who was ordained Sept. 13th, 1694, Mnry.'"

The farm of Scaur, which adjoins Threepneuk, also recalls associations of covenanting interest. This property in those days belonged to a Mr Welch, who was much harassed for his nonconformity. According to tradition, he on one occasion effected his escape by means of the following stratagem:—When accompanying his servant, who was ploughing in a field in the vicinity of his residence, he observed a party of soldiers advancing. On consulting with his servant, whose name was M'Lauchrie, as to the possibility of escape, the latter, who seems to have been a fearless and faithful retainer, at once proposed that the horses be unyoked, and that Mr Welch should ride home as if he were the servant, heedless of meeting the dragoons, while he should flee to the hill as a decoy in full view of them. The proposal was agreed to; and so skilfully and manfully did M'Lauchrie pursue his way through the intricacies of hill and scaur that he evaded the pursuit of the soldiers, and not only saved the life of his master, but effected his own escape also. As a reward for this act of fidelity and attachment, Mr Welch gave his servant a favourable lease of the farm of Glenkill, on his own estate, in which place the M'Lauchries

continued to reside till a recent period. A stratagem similar to this was successfully used by John Clark of Drumclyer.

The farm-house of Scaur, as one of the old-fashioned type, is worthy of being seen. The great thickness of the walls, and formation of the rafters, will attract attention; and in the farm-yard adjoining there is a small building called the Old Jail, in which the voice of tradition says a Covenanter was imprisoned and starved to death. On the farms of Barnsoul and M'Naughton there are traces of four Roman camps. From Threepneuk we proceed to Crocketford Village. The road thither passes the village of Shawhead, the country is bare and uninteresting, and nothing particularly worthy of note is seen by the way. On the summit of Glen Bennan Hill, 1309 feet in height, the Turner monument is a conspicuous object at a great distance. John Turner, the eccentric character which it commemorates, was a native of Irongray. He was respectably connected, and received a good education at the Parish School. Owing to an accident his intellect was impaired, and he fell into peculiar and eccentric habits, one of his vagaries being a strong aversion to his mortal remains being interred in a churchyard. In order to avoid this he, after three years' desultory labour, contrived to dig a grave for himself on the summit of this hill, and extracted a promise from friends that in the event of his death they would undertake to have his remains deposited in the mountain sepulchre which he had prepared. He died at the Glen, and his directions as to the funeral were carried out. A rude monument of stone and lime was afterwards erected on the spot, and the following metrical inscription, the composition of Robert Crocket of Drumbreck, Balmaghie, is engraved on a slate inserted on its south side:—

In Memory of
JOHN TURNER,
Who Died at Glen, 1 Decem., 1841;
Aged 60 years.

"Jordan I've passed, though many a dreary day
On earth I wandered, waiting to be free.
Honest and poor I trod life's thorny way;
No comfort here, save hope and Heaven for me.
Though on this bleak hill top my body lies,
Under this stone it moulders into dust;
Remember, stranger, it will yet arise,
Nor taste of death again; but with the just
Eternal anthems to my Saviour raise—
Redeeming love will be our theme of praise."

It will be observed that the lines take the form of an acrostic.

The Village of Crocketford was founded towards the end of the eighteenth century by a fanatical sect known as the Buchanites. They built the house that is still known as the principal inn, as well as nearly two-thirds of the other houses. These simple and misguided enthusiasts, among other peculiarities, believed that they would never die, and that, under the guidance of their leader, "Luckie Buchan," the *sobriquet* by which she was known in Galloway, they were to be translated in a body to the New Jerusalem. In these expectations they were always doomed to disappointment; and when, says the *Statistical Account*, "on 29th March, 1791, death put an unquestionable negative to their doctrine by summoning Mother Buchan to her last account, they found it necessary to relinquish the most fanatical of their opinions."

The members of the sect always preserved a seclusion from the world, but were looked upon by their neighbours as an industrious, inoffensive, and benevolent people. Their fame as wheelwrights and spinners extended all over the south of Scotland. The Buchanite women introduced into Galloway the two-handed spinning-wheel, and found employment in spinning linen yarn for the opulent families in the neighbourhood. They always possessed a community of goods, and lived comfortably and peaceably together; each in their turn, as they paid the debt of nature, being interred in a small plot of ground in the garden immediately behind their dwelling-house in the village.*

From Crocketford, by the road which branches off towards New-Galloway, a walk of about a mile brings us to the entrance gate to Brooklands House. About a mile and a half from Brooklands House is the Larg Hill Martyrs' Monument, a rough obelisk of grey granite, erected in 1843. A little below it, in Lochinkit Moor, is the grave of the four martyrs whom it commemorates, surrounded by a wall, with a few trees inside. Their tombstone, renewed in 1823, bears the following inscription:—

> "Here lies 4 Martyrs—John Wallace, Wm. Heron, John Gordon, and Wm. Stewart, found out and shot dead upon the place by Captain Bruce and Captain Lag, for their adhearing to the Word of God, Christ's Kingly Government in His House, and the Covenanted work of Reformation against Tyranny, Perjury, and Prelacy."
>
> 2nd Mach, 1685.
> Rev. chap. xii. v. 2.

* "The Buchanites from First to Last," by Joseph Train, Edinburgh, 1846, contains a very complete and interesting account of the life and times of this peculiar sect.

"Behold here in this wilderness we lie
Witnesses of hellish cruelty.
Our lives and blood did not their ire assuage,
But when we're dead they did against us rage,
That match the like we think ye scarcely can,
Except the Turk or Duke de Alva's men." *

As we proceed the farms of Crofts and Lochinkit are passed, and Corsock Village, Parton parish, is reached, where are a *Quoad Sacra* Church, a Free Church, and a Temperance Hotel. To the west of the village is Corsock mansion house, an imposing handsome edifice, the property of Captain Henry Liston Murray Dunlop, whose father, the late Mr Murray Dunlop, M.P. for Greenock, attained a high reputation as counsel for the Non-Intrusion party, and afterwards as the legal adviser of the Free Church. He also distinguished himself as a Poor Law legislator. A tasteful monument, consisting of an obelisk of grey granite, was erected to his memory on a height near the house, by the tenantry on the Corsock estate.

On the farm of Hallcroft, near the present mansion, stood the old Castle of Corsock, possessed by the Neilsons for over three hundred years. The first of these was John Neilson, who, along with his wife, Isabel Gordon, was declared proprietor in 1439. The most famous of the family in historical records was also a John Neilson, who is honourably mentioned in the *Scots Worthies* as one who suffered severely in the cause of the Covenant. The only relic of the old building is a well-preserved stone shield bearing the Neilson arms, with the initials "J. N." and "M. G." (John Neilson and his wife, Margaret Gordon), and the date 1588. This stone has been built into the wall of the modern house, and the drawing here given is by Mr H. Ivan Neilson, artist, who claims to be a representative of the old Corsock family. When Gabriel Semple was ejected from the parish of Kirkpatrick-Durham he took up his residence in the house of Neilson, where he preached to numbers who flocked thither to wait on his ministrations. When the congregation became so numerous that accommodation could not be found in the house they retired to the garden; and when it too became insufficient to contain the increasing congregation, they assembled in a field; and this, it is said, was the first field meeting or conventicle held in Scotland.

* There is a fine engraving by W. B. Scott, of a picture by Thomson of Duddingston, designated as "Martyrs' Tombs, in the Bog of Loch-in-Kett, Galloway." To those who are not aware that the picture has been misnamed, it must seem that the painter has taken extraordinary liberties with the subject. But, in point of fact, the scene represented is the Martyrs' Grave at the Caldons, Glen Trool, and how the mistake originated remains to be explained.

Mr Neilson was concerned in the rising which occurred after the skirmish at Dalry, which ended so disastrously at Rullion Green, and along with John Gordon, of Irongray, was tried at Edinburgh, and on 14th December, 1666, was hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh. His lands were forfeited, and his family endured much suffering and hardships at the hands of the persecutors.

John B. Maxwell, artist, who, while resident in Dumfries, obtained extensive patronage as a portrait painter, was a native of Corsock. He was well known in Kirkcudbrightshire, and painted many portraits of the leading families of his time. Several of these which we have seen show good draughtsmanship and refined colour. Occasionally he painted figure subjects. "In his picture of 'Oor Aggie,' representing a comely damsel on culinary business bent, he displayed originality and much constructive skill."* He died at Dumfries on 22nd October, 1853, aged 40 years, and was buried in St. Michael's Churchyard, where over his grave there is a graceful obelisk, bearing that it was erected by a few friends to his memory.

* M'Dowall's "Memorials of St. Michael's Churchyard."

As we saunter along the road from Corsock House the scenery becomes more interesting and attractive. On the Auchenhay burn, which falls into the Urr, there are some pretty waterfalls near the high road. The river scenery between Corsock and Glenlair, a distance of about a mile, is very picturesque. The road passes close by the river bank, which is high and wooded, and the river is seen below flowing rapidly over a rocky channel. In this district there are several of those ancient motes or forts so common in Galloway. At Margley there is one which is thus briefly mentioned by M'Kerlie—"At Moat Hill, Margley, there is an ancient fort." Coles says the structure is largely of earth, with, however, a pretty regular admixture of stones. From its summit only the Moat of Glenroan is visible, though a fairly wide spread of country lies to the south-west. Fort Arkland is given on the Ordnance Map as a supposed fort, and M'Kerlie writes—"It is related that on the farm of Arkland a very perfect camp existed, but now only the supposed site of a fort. It is to the west of Arkland Hill. This hill is 575 feet high."

Proceeding leisurely on our way we leave the high road to visit the ruins, which are distinctly visible, of an old castle, supposed to have been associated in some way with a family of the name of Marcartney. In Pont's old map (1654) the spelling is Markairtna. M'Kerlie states in *Lands and their Owners in Galloway* that of the early owners of this property we have no distinct trace. According to his historical researches the first proprietor who can be distinguished is Alexander Gordon of Airds, who, "as tacksman to the church, purchased the lands of Over and Nether Marcartney, and his second son, James, obtained them under a charter confirming the same from John, Abbot of Newabbey, dated 31st August, 1563." From the middle of the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century a branch of the Earlston family of Gordons possessed the property. The Gordons were generally supporters of the Protestant faith, and we find that "one of them, William Gordon of Holm and Marcartney, who sided with the covenanters, was, along with Gordon of Earlston, Gordon of Bar, Neilson of Corsock, and others, cited in 1679 to answer for being present at conventicles, and not compearing, was ordered to be denounced and put to the horn." * In the troublous times of the persecution of the covenanters in Galloway, William Gordon, along with John Neilson of Corsock, endured much suffering and many fines

* Wodrow.

in the struggle for religious liberty, though he was more fortunate than Neilson in escaping the extreme penalty of the law.

The Mansion House of Glenlair is situated in a sheltered and romantic spot on the banks of the river Urr. It was built by John Clerk Maxwell, who belonged to the family of the Clerks of Penicuik. He died at Glenlair in 1856, and was succeeded by his son Professor James Clerk Maxwell, born in 1831, and destined to become famous as a scientist. He was successively Professor of Natural Philosophy at Aberdeen, 1856, King's College, London, 1860, and Professor of Experimental Physics in the University of Cambridge, 1871. At Knockvennie Bridge a road leads past the imposing Mansion House of Barwhillanty, and joins the main road from Castle-Douglas to New Galloway and Parton Mill. Waltonpark, the property of Colonel James Campbell Barker, is also passed in a sheltered situation near the road; and Kilquhanity House, around which are some venerable trees, is in a situation commanding an extensive view of the Urr valley.

From this point the Moat of Glen Roan, or Glengappock, on the opposite side of the river in Crossmichael parish, is a conspicuous object in the landscape. It is considered a good specimen of hill fort, in a situation over 500 feet above sea level, well adapted for the purpose of observation. Its lines, as will be seen in the sketch, "rush up in a series of rapidly-deepening curves out of a large surrounding marshy hollow, and culminate in a beetling crag of whinstone, literally overhanging, the back of which is carved out into terrace and trench in a manner at once unusual and strikingly distinct." The

Mote is highest near the centre, having a sort of crown 270 feet in circumference, and about 80 feet across in all directions, the broken irregularity of its sides preventing an accurate measurement.

A short distance from Kilquhanity entrance-gate a road on the left passes Kilquhanity farm-house and leads to Kirkpatrick-Durham village, distant about a mile and a half. In going thither there is little to attract the attention of the rambler. Before entering the village there is passed on the left of the road, in a cosy situation, the United Free Church Manse. The village has a population of about 270 inhabitants, and has a clean and thriving appearance. It consists mainly of one street, in which there is the post-office, an inn, and some good shops. The educational requirements of the rising generation and the spiritual wants of the people are provided for by a commodious and well appointed school on an airy and healthy site, and by the Established and United Free Churches. The manse, in a sheltered situation, is close to the village on the right of the road leading to Bridge-of-Urr. The church, a short distance further on, is situated near the road on the left, and the churchyard surrounds it. St. Patrick was the patron saint of the parish, and to him a kirk was dedicated, believed to have been originally situated on the farm of Minnydow. The parish was also named after the Saint, the affix Durham, according to old Symson, who wrote in 1684, having been added in compliment to a family of that name who owned Kilquhanity. In the churchyard there is a monument to the memory of Mary M'Lellan, widow of John Neilson of Corsock, the martyr; and there are several archæological remains associated with the church, but for information in regard to these, and the ecclesiastical history of the church, the reader is referred to the Rev. W. A. Stark's interesting and informative *Book of Kirkpatrick-Durham*, published in 1903.

Retracing our steps to Kilquhanity, and proceeding on our ramble down the Urr valley, we make a halt at Doonpark to inspect the large and very perfect mote of Doon, or Doon of Urr. Coles, in his *Motes, Forts, and Doons of Kirkcudbright*, considers this to be an important but simply-constructed Doon, of a type so frequent in the district. It is situated on a finely-rounded ascent, and stands 373 feet above sea level. Like other works, whether circular or rectangular, it has been "dubbed" Roman, probably for no better reason than that it was so called for a few generations. It is now surrounded with trees, and forms a landmark for miles around. The measurements of its two diameters are 162 feet nearly due north and south, and 177

east and west. The rampart, or "ridge"—there is no trench—over its curve averages in measurement 24 feet. The prospect from this Doon is magnificent, the mote of Urr being visible four miles away, sharply defined in all its details against the shade of Dalmoney Hill, beyond which the lines of the Moyle and other hills in Colvend serve to connect the nearer scenes with the far-off blue mountains of Cumberland.

Near the old Bridge of Urr, which we have now reached in our ramble of many digressions from the beaten track, the finely-situated mansion of Croys is half seen within its girdle of trees. Up to the time of his death this was the residence of Adam Skirving, who was a fine type of the downright, honest, and unaffected Galloway laird of the last century. During his long life he was a resident landlord in the district, seldom being from home for any lengthened period. Without any semblance of pride or ostentation, rich and poor shared his fellowship, and, identifying himself with the interests and welfare of those about him, the venerable laird of Croys was greatly respected in the district. Adam Skirving was the only son of Captain Robert Skirving of the H.E.I.C.S., who, on returning from India, purchased Croys about the year 1807, and, settling there, married the daughter of the Rev. Dr James Muirhead, minister of Urr, and then also proprietor of the estate of Spottes. Dr Muirhead was, along with other Stewartry lairds, lampooned by Burns in his Election Ballads, and the Doctor, who, as the author of the well-known song "Bess the Gawkie," was a brother poet and wit, retorted with one of Martial's Latin epigrams, giving a free translation touching on Burns' private affairs, which the poet, it is said, felt keenly. The late Mr Skirving had antiquarian tastes, and from extensive reading, a retentive memory, and freely mixing with the common people, he had acquired an extensive knowledge of the antiquities, folk-lore, and traditions of the district. We can remember the great interest he took in unravelling the history of the carved stones built into the Auld Brig o' Urr. During his leisure he made a study of place names, and was well versed in the topography of Galloway. He was also an enthusiastic Volunteer, and on the inception of the movement in 1859, was the first in the district to join the ranks of the 2nd Kirkcudbright Galloway Rifles, and in after years was proud to find his name No. 1 on the muster roll. He was a keen rifle shot, and for several years acted as secretary to the Galloway Rifle Association. On the farm of Nethertown he had at one time a private target, and in meetings with him

there and in competitions on the range at Caigton the present writer has spent many an enjoyable and health-giving hour. He was no "pot hunter," bnt was ever fond of seeing the bull's-eye disc rise to his aim, a remark common with him on the range being that he was more gratified in seeing the little white sphere rise than if he were to bag the plumpest pheasant of the woods. Adam Skirving died on 23rd December, 1903, and is buried in Kirkpatrick-Durham Churchyard.

The road which passes the entrance gate to Croys catches the mail coach one not far from the Ramhill Brig. On the way King's Grange House, an imposing edifice, in a fine situation on the river,

and Nethertown of Grange, are passed, while in the distance to the right, on the opposite bank of the river, is Mollance House, embowered among its sheltering trees. But we pursue our ramble by the road which crosses the river by the old Bridge of Urr.

Here the curious traveller may halt to inspect two stones of Nithsdale red sandstone, which are inserted above the arch of the bridge on the south-east side. The uppermost one bears the royal arms, with the initials I. R., and the other on a shield a gauntlet or hand, with three marks resembling lions' heads, also the initials I. R., and the date 1580. The bridge, which has been originally built as a horse bridge, has been widened for the requirements of civilisation, and the blocks of sandstone (in which there are holes for stanchions) used in building the base of the arch give evidence of their having previously been lintels of a window. In *Lands and their Owners in Galloway*, the arms are supposed to be those of John Redick, of Dalbeattie, a family now unknown, whose property passed by marriage to the Maxwells; while Mr Balfour Paul, Lyon King at Arms, gives it as his opinion that the arms are those of M'Naight of Kilquhanittie.*

Still further down the river is the hamlet of Clarebrand, where John Gerrond for a number of years carried on the trade of a blacksmith. He was born at Gateside of Knockdrocket, in the parish of Kirkpatrick-Durham, on 11th November, 1765, and published in 1818 a volume of poems, to which is prefixed an amusing account of his life and travels in America. Gerrond was a rambling, frolicsome, improvident character, and had all the eccentricities by which the smaller men in his time laying claim to genius considered themselves distinguished. He was vain of his abilities as a poet. On the title page to his volume he calls himself "The Galloway Poet;" and Burns, he said, "was lucky in appearing at the time he did, for getting a start of him by a few years he took up all those subjects which were befitting his muse." The *Peat Moss*, with an illustration by Burnett, is his best piece. None of the others possess much merit. They are

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* From further inquiries in reference to the arms on this bridge, we give here the following letter received from the Lyon King at Arms, by Mr Skirving of Croys:—Lyon Office, Edinburgh, 28th August, 1894.—In reply to yours of yesterday, I have to state that M'Naight of Kilquhanittie bore sable in escutcheon cheques argent and azure between three lions heads erased of the second; but there is nothing on record which, in the least, resembles a hand open between three heads or anything else. M'Naughton bore a hand gess ways couped p. for holding a cross crosslet, ptetie azure, but that kind of hand would not easily be mistaken for the one of which you send me the sketch Is it not possible that the weathering of the stone may have caused the inescutcheon cheques to have assumed the vague form of a hand? I notice that you say the three smaller charges may be towers—M'Naughton of that ilk did carry a tower in the 2nd and 3rd quarters, but this probably merely a coincidence. The Arms I should say likely meant to be those of Kilquhanity."—Yours, BALFOUR PAUL, Lyon.

long since out of print, and, like their author, are now scarcely remembered in the district. Samuel Wilson, the author of the *Battle of Spearford*, and other fugitive poetical pieces of merit, also resided in this village for many years, and died there a few years ago. As an original character Samuel Wilson was well known in his day, and with William M'Lellan, author of the *Maid of Livingston*, and other tales and poems; Robert Shennan, a native of Kirkpatrick-Durham parish, author of *Tales, Songs, and Miscellaneous Poems, descriptive of rural scenery and manners*; William Nicholson, the poet; Morrison, painter and poet; Barbour of Bogue; Malcolmson, Kirkcudbright; and Dr Trotter, Dalry, formed a coterie of original literary characters, who, by their contributions to the *Castle-Douglas Miscellany*, and other local publications, about seventy years ago kept literature and the muses alive in the province.

The distance from Clarebrand to Castle-Douglas is about two miles.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CASTLE-DOUGLAS, HAUGH OF URR AND LOCHFOOT.

To the rambler who makes Castle-Douglas his headquarters, another very enjoyable day may be spent in traversing the Old Military Road, which leads from Castle-Douglas to Dumfries. The country through which it passes is in many parts—particularly in the Vale of Urr—fertile and beautiful. Along its route there are also several objects of historical interest, the due inspection of which can only be leisurely done by the pedestrian; so starting, as is usual with us, *a la pied*, we crave the company of the reader in the present ramble. It is a fine bright morning in the lang, lang days of June, the leafy month, when, with a light heart, staff in hand, and a sketch book in pocket, we leave Castle-Douglas by the road passing over the railway bridge.

A walk from thence of scarcely a quarter of a mile brings us to the entrance gate to Ernespie House, near which we take the road leading to the right, and pass on our way on the left Ernespie Home Farmhouse, and a short distance further on Blackerne Farm on the right, near which, on a rising ground, there is a group of trees which will attract the attention of the artist. A little further on is Hopehead, consisting of a cottage and ruinous steading on the farm of Miltonpark. Close to Hopehead the rambler cannot fail to admire an enormous plane tree growing in luxuriance on the side of the road. For generations it has been known locally as "The Forge tree." Its trunk measures 10½ feet at three-and-a-half feet from the ground, and its branches extend horizontally, forming a circle of 76 feet in diameter. To-day the old giant "of the woods" in full foliage has a magnificent appearance, and while we linger by the dykeside to do oblation at the shrine of "my Lady Nicotine," it affords an agreeable shade from the sun's scorching rays. Its present age cannot be ascertained, but tradition says it was a full-grown tree in the reign of King William III., and that it derives its name from the circumstance that his Majesty, on the way with his army to Ireland, halted at this spot and erected a forge for the purpose of shoeing his cavalry horses. In

our young days this old tree, of such Brobdignagian proportions that all the other trees around it appeared as saplings in comparison, was well known to all school boys, when on Saturday afternoons they roamed the country far and wide engaged in the game of "hounds and hare." Among its spreading branches the hunted one, when hard pressed, often found a secure shelter and retreat from the pursuers.

Leaving this interesting relic of the past and proceeding onwards, we see on our right the farm of Scroggiehill, on a wooded hill near which there are the remains of a mote or fort. It is in a commanding position, about 300 feet above sea-level, and has in view all the other motes in the vicinity. A short distance further on to the right is the farm of Miltonpark, and on our left we pass the road leading to Corbieton House, the architectural appearance of which, by additions and alterations, has been so much improved by the proprietor, Mr Wm. Biggar, that it forms now a conspicuous object in the sylvan landscape of the Urr valley. Before us there is a considerable rise in this narrow "up hill and down brae road," but "setting a stout heart to a stey brae" it is soon surmounted, and before us is the Vale of Urr, presenting to our gaze a picture of great beauty. Proceeding on our way, and admiring as we go the beauties of the sunlit landscape, we soon cross the river Urr by a bridge so narrow as barely affording scope for machines to pass each other in safety, and see on our left on a rising ground the mansion-house of Spottes, in a beautiful situation among the woods that adorn the banks of the river. We now reach the village of Haugh-of-Urr, which to-day, with its sylvan surroundings bathed in sunshine, has such an inviting aspect that we rest here for a brief space. The environs of the village are not lacking in rural beauty and historical association. Close to the post office, in the corner of a field near the remains of the old bridge, there was pointed out to us the site of a cottage in which King William rested when marching through Galloway on his way to Ireland before the battle of the Boyne (1690). This is a popular tradition in the district, and in 1790 an old woman in her 108th year used to tell that she did not see the troops, but she saw on the ground where the horses had been feeding, several poor people scraping up the black oats which the horses had left. The stroll up the glen of Spottes is delightful. It is a sweet, secluded spot, with finely wooded banks, sylvan nooks, a murmuring stream, and foaming waterfall. We now betake ourselves to the inn for rest and refreshment, and after doing justice to the excellent repast which our host of the Laurie Arms

provided, we feel better fortified to undertake the steep ascent of the road to Hardgate which is before us. This is truly a hamlet set on a hill, catching the healthful breezes that blow from a' the airts. The prospect from the village is very extensive. It embraces in its range nearly the whole of the Urr valley, the hills bordering the Solway, and in the far away blue distance the mountain peaks in Carsphairn and Minnigaff. The village consists of a commodious and well-appointed board school for the landward part of Urr parish, a United Free Church and manse, and a few cottages of one storey. The villa of Summerhill, the residence of Dr Johnstone, R.N., with its spacious garden and trimly-kept grounds, is a charming rural retreat.

After leaving Hardgate there is nothing particular to attract the notice of the rambler. Many farm "towns" are passed in cosy situations, and in the fields there are groups of jolly haymakers and "a gush of fragrance" from the new mown swathes. Bands of hoers are also busy in the turnip fields, and many another pleasing rural picture is presented as we saunter along the dusty road. A walk of about three miles brings us to Mylnetoune or Milton. In olden times this was an important centre or rendezvous of the War Committee in 1640.

From here we make a detour along a road leading to the right to inspect the remains of the old Castle of Drumcoltran. This property now includes the lands of Byrecroft and Camphill. The name, according to some authorities, is probably derived from the Gaelic *Drium* and *Cotha*, meaning the dark and gloomy hill. In the fourteenth century the lands belonged to the Herries's, passing in the sixteenth to the Maxwells. The first branch of the Maxwells was Edward, second son of Edward Maxwell of Lochrutton and Hills.

Symson in 1684 mentions the house of Drumcoltran as "one of those considerable, and there is an old square tower on the land which is considered to have been a place of some strength, that it is a fortaliced residence." Up to within recent years, when a new, commodious, and substantial farmhouse was erected in a pleasing situation on the other side of the road, the old Tower was occupied as a farmhouse. It is still in fairly good repair. Above the entrance doorway, says M'Gibbon and Ross, are some vacant panels. A stone now built into the farmhouse, said to have been taken from one of the panels, is inscribed in raised letters, with the following maxims:—

Cela Secreta: loquere
Pavea: Verax esto:
A Vino Cave: Memeto
Mori: Misericoes esto.

which, translated, read—Keep secret things: Speak little: Be truthful: Beware of wine: Remember death: Be compassionate.

The property now belongs to Mrs Elizabeth Bone, wife of James Bone of Lochvale, Castle-Douglas.

The Camphill or Drumcoltran mote, as it is sometimes called, is within sight of the farm house, and at no great distance. It is a British fort in contour nearly circular, the diameter being 225 feet north and south, and presumably the same on the contrary axis, though the rapid fall of the ground westwards renders accuracy in this particular impossible. This fall is parallel throughout nearly the whole summit with the natural fall of the hill, and this all the more accentuates the steep and bold summit rampart and its long slope outwards to the trench, points which are most obvious on the east, i.e., the higher portion of the hill. The lower western curves are all nearly obliterated. The construction seems to be entirely of earth. In the trench where deepest there were found in 1837 a hoard of bronze weapons,* and in 1867 an eighteen-inch blade. Close to the mote, on the higher shoulder of Drumcoltran, is a cairn. The Tarkirra Forts are quite visible from this, three miles and a quarter to the south. The prospect from Camphill is of the most beautiful and varied description. Below lies Lochrutton loch gleaming in the noon-day sun, and reflecting in its tranquil waters, as in a mirror, the surrounding objects.

On the south-west end of the loch there is the site of Lochrutton Castle now known as Auchenfranco Castle, in which, history records King Edward slept when at Lochrutton on 17th July, 1300. Mention is also made in the wardrobe accounts of his having made an oblation of seven shillings in his chapel at Lochrutton:—"17 die Julii in oblac Regis ad altare in Capella sua apud Loghroieton 7s."

A mile or so to the east of Lochrutton village stands Hills Castle, in a secluded situation among the hills. The early owners of the lands of Hills cannot be satisfactorily traced beyond the period of the Douglases as Lords of Galloway, and it is supposed that the castle was built by one of them. In *Lands and their Owners in Galloway* it is stated that "on 31st August, 1527, James Douglas of Drumlanrig resigned his lands of Lochrutton and Hillis into the king's hands for a new charter in favour of Edward Maxwell in Breconside. Edward Maxwell married Janet, daughter of Robert Acarsone of Glen, parish

* Described in "Transactions of Dumfries and Galloway Antiquarian Society," January, 1863, as "twelve very fine bronze spears."

of Anwoth, and died before October, 1566. He left two sons, Edward and John. Edward succeeded his father, and had two sons and two daughters, Isabel and Agnes."

By the marriage of Isabel Maxwell with David M'Culloch of Ardwall, Anwoth parish, the property came into the family of the M'Cullochs. Agnes Maxwell, Isabel's sister, who married the Rev. James Elder, having no issue, Edward M'Culloch, Isabel's son, succeeded to the property. On the 24th June, 1730, he had a charter of the same under the great seal, "Carta Resig. et vend. Edwardi M'Culloch de Ardwall Terrarium de Hills, etc." He was succeeded by his son, David M'Culloch of Ardwall, and since then the M'Culloch family has been in possession of the lands, the present owner being Christina Robison M'Culloch Jameson, Lady Ardwall, wife of the Honourable Lord Ardwall.

The Castle is still roofed and in a good state of preservation. It consists of the ancient keep, with a range of later buildings bearing the date 1729, a courtyard with a picturesque gateway, a warders' room and outlook above it, on which there is an impression of the Royal Arms of Scotland. The battlements are an imposing feature of the building, and the "parapet" stands five feet high and the "embrasures" about three feet wide. On the front wall of the more modern structure there are several stones with armorial carvings: the coats of arms of (1) Maxwell of Hills, a saltire or St. Andrew's Cross, with deer as supporters; (2) those of Sir John Maxwell, Lord Herries, the arms of the Herries and Maxwell families, being quartered with two nude male figures as supporters; and (3) the arms and initials of Edward Maxwell and his spouse, Agnes Maxwell. There is also an armorial shield which confirms the Carsane marriage. The initials are E. M. and I. C. On a corner of the lodge the year 1598 is inscribed.

In the parish of Lochrutton there are several relics of a prehistoric antiquity. The Mote Hill, Lochfoot, which we passed on the way to Hills Castle, has been a large and important mote, and "there is a cluster of highly interesting relics in this, the eastern half of the parish. The loch itself (which is near by) boasts not only of a fine crannog (named on the maps *Duttons Cairn*), but of an islet with peculiar entrenchments; and, so says tradition, also of a passage leading from the islet to the crannog. At the foot of the loch, on a gently rising ground just over half a mile from the crannog, is the Mote Hill before mentioned, and higher up and not distant, among the wilder hills, are several other motes and forts, and a stone circle."*

* Mitchell's "The Past in the Present."

Feeling somewhat tired with our devious wanderings, we rest our wearied limbs awhile on a knoll overlooking the old castle. As we recline on the grass the mellow notes of the mavis fall soothingly on the ear. Around us on the hill side sheep are nibbling the grass, and in the shade of the walls of the old tower groups of cattle are peacefully chewing the cud, the whole presenting, on this calm June afternoon, a picture of such serenity and peace that it is difficult in our times to realise that around these motes and forts savage warriors, in by past ages, may have engaged in deadly feud, and the walls of the old castle may have witnessed all the "pomp and circumstance" of ruthless war.

HILLS CASTLE.

After an enjoyable rest, and having partaken of the refreshments which our "wallet" afforded, we start on our homeward journey. As we turn our back on the old castle and make our way towards Lochanhead railway station, distant about a mile and a half, the shades of evening have begun to lower. Arrived there we depart from our "pedestrian rule," and take advantage of the means of transit afforded by the railway. On our homeward course we pass the stations of Killywhan, near which are seen the Lotus granite quarries, Kirkgunzeon, Southwick, and Dalbeattie, and arrive in our "ain toun," where we take leave of our courteous readers after our devious peregrinations alang the auld military road through the Urr Valley.

CHAPTER XXX.

BALMAGHIE PARISH AND LOCHENBRECK SPA.

Lochenbreck Hotel and Spa are situated on the estate of Laurieston, amid breezy, heathery moorlands, about nine miles distant from the important town of Castle-Douglas, on the main line of railway from Dumfries to Stranraer; and the visitor on the way thither from Castle-Douglas would, when crossing the river Dee by Glenlochar Bridge, obtain a fine view of the imposing and venerable ruins of Threave Castle, situated on an islet of the Dee in the parish of Balmaghie.

There are also many other interesting associations linking the parish of Balmaghie with the romance of history besides Threave Castle.

It is said that in early times an Irish chief named M'Ghie settled here, and, acquiring the property, gave his name to the parish.*

The ancient name of Balmaghie parish was Balmakethe. The Church of Saint Andrew or Kirkandrew of Balmakethe was one of those churches bestowed by Fergus, first lord of Galloway, on Holyrood Abbey. In 1287 the monks of Holyrood obtained a confirmation of this church from Henry, Bishop of Galloway. They possessed the tithes, and a vicar was in charge. At the Reformation the vicarage was held by Dene George Crichton, who reported it to be worth £40 Scots yearly. The patronage after that period was held by the commendators of Holyrood. In 1606 Alexander M'Ghie of Balmaghie obtained from James VI. a charter of lands in the parish, with the advowson of the Church. In 1633 the bishopric of Edinburgh obtained the patronage of the Church of Balmaghie, &c.; but the M'Ghies maintained their right under the charter of 1606.† The estate remained in possession of the family until the year 1786, when it became the property of Thomas Gordon. In 1868 it was purchased

* "Statistical Account." † "Lands and their Owners in Galloway."

by the present proprietor, Mr Graham Hutchison, who built the elegant and commodious mansion-house on a rising ground of this beautifully wooded estate.

The old church of Balmaghie was ruinous in 1794 when the present one was built. The old manse was erected about the same time. "The new church was placed almost north and south, with a small quaint bell-tower at the south; the wooden louvre boards of which at once became a haunt of starlings. In the eastern roof thousands of bees found quarters, and buzzed all the summer's day around the east door. The bees of Balmaghie Kirk may be said to be famous in the Stewartry, and were a constant source of profit and loss—the profit accruing to the incumbent as a rule, while neighbouring bee-keepers complained badly at swarming-time that 'oor bees are awa' ower the water to Balmaghie Kirk.' The gathered honey was removed periodically in large quantities. A large brown stain on one corner of the white plastered roof showed where the busy workers kept their store. The congregation instinctively lifted their eyes to this spot whenever the Psalm was given out which sings of

'Honey, honey from the comb
That droppeth . . . .'

Alas! the bees of Balmaghie Kirk are creatures of the past."* In 1894, with the complete renovation of the church, the bees were dislodged and finally swept away. The church internally has been so much altered and improved that it is practically a new building.

The church and parish is memorable in ecclesiastical history as the place where the Rev. John M'Millan, born at Barncauchlaw, in Minnigaff Parish, in 1669, was settled minister in 1701. Mr M'Millan, considering it to be the duty of the Church of the Revolution settlement to continue to own the Solemn League and Covenants, he, in conjunction with the two co-Presbyters—Mr Reid, of Carsphairn, and Mr Todd, of Buittle—presented to the presbytery in July, 1703, a formal statement of their grievances. For so doing he had a libel served upon him, and refusing to recant or withdraw his accusations against the church for its defections, he was deposed from the ministry, the sentence being ratified against him both by the Commission and the Assembly—notwithstanding which, however, he continued his public ministry in the parish. And it was 26 years after his deposition before he finally retired. Being shortly afterwards joined by

* "The Kirk above Dee Water," by the Rev. H. M. B. Reid.

other protesting ministers, they formed themselves into the Reformed Presbyterian Church, of which M'Millan was the founder. It is now united to the Free Church of Scotland. The old Reformed Presbyterian Church in Castle-Douglas is named after M'Millan.

In the churchyard which surrounds the Church there is a martyrs' stone, with the following inscription :—

"Here lyes DAVID HALLIDAY, portioner of Miefield, who was shot upon the 21 of Feb., 1685; and DAVID HALLIDAY, once in Glengape, who was likewise shot upon the 11 July, 1685, for their adherence to the principles of Scotland's Covenanted Reformation:—

"Beneath this stone two David Hallidays
Doe lie, whose souls now sing their Master's praise.
To know, if curious passengers desire,
For what, by whom, and how they did expire;
They did oppose this nation's perjury;
Nor could they join with lordly prelacy.
Indulging favours from Christ's enemies
Quenced not their zeal. This monument then cries,
These were the causes, not to be forgot,
Why they by Lag so wickedly were shot—
One name, one cause, one grave, one heaven do tie
Their souls to that one God eternally."

Full and interesting particulars of these Covenanting times in Galloway are given in Professor H. M. B. Reid's interesting and instructive work, *The Kirk above the Dee Water*. In it, the learned Professor, who up to the year 1904 was the parish minister of Balmaghie, has treated, with a tender and loving hand, the literature of the churchyard around the "Auld Kirk" on the knoll above the Dee. He also, in an entertaining manner, gives many humourous and interesting reminiscences—sometimes pathetic—of the indwellers of the parish in old times.

Livingston House, the property of Major W. C. Lockhart Mure, is beautifully situated in the woods, on the bank of the river, not far from the church. This estate is chiefly interesting as being, according to tradition, the scene of a tragedy associated with the pathetic tale, "The Maid of Livingston." It is contained in *Nicholson's Historical and Traditional Tales of Galloway*. All the places mentioned in the tale are in close proximity to Livingston. Parton House, the home of Edward Glendinning, is easily distinguished on the opposite bank of the river. The Kinford, where the four brothers were drowned, is near the farm of Broomholm on the estate. Glenlochar, the site of the Abbey, where the marriage ceremony was to have taken place and

S. R. Crockett.

where legend says the four brothers were buried, is at no great distance. And a well on the estate bears to this day the name of "Fair Helen's Well."

Laurieston village, known in old times as Clauchanpluck or Cullenoch, is distant about eight miles from Castle-Douglas. In old times it was a place of considerable importance. It was at this village that the first and many subsequent meetings of the War Committee was held to levy a troop of horse in the Stewartry for the service of the public during the latter part of the 17th century. It was also at one time the seat of the Presbytery of Kirkcudbright. Now-a-days, like many more of our at one time thriving country villages, its glory has departed. In later times the village has acquired a new interest through S. R. Crockett, the novelist having, as a boy, received the rudiments of his education at the Laurieston Free Church School.

Laurieston Hall mansion-house, formerly known as Grenoch and Woodhall, is close to the village. It is situated in a park, surrounded by some fine picturesque old trees, and is an imposing building, in the Georgian style of architecture, with a tower. In the interior the latest lighting, sanitary, and other improvements have been introduced, and the policies around the house having been extended and artificially ornamented by planting and otherwise, add greatly to its attractions.

The district around is also full of memories of those who suffered during the dark times of persecution in Scotland. On the lonely and bleak moor of Auchencloy, which is within our view from the hill summits of Lochenbreck, there is a monument to commemorate six martyrs. (Vide page 206, *supra.*) To those with a courage that does not fear to breast the steep of a hill, and to pilot their way,

"O'er mosses, slaps, moors, haggs, and stiles"

that lie between, we would recommend a ramble to this monument. With the dreary expanse of the wild moorland, fragrant with bog-myrtle, where with

"The moor birds call responsively, and sweep
In viewless circles, wailing as they go;
And in the distant pasture lands, the sheep
To their own lambs bleat plaintively and low"—

the towering, rugged hills in the distance, and brightly flowing burnies which will be seen by the way, the mind will be filled with sweet memories, and they will return to the Hotel with an appetite which only a wanderer in such wilds can thoroughly appreciate.

Lochenbreck Hotel, about two miles from Laurieston, is situated high up on the moors, and within sight of the wild and desolate Galloway fastnesses of which Crockett writes so graphically, and so lovingly. This rural retreat addresses itself specially to the lovers of moorland and mountain scenery, to those immured in the city in quest of quiet and seclusion, and to the invalid in search of health, and nowhere may such desires be gained, and salutary restoration to health be effected, than at this famous Spa. There the grand panaceas to prolonging life—bracing air, pure water, and exhilaration of spirits—may be found. Many a joyous, thoughtless holiday have we spent at Lochenbreck. We can remember the old house in Anthony M'Millan's time. It was then in a very primitive state, compared with the requirements of this age of progress and civilization. Still, in these days

> "Of life's morning march,
> When the bosom was young,"

we enjoyed thoroughly our holiday and the homely and wholesome fare which the hostel provided. We were then fond of fishing, and between thirty and forty years ago Lochenbreck was an excellent trouting loch. Many a happy day we spent on it in the company of the late David Clark, Laurieston, one of the best rod-fishers and fly-dressers of his time. We then seldom failed to get a good basket of fine trout.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in his essay, *On the Increased Attention to Outward Nature in the Decline of Life*, remarks that one of the most common, yet, when considered, one of the most touching characteristics of receding life is in its finer perception of external Nature, and the charm which nature gradually acquires as our steps near the grave, which is the vanishing point of her landscape. "Year by year," he says, "I find that same charm gaining sway over myself. There was one period of my life when I considered every hour spent out of Capitals as time wasted. But now I love the country as I did when a little child, before I had admitted into my heart that ambition which is the first fierce lesson we learn at school."

Many of our readers will, no doubt, have experienced similar thoughts and feelings as they felt age creeping on them. With what a pleasure do we, intuitively, in age revert to those scenes and enjoyments of early youth, and with what a strange fondness do we cling to them as life recedes. For, alas! we now experience the disappoint-

ment, which all must feel, on seeing the changes that have taken place on the varied haunts of their young days. The old familiar faces and old landmarks have departed. But on the face of external nature there is little, if any, change. The moss-grown boulder beside the burn, on which we rested as a youth, is in its place, and the wild flowers under the grassy bank, nodding to the sparkling waters, are the same as of yore—and we love them all for their association with auld lang syne. In Lochenbreck and its surroundings, we are interested as being associated with many pleasurable reminiscences and memories of the happy days of former years spent there. Of the numerous friends and acquaintances with whom we have held pleasant holiday, and sweet intercourse at the Spa, many have, alas! gone the way of all living. The savour of their memories alone dwells with us. And though we can only recall some of them now, as in "dream faces," it is strange how one likes to double back on these, our early endearments. In weather unfavourable for outdoor amusement the Well House was the favourite *howff* of the young lads and lassies staying at the Hotel. Often did the little shelter reverberate with the silvery peals of laughter of light-hearted girls, as the fun, frolic, and innocent banter went gaily round. To some of us then, with the favouring smiles of a fair Juliet, "a paradise seemed to open in the midst of a fallen world." We were then at the age when all consider themselves poets. A relic of these early sentimental days being :—

THE LASSIE I LO'ED.

Oh! dearly I lo'e a' the Dee's rocky mountains,
Its licht birken glens, an' its dark heather braes,
Where the bonnie wild roses in simmer are blawin',
An' sweetly the wee birds are croonin their lays:
An' dear aye to me is the bricht glancin' burnie
That rins 'mang the rocks in the deep shady dell—
But dearer an' brichter to me than them a' is
The lassie I lo'ed at Lochenbreck Well!

An' bonnie the wee ferny nook in the glen is,
Awa' 'mang the uplan's o' Grennoch's wild shore,
An' pure is the breath o' the breeze that is blawin'
Frae hills roun' Loch Dee, where the mad torrents roar.
An' sweet to the e'e are the bricht broomy knowies,
An' wee glentin flo'ers 'neath the sun's gowden spell—
But bonnier an' sweeter to me than them a' is
The lassie I lo'ed at Lochenbreck Well!

Oh! naething in Nature to me half sae fair is—
Nae wee modest primrose in shade o' the tree—

Nae lily in beauty wi' her can compare,
Or wee daisies gleamin' sae fair on the lea.
To me, a' the year, it would be a bricht simmer
If that it were mine in her presence to dwell—
For dearer to me than a' titles or gowd is
The lassie I lo'ed at Lochenbreck Well!

Lochenbreck Hotel is 650 feet above high-water mark, and Kerrick, or the "Hill of Health," by which name it is commonly known, overshadowing it, has an altitude of 862 feet. The Mineral Well, or chalybeate spring, is close to the hotel, and its waters have long been known to possess considerable medicinal virtue. According to an old writer, "they have in consequence been resorted to from time immemorial; that in complaints of the stomach and disorders arising from obstruction and debility, they have often proved a very efficacious restorative. Patients affected with aguish complaints have generally derived much benefit from them; and even in obstinate intermittents, when bark and other medicines have failed, they have frequently been instrumental in effecting perfect cures." Dr Stevenson M'Adam, the eminent analyst, lately gave it as his opinion that they will be found highly serviceable as a beverage, wherever the tonic properties are recommended. The mineral ingredients of which the waters are composed are sulphate and carbonate of lime, with iron and traces of carbonate of magnesia.

A writer in the *Statistical Account* in 1844 states that "for the accommodation of visitors and invalids an Inn has been provided in the vicinity of the Well, but that the accommodation then was limited." It may be of interest to many to know that the celebrated patriotic song, "Scots wha hae," was supposed to be written in what was called the "Change House," which is still a portion of Lochenbreck Hotel. The song was composed on the road between Kenmure Castle and that hostelry, immediately on entering which, it is said, Burns asked for pen, ink and paper, and wrote the first rough draft of the song.* Some years ago, a large building with the latest sanitary and other modern improvements was added to the old house, so as to accommodate the numerous visitors, but it is greatly to be regretted that the Hotel, which was for so many years the favourite resort of health seekers, has been closed for some time. It is to be hoped that this will not be permanent, and that the Spa may soon again become the popular holiday and health retreat it was

* The late James M'Kie, Kilmarnock, in a letter to the "Scotsman."

in former years. The bowling and croquet greens, which are the chief source of recreation and amusement to visitors, are close to the hotel. The fine umbrageous avenue, on the road leading to the Hotel, forms a delicious shade from the noonday sun, and is a favourite resort of the visitor. The Gaelic derivation of Lochenbreck *(Loch na breac)* signifies Lake of the Trout, and the loch is only a few minutes' walk from the Hotel. There are excellent boats on it, and occasionally good baskets of speckled trout are to be had. The best months to fish it are April, May, and June. Failing success in the loch, the followers of old Isaak Walton have a choice in the district around of many lochs and mountain burns affording good sport.

LOCHENBRECK LOCH—EVENING.

Far removed from the noise and bustle of cities and railway stations, Lochenbreck has to the townsman all the advantages of a quiet and peaceful "haven of rest." Here, amid the quiet and solitude of the hills, jaded hand and brain may find repose. Away from the "madding crowd," the hydra-headed monster Fashion, with its imperative rules as to dress, and deportment; and the usual proprieties and conventionalities of "modern society," are out of place, and discarded by those who wish to benefit by the change. These mountain solitudes and stony wilds are best enjoyed in the utmost simplicity. At this retreat among the hills the city dweller can make acquaintance with the sunrise, which to him may, perhaps, be the

rarest of this world's sights. Here in the evening calm he can watch the big red sun cast a departing gleam over the placid waters of the loch, as he sinks, surrounded by a train of rose-coloured cloudlets, behind "the highest hill that rises o'er the source of Dee;" and from the doorstep of the Hotel he can, in the hush of a quiet evening, hear the distant rattle of the express train speeding on its way from Stranraer to Dumfries. That is the only reminder he gets, leading to thoughts of the bustle, turmoil, and din of city life. So, here serenely puffing the pipe of contentment and peace, he may inwardly thank heaven for fair Nature and all its charms and enjoyments. Amidst these wild moorlands and mountains, barren and desolate as if fresh from the hand of Nature, "one can flourish like a flower in the open air—the hurried pulse beats a wholesome measure, evil dreams roll off your slumbers, indigestion dies. One lives abroad all day, as it were, and only comes home to sleep."

In the morning the first duty of the visitor is to *pree* the Spa water; then, if the weather is favourable, a walk for a mile or two up the hill road towards Gatehouse is the *sine qua non* of the place. As one proceeds, the sun is tinging with gold the brackeny sides of the sheep-studded hills, and everywhere around float the odours of the moors—the homely wheeple of the whaups, flying around, bringing pleasant memories of boyhood's days. The shepherd with his dog is seen among the flocks making the customary morning inspection; early astir rabbits scamper across our path; and from the old tumble-down dykes by the wayside the grouse warn us with their cackling to *kee-back! kee-back!! kee-back!!!* from preserves, which they view as their own until the *Twelfth*—the red-letter day of the sportsman's calendar—is due.*

Burnside Cottage is about a mile from Lochenbreck Hotel, on the way to Lauriston village. Its interior was, when occupied by the M'Ghie's, as will be seen from our illustration, a good specimen of the general character of the Galloway cottage of old times. Tibbie and Maggie M'Ghie were well-known characters in the district. They were supposed to be the last representatives of the once powerful race of the M'Ghie's of Balmaghie, though neither of the worthy couple were ever heard to boast of their high lineage. Still, even in the humble surroundings of their lowly

* While these sheets are passing through the press, we regret to hear that Lochenbreck has been let as a private residence; thus, so far as the health and pleasure seekers are concerned, the famous Spa and the comforts of the Hotel may now be regarded as things of the past.

INTERIOR OF MAGGIE M'GHIE'S COTTAGE. M. M'L. H.

cottage—all that remained to them of the broad acres and affluence and power of the family that gave the name to the parish—they, in appearance, were high-bred and "leddy-like;" Tibbie especially, with her dignified and reserved ways, showed a consciousness of her superior descent. She was of a literary turn, and courted the muses. In the palmy days of Lochenbreck, Tibbie held *levees* at the cottage of an evening. They were attended by those staying at the Hotel, and Tibbie entertained the visitors with recitations of her original poetical productions. The one which was generally given was her "Thoughts on first seeing a railway train." She had some copies of it printed, as "made by Miss Tibbie M'Ghie," but presentations of these were only made to very particular favourites. We have one, and quote the following verse as a curiosity :—

"An auld wife she sat down to sew,
As wi' her specks she lukēd through;
She saw a train come cross the Dee,
Oh! what a woner's thing, said she."

Many merry companions, as well as mischievous, from the Hotel have we often seen seek the change of these amusing entertainments at Burnside Cottage. To townspeople the novelty of the rustic cottage interior, and the original ways of its inmates was a delightful relaxation to the conventionalities of the drawing room society, and the formal calls of fashion. Tibbie, with her æsthetic ways, was the "Mary" of the house; Maggie, more of a worldly disposition, was the "Martha." She attended to the domestic duties, and eydently did she perform them. The house was always as bright and clean as a new pin; and outside, old Crummie and the hens were her own peculiar charge. The interior, with its quaint lum, had often been a model for the artist. Maggie M'Ghie died some years ago, and with the advent of a new tenant the picturesque old lum disappeared, when a hideous modern kitchen grate was introduced.

Lochenbreck Hotel is situated in the heart of *The Raiders'* country. From the knolls and hills near by extensive views of the surrounding country are to be obtained. The prospect from the summit of the "Hill of Health," looking towards the west, is of the most spacious and wildest description; and from this *coigne of vantage* we can discern many of the scenes now rendered interesting by the story of *The Raiders*. Towards the east we can see the little steading of Drumbreck, where the moss ends in the great flow of black peat, and where the faithful Quarrie stopped and growled, scenting the

tinkler and his family encamped in the courtyard of the little farm. In the hollow among the trees, the curling wreaths of blue smoke rising from the chimneys, mark the little village of Clauchanpluck (Laurieston), where curs barked as Patrick Heron, in his quest for May Maxwell, went down the long street.

Looking in the direction of New-Galloway station, the Duchrae Craigs, and Duchrae Bank—near which is the farm of Little Duchrae, where S. R. Crockett, the novelist, was born on the 24th of September, 1859, a full account of whose life is given in "Crockett and Grey Galloway," published in 1907—are also distinguishable. The Crae Brig, where Ralph Peden met Winsome Charteris at the blanket washing, and the pretty love-idyll of *The Lilac Sun-bonnet* was gone through over the gipsy pot and the washing tub, is near the Duchrae Bank. Also visible is the old brig of the Black Water of Dee, where Patrick Heron, Kennedy Maxwell and brothers, with their kinsmen Maxwells and Sproats from the coast lands, had the desperate encounter with the cattle reivers, the Faas, the Marshalls, and other broken men of the lingtow order. And not far off, between the station and the Stroan Loch the hero of the tale found himself pitched out upon the heather and in a few minutes was chapping at Mossdale house door.

Crae Brig.

LITTLE DUCHRAE, CROCKETT'S BIRTHPLACE. John Copland.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FROM NEWTON-STEWART TO GARLIESTOWN AND WHITHORN.

THE extension of railway communication into the Machers (*i.e.*, plains) of Wigtownshire has, by developing the resources of this rich agricultural district, tended greatly to its prosperity and proved a great boon to the inhabitants. By this mode of locomotion the deeply interesting objects with which the locality abounds can be comfortably visited in a short time; and by those who have more an eye for scenery than a relish for antiquity, a railway ramble through the district will also be enjoyed.

The Wigtownshire Railway was opened as far as Garlieston in August, 1875, and in July, 1877, a branch line was formed to Whithorn. It is one of those pleasant, unhurried, single-rail lines, where the same engines and carriages go backward and forward so many times a day, and the train moves along, at such a loitering pace, among the trim little stations that we have plenty of time to note and admire the scenery. By it we went on a pilgrimage to Whithorn; and the contrast to the hurry and bustle of the main line express, which we had just left, was very enjoyable. It was a lovely autumn morning. As we steamed away from the Newton-Stewart Station the sun, emerging from a misty cloud, shed its streams of yellow radiance over the Stewartry hills, and lit up with fine effect the grassy glades and variegated woods around Kirouchtrie. Leaving Newton Stewart, we see on our left Corvisel, once the residence of the bluff old sailor, Admiral M'Kerlie, and lower down flows the winding Cree, with the old tower of Machermore, on the opposite side. To our right is Merton Hall, associated with the name of Mr Mark Boyd, the author of two amusing books on his own experiences.* About three miles farther is the farm of Penninghame Mains, where the Rev. William M'Cartney, distinguished as a scholar and a man of literary study, translator of Cicero's *De Officiis*, &c., was born on 10th October, 1762. The quaint old clachan of Penninghame, the ruins of the Parish

* "Fifty Years' Reminiscences," 1871; "Social Gleanings," 1875.

Church dedicated to St. Ninian, and the churchyard containing the dust of many an old Galloway worthy, are next seen on our left. On our left is the farm of Baltersan, in the moss of which a singular and interesting discovery was made in the year 1889. While a man was engaged cutting peats his spade struck upon something hard, which on inspection turned out to be a human skull, and afterwards the entire body of a person about four feet in length was revealed. It was five feet from the surface, and the skin, shrunk and tanned by the moss, was in a fair state of preservation. There were several hazel withs found around the remains, and there is no doubt this was an interment of a very ancient date. The remains were forwarded to the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, Edinburgh. After we cross the Bishop's Burn, so called from its having been, according to the legend of the "Battle of Cairnholy," the spot where Bruce overcame the English army, when under the command of a bishop, with such slaughter that the burn was crimsoned with blood, the ancient royal burgh of Wigtown is shortly afterwards reached, and we leave the train for a ramble in the town and neighbourhood, where there are many objects of great historical and antiquarian interest. The site of the Castle of Wigtown, being in close proximity to the railway station, is first visited. It lies at a short distance to the north-east of the road leading from the station to the harbour, opposite what was known as the "Sailors' Well." In some parts slight indications of the fosse are still discernible, but scarce a vestige of the foundations is now to be seen. In *Lands and their Owners in Galloway* it is stated "that the outlines of the building were clearly traced in 1830 by the late Capt. Robert M'Kerlie, who employed a couple of men, with tools, for the purpose. Previously the materials had been carried entirely away to build houses and walls about the town. On this occasion the ditch, which had been broad, was distinctly seen on the north, where also a semi-circular ridge, of considerable elevation, was accurately traced, being the remains of the outer wall. The drawbridge and gate were on the south-west front of the Castle."

In ancient times this fortress was considered of such strength and importance that "previous to acting as umpire" in the contested claims of Bruce and Baliol for the Crown of Scotland, "Edward I. had required that all the strong castles of the kingdom should be surrendered to him, and had given the keeping of those of Wigton and Kirkcudbright to William de Boyville and Walter de Currey, both Galloway landlords, to whom Edward addressed a mandate in 1292 to deliver

both to Baliol."* This is almost the only instance in which the Castle of Wigtown figures in history. Its possessors seem never to have risen to power or to have taken any part in the historical events occurring in the district in remote times.

The town, viewed from a distance, has, with the Martyrs' Monument on the summit of Windyhill breaking the sky line, an imposing and picturesque appearance in the landscape. It is situated on a rising ground close on the shore of Wigtown Bay, hence the name *wic tun*, the town or fort on the bay. The early history of Wigtown, like that of Kirkcudbright, is so lost in the mists of antiquity that the cursory investigations of a rambler in the district are of no account in its elucidation. Its origin is probably coeval with the Castle, under whose protection in feudal times its rise and progress would be fostered and maintained. It is mentioned as a burgh from which customs were leviable in 1330, and in 1457 its rights and privileges as a royal burgh were confirmed by a charter granted by James II., these being ratified by the Scottish Parliament two centuries thereafter. In 1662 Charles II. granted a new charter, which contained a right similar to that conferred on Kirkcudbright to levy customs on all sheep and cattle crossing the river Cree.

Leaving the site of the Castle, we proceed into the burgh by way of the harbour road, but before noting the modern aspect of the town, in our leisurely ramble through it, we will briefly refer to its ancient laws and customs, and social condition and manners of the inhabitants as mirrored in the burgh records, dating from 1586 to 1730.

We have shown in our historical notes on Kirkcudbright the extraordinary powers which the Magistrates in these early times possessed. By royal charter they appear to have had, within their respective royalties, concurrent jurisdiction with the Sheriff of the county. They had the power to make and enact laws, levy customs, and regulate the trade and commerce of the burgh; and, in the exercise of these peculiar privileges, the civic rulers of Wigtown invariably show the same spirit of monopoly and leaning towards exclusive dealing as those of Kirkcudbright. The Town Council ordained that all goods and victuals were to be sold only on the market day and in the market place, and they were entitled to the first offer of all goods brought to the market. Offenders against the right were termed "foirstaleirs and regraiters of the mercats." As occasion required the

* "Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway," Vol. I. p. 88.

Town Council also fixed the price of provisions, and the scale of wages to be charged by the day-labourers in the burgh; and there was no appeal to boards of arbitration, so much in vogue in our day, against the enactments of these worthy legislators of "the good old times." The fiat was given forth, and all illegal combinations against its provisions were "disapproved and condemned." The Act decerning and ordaining that "day-labourers work as usual for the wage of 6d per day, besides meat and drink, which is found to be the proper wage and no more, and whoever of them shall ask more for the same, or whoever shall presume to give more, shall for every such offence and transgression of this incur a fine of 10s," failing payment of which the bailies were empowered to imprison the delinquents.

Another arbitrary enactment prohibited anyone from letting houses in the burgh without leave of the Magistrates, heavy fines being exacted for non-observance. The monopoly also extended to education. In a minute of 6th June, 1682, the "Magistrats and Councell does heirby dischairge (forbids) all vyr schooles within this burgh in all tym comeing Alerly Lasses for shewing (sewing) with certificatione that any persones that keips any such schooles efter this Dait shall be liable in ten puns. Scots money." The whole of these Acts of the Council appear so irksome and oppressive that the wonder is the unruly spirits of those times did not resent them with open rebellion. In those days of ignorance and superstition, however, the edicts of the Burghal Parliament, backed by the threats of the Presbyterial Inquisition, so overawed the simple-minded burgesses that these arbitrary enactments were generally borne without remonstrance. In a minute of 1631, there is an example of this in the trial of Alexr. M'Neillie in Grange, who, on being accused of the offence of foirstailing the markets, "freelie submitted himself to the will of the Magistrats and Councell of the burgh for his bypast transgression; And for tymes to come He binds and obleiss him that he shall not foirstall or regrait the mercats of the said burgh in tym coming under the paine and penaltie of ten merks Scots money *toties quoties*, by and attour the paines and penalties contained in the Acts of Parliat. maid against foirstalers and regraiters of mercats."

The records of these old Wigtown times also faithfully mirror the homely proceedings of the Burgh Courts, and the kind of justice which the burghal authorities administered. The narrow and oppressive Acts which the Magistrates enforced on the community brought many offenders, and the safe keeping of the prisoners lodged in the dismal

and rickety old tolbooths, of those primitive days, was a great concern to the upright consciences of the civic powers. When they had in charge criminals of more than ordinary importance, the duties of the common jailor were supplemented by the passing of an Act requiring the inhabitants to provide relays of guards for their safe custody. But notwithstanding these precautions attempts to release the prisoners were frequent and sometimes successful. One of the earliest of the minutes in the book introduces us to a high-spirited young Yeoman planning schemes for the release of his uncle, John Gordone of Grainge, who, for some misdemeanour, was incarcerated in the tolbooth.

The escape was to be attempted on the Sabbath night. The instrument to be used in breaking the prison was "ane coulter to ring the staples out of the stone, and thereafter to stryke out ane daill of the Lofting with said coulter." The plot was not successful on this occasion, and David Dunbar, the instigator of it, was brought to trial, when he made open confession that he did seriously design to effect his uncle's escape from the prison, and "the magistrates ordain that he be "securelie imprissoned till they taik further considerane yrof; and lykwayes considering ane former attempt of liberating the sd Grange and fearing the new ane. It is ordained that the sd Grainge may aither vpon his own expenses fie ane sufficient watch for the tounes securitie of his imprissonment, which watch may satisfie the magistrats or vyrways find sufficient cautione for his sure imprissonment, and that he shall maik noe escaip furth of the sd tulbuith, and failzeing whereof they ordain the joaler and officers to put the sds Grainge and David Dunbar in the irones ilk night at sun-setting, and to taik them both out yrof morneing at sune-rysing." Alexander M'Clelland, Kirkinner, appeared as a witness, and on being "interrogat for his having two horses upon the street of Wigtowne this morning betwixt two and three of the clock, and for what desing he brought them thair, and who employed him; who declares that he was employed be David Dunbar and Joan Hamiltoune, spouse to the sd John Gordoune of Grainge, to com alongs with the sd David, and to hold the sds horses, to attend to sd escaip desingt for the sd Grainge, and to that effect the sd David did bring along with him ane coulter, which was told him was Mr Andrew Sympsones,* and als he told that John Gordoune of Kilsture was to assist the doeing of the same, and that John

* Rev. Andrew Symson, Minister of Kirkinner.

M'Clelland, his brother, was com heir befoir them to assist the sd desing, and that the sd David brought Grainges boots and spures along with him, together with two wallets, one yrof his own, and the vyr Grainges, and that the sd David and his ain brother delyvered him the said horses."

As illustrative of the character of the criminals before the Court, the nature of their offences, and the kind of justice administered, a few cases taken at random will suffice. The first is that of a complaint made in 1692 by a Mrs Ramsay against an old servant, Agnas M'Connell, for abusive speech, and lifting her hands against the complainer within her own house, "which abuse, on being made manifest to the Magistrats and Councell, they ordain the said Agnas to be immediately taken and put her neck in the Corgages (jougs), and there to stand ane full hour, and to satisfy and pay to the theassr twenty punds Scots money." The Wigtown hangman had also in 1685 to compear before the Court to explain "why he had absented himself at this tym when ther was employment for him," when, with an eye to future benefits, the wily "Calcraft" readily confessed that he was in error, and stated that he was seduced thereto; but now acknowledged himself the tounes ssrt (servant), and promised to byd by his service—at the same time making a demand for an increase in his emoluments which was granted, and he was allowed to depart with an admonition. In a minute of May, 1696, reference is made to the suspension of an officer for assisting towards the escape of a prisoner who was lying in irons in "ye sd Burgh, and he having shorne of the lock that was upon ye irons wt ane feyll, and being keeped in ye sd irons till he would give ane account who gave him ye feyll, declared that ye officer in charge gave him ye samen." This dereliction of duty on the part of one of their own officials was so serious a crime the Court took the case to avizandum, where, so far as shown in the minutes, it still remains.

In 1702 the Magistrates and Council, considering "ye many peyckeries (thefts) committed wtin and about ye burgh; such as stealing of kail, seybows, and vyr ruits, out of yeards; stealling of pease or any vyr grains or ruits wtin ye burgh; stealling of peats; they fynes any person so found guilty wither young or old in four pund Scots, *toties quoties*, wt certificatione to such as are not able to pay ye fyne shall be scourged by ye hangman from ye east port to ye west port, for ye first fault and scourged furth of ye burgh and borrowland for the second, and be banished furth yrof never to return back

again to ye samen." Offences against law and order were not confined to the lower classes. The cases of blood and battery and treating the bailies with contempt are generally against those in such a position in the burgh that they ought to have had more respect for the laws and been examples of better manners. We thus find John M'Crumb, a burgess, before the Court for "a batterie committed by him on his sister-in-law, and for his railing upon ye Magistrats and pulling of ye officers hair." And Patrick Coltrane, younger of Drummorrell, "for ye violence committed by ye sd Patt on Bailie Simon Gulline by taking him by ye nose and throwing about ye samen and striking of ye sd Bailie is fyned in nine hundred merks Scots money." Crimes of theft and petty larceny are of frequent occurrence. Two females, who had evidently meant a carouse, appear as panels before the Court for stealing of "skins, brandie, wine, ale, and candles, and stealing the key of the shop door and opening the samen betwixt the hours of twelve and one at night." The crimes were found proven against the culprits, and the magistrates ordained that "the sd Ann Smith and Mary M'Kie be extracted furth of the burgh to-morrow with tuck of drum att the hour of ten a clock forenoon."

The offenders brought before the Court on 6th Novemr, 1728, have now some historical interest, seeing they were a gang of tinkers of the famous Billy Marshall tribe. The crime laid to their charge being that of "picking people's pockets, and particularly on Monday last, being the fair day of the burgh, there was gripped one of the said gang for cutting purses and putt in prisone. And Marshall's wife and two young ones likeways incarcate in prisone as of that gang. The Magistrats and Councill haveing brought before them the sd old wife, shee judicially acknowledged that shee was the wife of Marshall that was hanged, and that all the children in prisone with her were belonging to her; yrfore it is by the sds Magistrats enacted that in case any of the inhabitants of the burgh shall harbour or entertain in their houses any of the sd gipsie gang in time comeing, or any within the burrow-land belonging to the burgh, they shall be deemed act and part in all their villaines, and fyned in the soume of Twenty pund Scots money, and imprisoned three days." The Gypsy wife and her children were drummed out of the town never to return, and the officers were instructed to conduct them beyond the bounds of the burgh and into the Parish of Penninghame, and to acquaint the dwellers adjacent to the town the cause of their being expelled "furth of the sd Paroch."

The gang would in all likelihood cross the Cree into the Stewartry,

where, among the secluded glens and smugglers' caves at Ravenshall and Kirkdale, they would prosecute their calling of making horn spoons, smoothing-irons, and kettles, and gratify their thieving propensities with greater security.

Though there is no entry in the records touching on the drowning of the Martyrs, which is not singular, seeing the deed was carried out by a special commission, the names of some of the active agents in the tragedy occasionally occur.

The depredations effected in the neighbourhood by Major Winram's troop of dragoons is thus referred to in a minute of 23 August, 1686.—"The qulk day the Magistrats and Concell, considering that Major Wynram his troop of dragonnes did eat up the wholl meadowes of the hills and hay crops with their horses at Lambas, 1685 yeirs, they therefoir appoynt the sd Lambas termes rent of the sd hills to be allowed to the tenants yrof for the loss of the sds meadowes and grass, and for their vyr trouble they had ȳranent." And on 6th October of the same year "Patt. Houston, of Dumastoune, is incarcerat upone ane Captione at Claverhous instance be Andrew M'Chlerie, Messr who chairged bailzie M'Kie of Maidland to the sd effect; and the sd bailzie having secured him in the surest prissone in the sd Burgh and delyvered the keyes to Patt. Gordon, joaler, and protested that he as Magistrat might be frie oi the chairge of Captione."

From the Kirk Session records, we get glimpses as interesting in regard to matters spiritual as those which relate to the temporal affairs of the burgh. Sinners both hardened and penitent seem to have abounded in 1702. In that year the Session appoints Mich. Shanks to desire Patrick Garroch, mason, to prepare the place of Public Repentance, and authorises "yr officer to buy five or six ells of sack-cloth, and to cause make it in a gown, for qh. he is to receive money from the Thesauer."

In the same year this zealous Session approached the Magistrates and Council to frame an Act forbidding all drinking in ale-houses after ten o'clock at night, which was passed in the terms proposed by the Session. But so as to make the Act more effectual, it was deemed advisable to have a rigorous inspection of the ale and change-houses in the burgh; and no less a personage than the Chief Magistrate, Provost Coltrane, was appointed to the duty of "perambulating the town every other night at least, after ringing of the ten hour bell, to prevent unseasonable drinking, and the usual abuses which follow thereupon." The energy displayed by the Session of Wigtown in the interests of

the temperance cause was to be commended. But what a melancholy result ensued from the worthy Provost's nocturnal efforts to reduce the drink traffic! According to a minute of 1704, Provost Coltrane himself became a victim of the evil habits of those whom he sought to reclaim, and by the minister and Session was looked upon as a castaway, his gradual decline and fall dating from the time he undertook the duty of inspecting the ale-houses. He was publicly accused of immorality and drinking to great excess, gross swearing, and frequently giving himself to the devil in Patt Kincad's house. This was a terrible falling away, as the Provost was not only chief magistrate of the burgh, but an elder of the church. For the great scandal caused by his moral and spiritual declension, he was privately remonstrated with in vain by the minister, and after various sessions had been held on the lamentable case, it was found necessary to remove him from his office of elder for some time; "ay, and while he should give such suitable evidence of holy, tender, and spiritual walk, and conversation as should clear them to invite him to sit with them again, and that he be immediately rebuked." That he ever showed signs of regret for his evil courses is not stated, and as the fallen elder's name does not appear again in the records it is feared he remained unrepentant, and an awful example of an excess of teetotal zeal.

Scattered all through these minutes there are scenes and occurrences which illustrate in a strong light the humorous peculiarities of the Wigtonians of these old times. The heavy pains and penalties which they imposed on their brother Councillors for non-attendance at their "heid courts" are very amusing, and there is something unique in a Town Council passing a resolution, in the cause of patriotism, that, for the future they will not drink any French brandy, either in their own houses, or in others whatsoever. And strange though it may seem, the Wigtown Town Council appears to have had more regard for the comfort of the lieges than many of our present corporations. In their supervision of the streets of the burgh fines were imposed on the owners of all beasts "fund vpon the streets except at out-comeing and ingoeing and in caice the officers be remiss or slack herein, ordain the officer that is fund to be soe to be imprisoned till he pay six shilling for ilk beast." This watchful care extended to "kail yeard dykes," two bailies being appointed "to goe about the yeards to see them sufficient with power to them to fyne ilk persone that hes their yeard doune in the sowme of four pund Scots." One minute has special reference to the begging nuisance, which contains a

provision for carrying beggars through the town to save them "making a tour of it." It was agreed that "stranger lame and blind beggars be carried direct out of the town, and the Magistrates and Council are to give directions for taking them from door to door to the Treasurer's in order to be sent out of town in the same way that they are at present exported after the burgesses have had the toil of carrying them in all weathers from door to door through the whole toun, before being taken to the Treasurer's house."

In those times lame beggers were provided with hand-barrows, on which they were placed and carried from door to door by the inhabitants. Within our own recollection blind beggars were led from house to house by the hand.

In John Maclellan's description of Galloway, published along with Bleaus' Atlas in 1662, Wigtown is mentioned as "once a well-known emporium, built (as is believed) by the Brittons at the mouth of the Cree." And good old Andrew Symson, Episcopal Minister of Kirkinner, writing of it in 1684, says—"This town is the head burgh of the shire, although it stands at the eastmost end thereof. Ships of two hundred tun may come near to it at a spring-tide, with a good pilot; but yet it hath little trading by sea. The town is indifferently well built, with pretty good houses three-storey high toward the street, especially on the north side. The street is very broad and large." He also thinks fit to add that "Henbane grows very plentifully in the town through the streets and upon every dunghill there." As we find the town described in old records and the reminiscences of those who knew it over a century ago, it had been built like most old towns without any fixed plan, and had consequently an irregular appearance. The accounts given of the deplorable state of the sanitary arrangements, which the civic authorities of the Wigtown of the past allowed to exist, must have made the town very uninviting as a place of residence. From these we gather that the greater number of the houses was of a very homely character, thatched, and one-storey high, in front of which were located on the streets the middens of the burgesses. A space in the centre of the main street was paved with large land stones like an old Roman road, and horses, pigs, ducks, and hens strayed and revelled unmolested among the filthy accumulation of rank grass, nettles, and middens which in old times were a peculiar feature of the streets of Wigtown.* Chambers in his *Picture of Scotland*, when extolling the beauties of the bowling-green in the Square, remarks that "its merits will be

* "Reminiscences of Wigtownshire," by S. Robison.

doubly appreciated by the stranger when he is informed that the space which it occupies was once the site of the great common dunghill of the people of Wigtown. An amusing thing is told in regard to the former use and purpose of the place. Upon the occasion of an election, when it was found impossible to clear the ground of its vast stercoraceous encumbrance in proper time, boards were thrown over it, and upon these were erected tables, at which a great body of honest burghers and wily politicians sat down to a public dinner. Perhaps so many honourable men were never before known to dine upon a dunghill." But on these unsavoury times in the burgh's history there is no occasion to dwell. It is pleasant to observe that in respect to its sanitary condition, the character of its buildings, and the general cleanliness of its streets, the Wigtown of to-day compares very favourably with any other town of its size.

The great width of the street at the square and the genuine old-world look about some of the houses, that sit with their gables to the street, strike the stranger as something unique in their way in these days of improvement and change. Otherwise the general architectural appearance of the town presents few features differing from those of modern erection. In the old closes which we explored, searching for antiquities, there are some tumble-down-looking houses evidently of considerable antiquity. On a stone above a doorway in one of these closes is the date of 1567, and on the walls of an old house of a close in the square there is inscribed the motto, "Fear God, F.E., M.G., 1730."

The bowling-green is situated in the centre of the square, the grounds of which, tastefully laid out with shrubs and gravelled walks, and surrounded by some shady trees planted within the enclosing wall and railing, are a great ornament and attraction of the town. To the rambler, tired with the devious walks of the day, a seat at the bowling green of a summer's evening, when the followers of this pleasant and healthful pastime wax enthusiastic over the game, is very enjoyable. Then the green presents an animated appearance as the play proceeds —watched by groups reclining, or sauntering, on the grassy banks interested in the games. The Cross, erected in 1816 by the Magistrates and Council, with the assistance of the heritors and others, is a handsome octagon column or pillar of granite, terminating in a cross, with floriated sculpturings on an octagonal base, and stands about twenty feet high. This cross was not erected, as is generally supposed, to commemorate the battle of Waterloo. According to a minute of the Town Council of 13th July, 1816, it was substituted for the old cross,

which for many years had been ignominiously buried away in the cells of the old prison. Some years ago the value of the old pillar cross as a relic of antiquity was discovered; so it was brought again to light and cleaned, and placed to the east of the new cross, where it now stands. It is dated 1738, and is "a fine specimen of the pillar crosses, with which many of our Scottish burghs were adorned." A columnar monolith about ten feet long and eighteen inches diameter, rests perpendicularly on a square base, and is surmounted by a square stone, on which dials are carefully sculptured. For finial it has a pomegranate carved in stone.

The principal public buildings of the town are the County Buildings, a handsome and imposing edifice, with a tower of a considerable height, from the top of which there is an extensive prospect of the surrounding country. At the sides of the main entrance are carved the arms of Stranraer and Whithorn. On the north side of the tower above the side entrance to the building is a carved slab taken from the old Court-house, which stood upon the same site. It contains the Royal Arms and a tablet bearing the burgh arms. By the courtesy of Mr M'Clure, town-clerk, we were shown through the interior of the building, in which accommodation is provided for the county officials. In the Town-clerk's room the burgh records and minute books are carefully preserved. The capacious punch bowl of the burgh has also a resting-place here. It is similar to those of Kirkcudbright and New-Galloway, formed of 29 staves of wood bound with strong hoops of brass, with two handles of brass at each side. It has not been used since the Marquis of Lorne's marriage in 1871.

On the lower storey are the Procurator-Fiscal and Sheriff-Clerk's offices; on the second story are the Court-room and apartments connected with it; and a large assembly room. The Established Church in the Gothic style, with a spire, is a very commodious and tasteful building. The Board Schools, also elegant and costly buildings, show that the educational requirements of the rising generation are well provided for, and with the four places of worship in the town the spiritual wants of the inhabitants are also not neglected. In the square and other streets there are also various substantial buildings; while the two principal hotels provide every comfort and convenience for the visitor or rambler in the district. The shop of the late Gordon Fraser in the square was well known by those of antiquarian and literary tastes visiting the town. Mr Fraser, as an entertaining writer on historical and antiquarian subjects connected with Wigtown, had

acquired considerable local fame. His works have now become scarce. In the environs of the town there are a considerable number of elegant villas and cottages screened among hedgerows and trees, and in situations commanding beautiful prospects of the sea and the Stewartry hills and mountains.

Having thus glanced in a cursory manner at the origin and many changes in a right direction which Wigtown has undergone within recent years, we will now take a leisurely stroll in the precincts of the churchyard. It is situated near the Parish Church, and contains many memorials of antiquarian and historical interest. Among these we would recommend to the notice of the visitor, as the most interesting, the three grave-stones in the churchyard erected in memory of the Covenant Martyrs, two of whom were Wigtown women, who, on the 11th May, 1685, were tied to a stake within the flood-mark, at the mouth of the Bladnoch, and drowned for their adherence to Presbyterian principles. The inscription on the first stone is as follows:—

Here lyes MARGRAT WILLSON,
Doughter to Gilbert Willson,
In Glenvernoch, Who was
Drowned, Anno 1685.
Aged 18.

Let Earth And Stone Still Witness Beare
Their Lyes A Virgine Martyr Here
Murthered For Owning Christ Supreame
Head Of His Church And No More Crime
But Not Abjuring Presbytery
And Her Not Owning Prelacy
They Her Condemn'd By Unjust Law
Of Heaven Nor Hell They Stood No Aw
Within The Sea Ty'd To A Stake
She Suffered For Christ Jesus sake
The Actors Of This Cruel Crime
Was Lagg Strachan Winram and Grhame
Neither Young Years Nor Yet Old Age
Could Stop The Fury Of There Rage.

The second stone—a small upright one—has the following inscription:—

Top. - - Me Mento Mori.

Front of Tombstone. Here Lyes MARGARAT LACHLANE,
Who Was By Unjust Law Sentenced
To Dye By Lagg Strachane Winrame
And Grame, And Tyed To A Stake With
In The Flood For Her

Surnamed Grier.

Back of Tombstone. Adherence To Scotland's Reformation
Covenants, National and Solemn League.
Aged 63—1685.

On the third stone—a plain upright slab—is the following:—

Me Mento Mori.

Here Lyse William Johnston, John
Milroy, George Walker, Who Was

Without Sentence Of Law Hanged By Major
Winram For Their Adherence To Scot-
Land's Reformation Covenants, Nation-
Al And Solam Leagwe.

1685.

"William Johnston, gardener to the laird of Fintilloch; John Milroy, chapman, living at Fintilloch; and George Walker, servant in Kirkauldy, who being brought to Wigtown, and not answering satisfactorily the questions put to them by Windram, particularly refusing to attend the ministry of the curate, were, without an assize or trial, caused to be publicly executed next day."—"Statistical Account, Wigtownshire."

The truthfulness of the occurrence in the case of Margaret Wilson and Margaret Lachlane, as narrated by Wodrow, has of late years given rise to lively discussion; but the fact that "drowned they were," has been, by the careful researches of Dr Archibald Stewart of Glasserton, clearly proved to the satisfaction of every unbiassed reader of his excellent pamphlet, *History Vindicated in the Case of the Wigtown Martyrs*, in reply to Mark Napier's, *The Case for the Crown*, published in 1863. The road down which the Martyrs were led to their doom is still pointed out. The Rev. George Gilfillan, who visited the Martyrs' graves about a year before his death, on his attention being drawn to this, exclaimed—"Ah! this was their *via Dolorosa*"; and on seeing the stone over the grave of Margaret M'Lauchlane, remarked—"And so this is where dear old Margaret lies!" A minute later, enjoying a hearty laugh, as he read on another stone:—

"And his son John of honest fame
Of stature small, and a leg lame,
Content he was with portion small,
Keeped shop in Wigtown, and that's all."

"Dear, dear," said Gilfillan, "I've known that all my life, and laughed at it many a time, but I never expected to see the original of it."

The site of the convent of Dominican Friars, founded by Devorgilla, daughter of Alan, Lord of Galloway, in 1267, is near the churchyard, but not a vestige of what was once an extensive building now remains.

On the top of Windyhill a monument has been erected to the memory of the female Martyrs. It is in the form of an obelisk, with an urn on the top, erected in 1858, and is a conspicuous object at a great distance. From the seats around it a most interesting, extensive, and beautiful view of the surrounding country is obtained. The

new cemetery, a tastefully laid out piece of ground, is near the Parish Church.

The "Standing-stones of Torhouse," in the vicinity, are well worthy the notice of the rambler in search of antiquities. The circle consists of nineteen stones, with three in the centre, standing in a line from east to west. They are all of unpolished granite, and the largest of the three in the centre is five and a half feet in diameter, and six in height. The stones on the circumference are from two to five feet long, and from five to nearly twelve feet asunder, forming a circle of 218 feet. At the present time this ancient memorial stands in nearly the same state as when old Symson thus wrote respecting it, over two centuries ago :—"About three miles westward of Wigtown is a plaine call'd the Moor, or Standing-stones of Torhouse, in which there is a monument of three large whinstones, call'd King Galdus's tomb, surrounded at about twenty feet distance, with nineteen great stones (but none of them so great as the three first mentioned) erected in the circumference. In this moor, and not far from the tomb, are great heaps of small hand-stones, which the country people call cairnes, supposed by them to be buriall places of the common soldiers. As also at several places distant from the monument, are here and there great single stones erected, which are also supposed to be the buriall places of his commanders and men of note. But herein I determine nothing, only I think fit to add, that, at severall places in this countrey, there are many great heaps of hand-stones, called cairnes ; and those heaps or cairnes of stones are very seldom single, but many times there are two of them, and sometimes more, not far distant from each other."

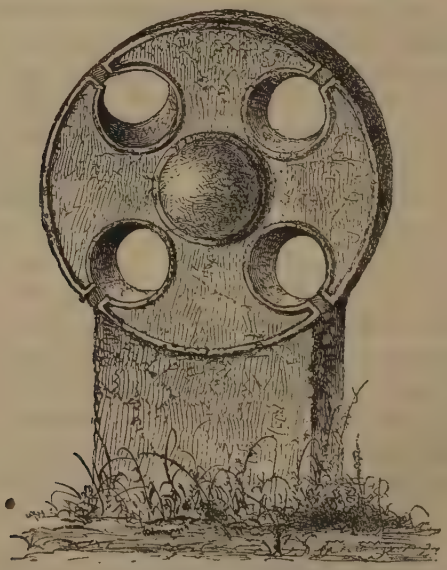
There have been various theories advanced as to the uses to which the stones were applied, but as there are no characters or symbols inscribed on them that would throw light on our inquiries, it is in vain to conjecture. Some writers, among whom are Muir in *The Lighthouse*, and M'Kerlie in *Lands and their Owners in Galloway*, regard them as Druidical, others as marking the site of an ancient Court of Justice, and others, among whom are Sir Robert Sibbald, and Symson above quoted, as monuments reared over the graves of King Galdus, his chief officers and common soldiers, who fell in a conflict with the Romans. With some show of probability, however, it is asserted by many that in a battle fought on the banks of the Cree, Galdus was slain and interred at Cairnholy, near Kirkdale (*vide* page 190, *supra*). The history of this personage is involved in much mystery. According to Buchanan and other historians he, having restored the independence

of North Britain, died a natural death after a glorious reign of thirty-five years.*

As we leave Wigtown and advance, pretty peeps of the country are enjoyed. About a mile from Wigtown is the little village of Bladenoch, where there is a distillery, as celebrated in Wigtownshire as the river near by, upon whose banks toiled the brownie of Nicholson's poem—

". . . . and on crystal Cree.
For mony a day a toiled wight was he."

Crossing the Bladenoch by a handsome and substantial bridge, and passing Baldoon, where there is a tract of fine agricultural land, in such a high state of cultivation that it has not inappropriately been termed the "Garden of Galloway," a glimpse is got of the old Castle of Baldoon, surrounded by fine old trees. Once the seat of the Dunbars,



STONE CROSS AT KIRKINNER.

* Hollinshed, in his "Chronicles of Scotland," gives the following interesting account of king Galdus's death and entombment:—"Thus Galdus, applieing all his studie and diligence to advance the common wealth and quiet state of his countrie, lived manie years so highlie in the favour of all his subjects, that the like hath beene but seldome heard of: finailie, to their great griefe and displeasure, he ended his life (more deere to them than their owne) at Epiake, in the 35 year of his reigne, which was about the 15 yeare of the empire of Adrian, the 4098 yeare after the world's creation, and from the birth of our Saviour 131 (110) yeares, and was buried with great lamentation in most pompous maner, and laid in a goodlie toome which was raised with mightie huge stones, having a great number of obelisks set up round about it, according to the maner. Furthermore, to the end his memorie should ever endure, the countrie where he fought last with the Romans was called Galdia, after his name, which, by the addition of a few letters, is now called Galloway, and before that time Brigantia, as the Scots do hold."

it passed by marriage to the Earls of Selkirk, and afterwards by purchase to the Earls of Galloway. It is now chiefly noteworthy as the scene of the tragic story which furnished the groundwork of the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Kirkinner Station, where there is a view diversified by sea, mountain, woods, and rocks, is next reached.

"The name of this parish," says the author of *Caledonia*, "is derived from St. Kenneir, virgin and martyr, who suffered martyrdom at Cologne, 29th October, 450, to whom the church was dedicated." The Rev. Andrew Symson, author of *A Large Description of Galloway*, and several poems, was minister of this parish from 1663 to 1686.

The village, consisting of a row of houses running along the public road, is not far from the station. The church, manse, school, and churchyard are adjacent to it. The only remarkable stone in the churchyard is an ancient cross. It was lying in pieces, but when placed together is quite perfect. Scarcely a chip of the wicker work or ribbon-like pattern round its edges has been lost; and we were pleased to see that the parts have been neatly clasped together, and the cross set up in its original position. It measures about six feet in length, and the circular part two feet in diameter.

A gravestone on the ground, to which the cross appears to belong, is marked 1724. It is said by old people in the village that a story has long been current in the district that parties when getting married joined hands in some way through the holes on the cross.

There is another curious and interesting stone in this parish. It stands in a field near the farm-house of Crouse or Crows, on the right or east side of the road leading to Kirkcowan. It is egg-shaped, with a goblet-shaped cup, as represented in the woodcut, and is commonly called the *holed stone* of Crouse. It is thus described in *The Lighthouse* by Mr Muir, who visited the district in 1864 :—

"To me this was rather a curiosity. Pillars bearing inscribed crosses, with their re-entering angles circularly perforated, and others, themselves cruciform, pierced with four holes, or sometimes with three only, at the intersection of the limbs, are not exactly scarce in Scotland; but rude granite or whins, holed in any way, are objects which I cannot say I have more than the vaguest remembrance of having ever before seen, though I should think they ought to be found here and there if specially sought for in our outlying districts. But whether a rarity or not, this Crows example is, shortly to describe it, an odd-looking, oval-shaped pillar, seven feet seven inches in length, which, though no doubt originally upright, is now lying inclined, with its upper or perforated end raised a foot or so from the ground. Transversely the stone is obtusely curved into a bulge at the middle of both faces, if I remember

correctly, or, in other words, is a double convex, measuring at its broadest five feet three inches; so that, what with its tail-like base and eyed-like summit, the whole figure resembles a huge flat-sided pixis marinus, more than any other object to which I can liken it. The shape of the stone, I should furthermore mention, is evidently natural, whilst to all appearance the orifice is artificial, and, with a view to comparison with other known specimens, may be described as two circular basins, twelve inches in diameter, oppositely sunk into the faces of the boulder, and connected by a two or three inch hole bored through their bottoms. For what purpose such objects were contrived, it would not, with the limited knowledge we possess of early usages, be easy to determine. Tradition, at which we sometimes affectedly smile, but to which, nevertheless, we not unoften gladly resort when deserted by history, has indeed told us something regarding their uses, though, as might be expected, its telling is not always the same in all their localities. In Devonshire and Cornwall, where, under the name of Tolmêu or Mên-an-tol, the holed stone is of frequent occurrence, story almost invariably associates it with the sacrificial rites of the Druids. But touching Scotch examples, I find it here and there stated that at or through such holes compacts and vows were made; and, accompanied by certain extravagant forms, prayers for restoration of health."

HOLED STONE AT CROUSE OR CROWS.

PATRICK HANAY gent.

Leaving Kirkinner we pass through a highly cultivated district, and steaming away towards the south-east we note the venerable and picturesque ruin of Sorbie Place, the seat of the Hannays in the reign of James the Fourth. Patrick Hannay, who served as a general of artillery to the King of Bohemia, and composed a volume of poems published in 1619, now very rare, and of great pecuniary value, was a member of this family. As an author, Patrick Hannay holds a good position among the minor Scottish poets. A new edition of his works was published (privately) in 1865, under the editorship of the late David Laing, LL.D. Fully two miles from Sorbie is the site of Dowalton Loch (called also Ravenston and Longcastle). The ancient Keep of Longcastle, belonging to the M'Dowalls, of which the site only remains, was situated on the west side of the loch. Its south part used to be known as Remistoun or Ravenston, and a mile and a half from it is the site of the "old house of Ravenstone." Ravenston Castle of the present day is a fine property belonging to the Borthwick family. The loch has now been drained, and its bottom turned into excellent meadow land; but when the old *Statistical Account* was written it was "a very fine sheet of water, about three miles in circumference, and from six to twenty feet deep." It contained two small islands on the Kirkinner side, which, on the loch being drained about thirty-two years ago, were found to be lake dwellings of the pre-historic inhabitants. "The surface of one of the larger islands was covered with the bones of animals, and similar bones were found in the mass below. Five canoes were also

BRONZE VESSEL FOUND IN DOWALTON LOCH.

found in the loch, the shortest measuring twenty-one feet and the longest twenty-five in length. On the islands, and in their neighbourhood, were also discovered several vessels of bronze, beads of glass, vitreous paste and amber, querns, whetstones, a piece of leather shoe with a stamped pattern on it, and fragments of enamelled glass. *

Whithorn is our destination, but meanwhile we proceed to Garliestown, which, after a pleasant run of about an hour's duration, is now reached. The aspect of this trim little village is very pleasing.

The main portion of it bends, in the form of a crescent, round the head of the bay, and there is a safe and commodious harbour, capable of receiving a great number of vessels. This place also presents many attractions for the summer visitor. It has every inducement for invalids and pleasure-seekers to resort to it, and seems likely to become a favourite watering-place.

Galloway House, the family seat of the Earls of Galloway, is adjacent, on the south, in a beautiful situation overlooking Rigg or Cruggleton Bay, and commanding wide and delightful prospects of the sea, and the grand hill and mountain scenery of Kirkcudbrightshire. The house, a spacious edifice of a plain architectural appearance, was erected in 1740 by Alexander, sixth Earl of Galloway. In several of the apartments there are good paintings by the ancient masters—Bassano, Piombino, and Rembrandt.† The house is surrounded by

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* Dr Stuart's Address to the Archæological Society of Glasgow, 1865-6.

† LIST of PORTRAITS in GALLOWAY HOUSE. February, 1876.

1. Portrait of Sir Alexander Stewart of Garlies, created Lord Garlies 1607, and first Earl of Galloway 1623.
2. Do. of Sir James Stewart, Bart. (so created in 1627), 2nd Earl of Galloway, who was served heir to his elder brother, Alexander. Lord Garlies, in 1643.
3. Do. of Alexander, Lord Garlies, above referred to.
4. Portrait of James, 5th Earl, who succeeded 1694
5. Do. of Alexander, 6th Earl, who succeeded 1746.
6. Do. of Lady Anne Keith, first wife of the 6th Earl.
7. Do. of Marshall Keith, her brother. He was brother or son of the Earl Marischal.
8. Do. of Mary, only child of the sixth Earl by his first marriage as above. She married Kenneth, Lord Fortrose, eldest son of the attainted Earl of Seaforth.
9. Portrait of John, 7th Earl, dressed in the Windsor Uniform. He was the eldest son of Alexander, 6th Earl, by his second marriage to Catherine, youngest daughter of John, 4th Earl of Dundonald. He succeeded 1773.
10. Portrait of John, 7th Earl, painted at Rome.
11. Do. of Hon. George Stewart, 2d son of Alexander, 6th Earl. Killed at Ticonderege in 1755.
12. Do. of Anne, daughter of Sir James Dashwood, Bart., and second wife of John, 7th Earl, with a child, Lady Susan, who afterwards became Duchess of Marlborough. Painted by Angelica Koffmann.
13. Do. of Lady Susanna, daughter of Alexander, 6th Earl, married to Granville, 1st Marquess of Stafford.
14. Do. of Lady Catherine, daughter of Alexander, 6th Earl, who married James Murray, Esq., of Broughton.
15. Do. of Lady Euphemia, daughter of Alexander, 6th Earl. Died, 9th November, 1818.

extensive plantations, and the grounds for several miles are extremely picturesque. In the gardens and pleasure-grounds, which are on a princely scale, taste has done much to improve the advantages of nature. In our ramble are seen many fine woodland studies and sylvan giants shading the spacious lawns.

The noble family of Galloway, several of the members of which are distinguished in the annals of Scotland for their patriotism and valour, claim a Norman descent.

The walk round the shore to the old Church* and Churchyard of Cruggleton and Cruggleton Castle, which are at no great distance, is exceedingly pleasant. This old church has since been restored at the hands of the late Marquis of Bute. The ruins of Cruggleton Castle are situated on a rocky promontory rising some 200 feet above the level of the sea. All that remains of this at one time impregnable

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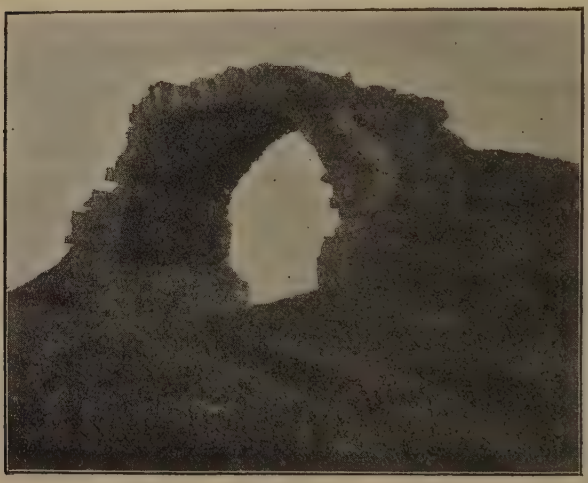
16. Portrait of George, 8th Earl, Admiral in the Navy, who succeeded his father, John, 7th Earl, in 1806.
17. Do. of Jane, wife of the 8th Earl. Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence.
18. Do. of Randolph, 9th Earl. He succeeded his father George, 8th Earl, 1834, and died 1873. Painted by Hurlestone.
19. Do. of Harriet Blanche, seventh daughter of 6th Duke of Beaufort, and wife of Randolph, 9th Earl. Painted by Hon. Henry Graves.
20. Portrait of last mentioned, with two of her children, the Hons. Randolph and Alexander.
21. Portrait of Alan Plantagenet, 10th Earl of Galloway (who succeeded on the death of his father Randolph, 9th Earl, in 1873), as a child on pony, which is being fed by the Lady Blanche Stewart, his eldest sister.
22. Do. of Alan Plantagenet, 10th Earl, and his two immediate younger brothers, Captain the Hon. Randolph and Major the Hon. Alexander Stewart, R.A. Painted by Hon. Henry Graves.
23. Do. of Mary Arabella Arthur, daughter of second Marquess of Salisbury, and wife of Alan Plantagenet, 10th Earl. Painted by Hon. Henry Graves.
24. Do. of Admiral Hon. Keith Stewart, third son of Alexander, 6th Earl. Died 1795.
25. Do. of Admiral the Hon. Keith Stewart, second son of George, 8th Earl.
26. Portrait of Mary Caroline, only daughter of Sir Charles Fitzroy, K.C.B., and wife of the above, No. 25.
27. Do. of Hon. Alexander Stewart, son of Randolph, 9th Earl.
28. Do. of the Ladies Jane Stewart, and Lady Emily Stewart, afterwards Lady Emily Chichester, daughters of the ninth Earl.
29. Do. of the Hon. Walter and Lady Henrietta Stewart, son and daughter of the 9th Earl.
30. Do. of the Lady Isabel Stewart, daughter of the 9th Earl. Painted by Hon. Henry Graves.
31. Do of John, 1st Duke of Marlborough.
32. Do. of Maria, 1st wife of 6th Earl of Coventry.
33. Do. of Elizabeth, wife of 6th Duke of Hamilton.
34. Do. of Mary Queen of Scots.
35. Do. of Queen Elizabeth, by Zucharelli.
34. Do. of Charles First, and Henrietta Maria.

* Though not of much size, and possessing no very remarkable features, Cruggleton is one of the most interesting remains in Galloway. It is situated in a small burial-ground near to the shore, three miles or thereby south of Garliestown, and is a Norman building, rather early in the style, consisting of nave and chancel, externally a trifle short of 65 feet in length. All the walls, except the west one, which wants the gable, are at about their full height, but most of the dressed stones have been torn from the corners of both compartments, the chancel arch, and other parts easily got at. The doorway—a mere square aperture—is in the north side of the nave, near the west end. Of windows, I could not discern traces of their having ever been more than two—that on the east a small and very plain round-headed one, widely splayed within; the west one of same shape, but much broader, and set square in the wall.—"The Lighthouse."

fortress is a large arch, but the foundations, which are traceable, show that it must have been a place of considerable extent. Quoting from *The Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway* we find that Comyn held the Castle in 1292, and continuously until 1308, when his lands were forfeited and given to Lord Soulis by Bruce, who in his turn being forfeited for conspiracy, the Castle passed to the monks of Whithorn. In 1365 Sir Gilbert Kennedy of Dunure had possession of the lands and Castle, and in 1578 the "Castle and manor" was owned by Lord Barnbarroch, from whom it passed to his son, Sir John Vans. Afterwards the Kennedys of Blairquhan appear as owners, and in 1662, when Symson wrote, it is mentioned "that the Castle of Cruggleton, once a very strong house upon a high cliff by the seaside, was now wholly demolished and ruinous. It appertains to Sir Andrew Agnew of Lochnaw.



CRUGGLETON CASTLE.

LEATHER SHOE, WITH STAMPED ORNAMENTATION, FOUND IN DOWALTON LOCH.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHITHORN.

THE memorable and important fact that in the neighbourhood of Whithorn, on the lonely shores of Galloway, the celebrated Ninian, the earliest missionary and the first bishop in Scotland, and who erected a church, from which, like a beacon in the midst of the moral and intellectual darkness of these early ages, there streamed the light of Christian truth with its purifying and humanising influences, must make this a hallowed and interesting spot to the student of history.

Whithern, now known as Whithorn, is a place of such great antiquity and early importance, that it is supposed by some to have been a town of the ancient inhabitants of these parts when the Romans invaded Galloway. It is mentioned by Ptolemy, the geographer, under the name of Leucophibia; and, says a biographer in the *Lives of the English Saints*,* "of its identity with the site fixed on by St. Ninian for his church there can be no doubt; the very probable and generally conceived conjecture being that the Leucophibia of Ptolemy should be Leucoikidia—white houses, so identifying its three names Leucoikidia, Candida Casa, and Whithern, which is derived from the Saxon—*Hwitaern* house."

St. Ninian was born somewhere about A.D. 360. Some diversity of opinion exists as to the place of his nativity and parentage. One account states that his father belonged to a noble Scotch family, whose residence was in the vicinity of Whithorn. Other biographers favour the idea that he was of Welsh nationality; while Ireland, with less apparent probability, puts in a claim to be the country of his birth. Of the early history and education of St. Ninian little is known. St. Ailred, Abbot of Rievaux, in Yorkshire, wrote a life of St. Ninian, but we must not forget that he lived about 600 years after the death of the subject of his history. About the year 385 St. Ninian went to Rome, and "on being fixed upon by the Pope as the fittest person to correct the errors which prevailed among the British tribes, he was consecrated

* Supposed to be the Rev. John Barrow, D.D., late Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford.

there and sent as a missionary to his native land, his first work on returning being the building of a church or monastery after the Roman fashion." The church he dedicated to St. Martin of Tours, from whom he had received instruction in monastic discipline, and having devoted the remainder of his life to the zealous dissemination of the doctrines of the gospel among his countrymen, he died on 16th September, 432, and was buried, says the venerable Bede, at Whithern, with many others of the faithful. That day was long celebrated in the Scottish Church, in the Catholic ages, with deep veneration, as the anniversary of the death of Scotland's chiefest saint.

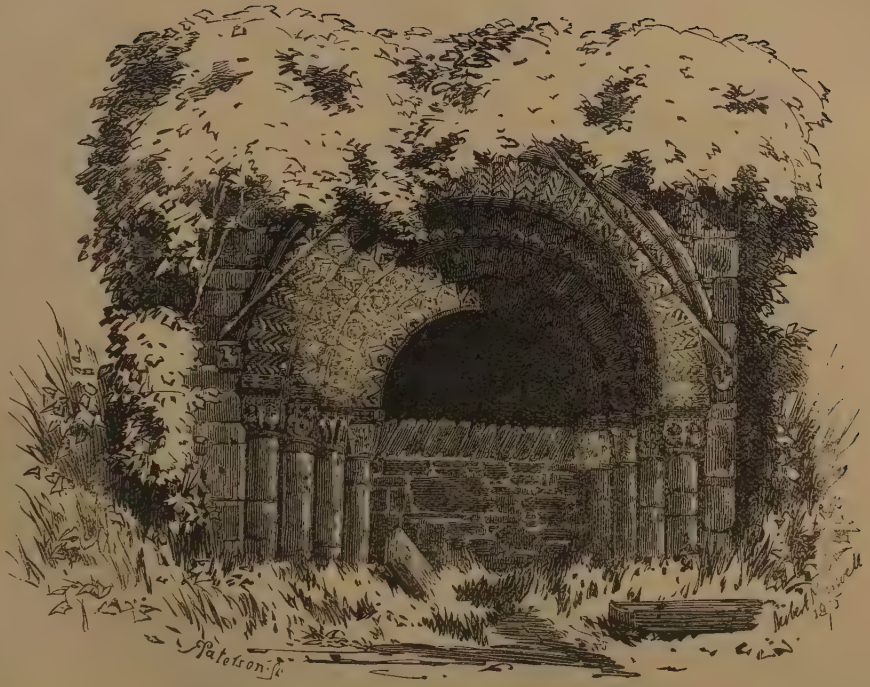
Bishop Forbes, in his life of the saint, says :—

"From the close of the life of St. Ninian for nearly a hundred years, we know nothing certain of the fate of Candida Casa. Valentia was soon abandoned by the Romans, and the natives do not seem long to have maintined the power to which they succeeded. Though the mass of the lower population continued Celtic, as they do to this day, the incursions of the Picts on the one hand and of the piratical Teutons a little later, destroyed their autonomy, and the country was the scene of constant warfare.

"But a circumstance here emerges, which is not without many parallels in the history of Ireland. No external oppression, no confusion at home, prevented the beneficent action of the church. In less than a century after the death of St. Ninian, Whithern, in the Irish pronunciation called Futerna, but better known as the 'Magnum Monasterium,' or Rosnat, is discovered as a great seminary of secular and religious instruction. St. Modwena, or Monenna, who is probably our Scottish St. Medana, the friend of St. Bridiga, had founded a church in Galloway, Chil-ne-case by name, and the Christianising influence of Ireland on the sister country was naturally strongly felt in the district nearest to it. The curious and touching hymn of St. Mugint sheds a remarkable light on the life, half monastic, half social, at Rosnat. Mugint, Rioc, Finnian, Talmach, and Drustice stand out in an individuality very noteworthy at that early time, and a little picture of early manners enlivens the scene."

Fergus, Lord of Galloway, who flourished in the reign of David I. in 1142 or 1153, restored the See, and erected here a famous priory of the order of Premontré, in which some of the relics of St. Ninian were deposited. Thus, the priory, the ruins of which now remain, is of a much more recent date, and would be of more extensive proportions than the buildings of St. Ninian's day.

The excavations which in recent years have been conducted at the expense of the late Marquis of Bute, with the consent of the heritors of the parish, and under the direction of the late W. Galloway, have served to show the architectural character of the building, and the extent of ground which it originally occupied. Almost the only



NORMAN DOORWAY AT WHITHORN. Sir Herbert E. Maxwell.

portion of it standing above ground is a portion of the nave, and the lower walls of the steeple and porch at the west end. When Symson wrote his *Large Description* in 1684 the steeple, and the body of the great church, alone remained standing.

Excavations made about five years ago brought to light a double row of crypts beneath the chancel and transepts; the foundation of other walls, and a piece of causeway near to the modern Parish Church, about two feet below the present level of the ground. The church and monastic buildings must have occupied the whole of the present churchyard, the modern interments being made among their foundations. The church had been in shape like a Latin Cross, with north and south transepts, and the monastic buildings had been to the north side, where the convent mills driven by water had stood in proximity to the Kett, a stream which flows at the foot of a gentle declivity to the north corner of the kirkyard. The Norman arch, nearly entire, which is represented in the drawing by Sir Herbert E. Maxwell, is a fine specimen of that beautiful style of architecture. It is in the south-west corner of the nave, but some are of opinion that it does not occupy its original position; and the presence of interpolated stones in the arch courses is apparent on careful observation. It had probably been "restored" when additions were made to the building in the fourteenth or fifteenth century. But in any case we have preserved what is undoubtedly twelfth century workmanship. Several quaintly sculptured stones are built into the wall at the same place. On one of these a small animal is seen to be entering the mouth of a larger; and it has been conjectured that it may have been intended to symbolize the Christian's hope that death shall be "swallowed up in victory." On the outer side of the north wall are still to be seen some of the corbels which had carried the beams of the cloister arcade. The crypts to the east form a long double row, with barrel-vaulted roof; but the remains of two short pillars indicate that originally the more ornamented form of the groined arch had been used. In the northern-most crypt have been found remains of the red deer, the boar, and other animals of the chase, indicating that it had served the purpose of a larder. In one of the walls there is constructed a bee-hive shaped apartment, of which the purpose can only be conjectured. It may have served either as a punishment cell or as a place of solitary retreat for some of the more spiritually minded brethren. Within the nave are two low tombs built into the southern wall, and enriched with dog-tooth ornament. They have, no doubt, been the resting place of persons of distinction; but there is now nothing to indicate their name or condition, whether lay or clerical. There has also been placed in a niche of the wall in the nave a large baptismal font, believed to be the one originally in use in the priory. There is also a small bell, still in good preservation, dated 1610, which is believed to have belonged to the tower. From an inscription it appears to have been cast in the city of Bruges. In the course of excavations skeletons were found, in cists partly cut out of the rock and partly built, but there were indications that the graves had been previously opened. In the vaults, and other subterranean passages which have been covered in with solid masonry, a

perfect antiquarian museum has been formed by the intelligent and careful researches of the late W. Galloway. In it stones, bearing devices of the square cross, variously known as the Greek and Maltese, also a small stone bearing three Latin crosses close together, the design obviously intended to represent the scene on Calvary, and fragments of stone carving that have been discovered among the *debris* of the ruins, have been placed for better preservation. The remarkable stone pillar that at one time stood like a mile-stone, on the road side about a quarter of a mile south of Whithorn, has also been removed and deposited here. It is of greywacke or blue whinstone, the prevailing rock of the locality, and has inscribed upon it a combination of a cross and circle, with the words "Lociti Petri Apostoli." The translation of the inscription has been variously read. Mr Muir, in *The Lighthouse*, says, "I take it to be that referred to in the *Old Statistical Account*, as inscribed *Hic est locus Petri Apostoli*—'Here,' or this, 'is the place of Peter the Apostole,' or 'the key of Peter the Apostole.'" A piece of the stone having been chipped off, the first letter of the first word, the derivation and meaning of which was doubtful, cannot now be made out. The stone is supposed to be as old as the fourth century, thus contemporary with St. Ninian, and probably marked the site of a chapel dedicated to St. Peter in connection with Whithorn monastery. In the churchyard which surrounds the ruins there are some interesting old stones. Although there is no evidence existing as to Whithornians having played an active part in the persecuting times, an inscription on a stone where lies the spouse of Hew Dunce narrates that *he endured persecution in the reign of King Charles the Second, but keept steady in the faith and a good conscience.* Another to the memory of Wm. Broadfoot, mariner, Isle of Whithorn, has the laconic intimation—"If you think I'm forgotten, you're mistaken." And near the ruins there is a stone with an inscription on it so much worn as to be now almost altogether illegible. But to those who, like Mr Galloway, have studied it, and are able to supply the missing letters as suggested by the context, we have the epigrammatic advice in homely Scotch thus :—TENT T[O] DEI[G]HT WE[EL]—Anglice (Be careful to clean well).

CROSS WHICH FORMERLY STOOD ON THE ROAD TO THE ISLE OF WHITHORN.

The town of Whithorn is situated nearly in the centre of the parish, and consists of one principal street, its ample thoroughfare and tidy appearance generally attracting the attention of visitors. The

ST. NINIAN'S CAVE. Sir Herbert E. Maxwell.

main street is about three-quarters of a mile in length, and runs almost due north and south. About its centre a lane to the westwards leads to the Churchyard gate, the Priory ruins, and the Parish Church. At the street end of the lane there remains in position an old arch or "pend," showing a coat-of-arms, with a lion rampant and unicorn supporters sculptured in bold relief over the keystone. The street nearly opposite is named the Free Church Row—anciently, and sometimes yet called the Rotten Row—that is, Royal Row, from the Royal Pilgrims, with their retinue, having entered the town this way. Of the innumerable pilgrims that resorted to Whithorn, James IV. was the most assiduous in his devotion to the shrine of the great luminary of the Southern Picts. In Wigtownshire, he generally lodged in the religious houses, though he occasionally slept at Myrton, as a charter exists erecting the place into a Burgh of Barony in favour of Sir Alexander M'Culloch, "in consideration of the hospitality the King had received there on the occasions of his passing to and from Whithorn." In the ruined tower of Myrton an unglazed and unplastered closet, now used as a pigeon-house, is pointed out as the "King's Chalmer."*

The extremities of the unusually spacious portion of the main street of Whithorn are respectively styled the north and south ports, from there having been gates at these narrow parts, as was usual with all ancient burgh towns. The chief public buildings and places of business are situated in the main street, and the churches and Board Schools are sufficient to the requirements of the town and district. There is also a spacious and tastefully laid out bowling-green. In the neighbourhood of Whithorn there are no mining or manufacturing industries, the main source of revenue accruing to the burgh being the shore and harbour dues at the Isle of Whithorn, which, at one time, were very considerable; but with the change of the "commercial highway" from the sea to the railway these have been greatly diminished. Still, under this reverse, the town continues to thrive, and its general appearance indicates a fair measure of comfort and prosperity among its inhabitants. This is almost entirely due to the central situation which it occupies in a rich agricultural district.

Not many centuries ago the name of St. Ninian was one of the most honoured in the calendar, and his shrine at Whithorn was yearly visited by thousands of pilgrims from distant places, not only of Scotland, but of England and Ireland.

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* "Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway."

Distant about three miles from Whithorn is the Isle of Whithorn village seaport. It is situated at the head of a small bay, which is almost land-locked, and has a well-sheltered and safe harbour. The village has a tidy appearance. It consists of a row of houses running from the north-west side of the harbour to the pier. Looking out upon the pier on the north-east side of the harbour there are some elegant villas, and in the village there is a comfortable little inn where the rambler may have those inward cravings satisfied, which a ramble among the breezy cliffs of this coast does so much to stimulate. Near the village are the remains of a fort, which is believed to have been an erection of the Norseman ; and on the shore near by are the ruins of an old dismantled chapel, with thick walls and of rude construction. Symson, writing of it in 1684, says :—"Neer to this place, at the sea-side, their is the ruines of an old Chapel, called the Chapel of the Isle, which, as it is reported, was the first that was built for the service of Almighty God in this part of the kingdom ; yea as some say, in the whole kingdom." The question whether this or the ruins of the monastery at Whithorn was the site of St. Ninian's Church is still undecided. Mr Muir, while allowing that it can never be settled positively, ventures to think that the Isle of Whithern is the Candida Casa. Sir Andrew Agnew, in *The Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway*, thus decidedly expresses his opinion on the point—"There cannot be a doubt that of the original Candida Casa, the Isle of Whithorn was the site ; its peninsular position as described by Ailred, as well as the very name Ross-nat (nocht), the bare point being wholly inapplicable to the inland Priory and Cathedral Church." The walls of the ruin, still standing, are believed by Mr Muir to belong to somewhere about the thirteenth century. And Bishop Forbes, in a note to his *Life of St. Ninian*, while agreeing with this date assigned by Mr Muir, says, "I confess that it seems to supply an argument against the Isle being the site of the Candida Casa. Is it at all likely that 'about the end of the thirteenth century,' when St. Ailred's life had been written, when the record of miracles was drawing thousands to the sacred spot, the Premonstratensian monks should have built this shabby little chapel as the record of the spot where the great Saint actually ministered ? At this time Gothic architecture was just at its perfection, the first pointed merging into the second pointed or decorated. To this epoch the most beautiful of Scottish art may be referred." Near the old ruin there are traces of foundations which may have belonged to an earlier structure. To us it seems clear that the present ruined chapel, although possessing

some antiquarian interest, cannot now be accepted as the Candida Casa of Bede and the oldest church in Scotland. In all probability it was, like others in the neighbourhood, a chapel attached to the monastery.

Two miles round the coast, to the south, is the bold promontory of Burrow Head, which commands an extensive view. Rising out of the sea, in front of the spectator, are the mountains of the Isle of Man. To the right are observed the fine headlands of this coast, stretching almost to Portpatrick, while to the north rise in successive and lofty ridges, from the shores of the Solway, the hills and mountains of Kirkcudbrightshire and Dumfriesshire. To the east, St. Bees Head and a long stretch of the English coast, backed by the fair blue hills of Cumberland and Westmoreland, are distinctly observed.

In a ramble round Whithorn there are several places associated by history and tradition with the life and labours of St. Ninian in this district. And the tourist when at Whithorn should not omit to visit St. Ninian's cave on the Glasserton shore. It is distant about three miles from Whithorn. The road thither, though bare, is interesting. From Whinnyhill, over which the road passes, there is an extensive prospect of the surrounding country. On looking east Wigtown Bay, the Bay of Fleet, Ross Isle, and the range of the Minnigaff Hills are included in the view. While to the south the mansion-houses of Physgill and Glasserton lie screened in foliage a mile below. The park at the latter is of great extent and beauty. It is adorned with fine timber, and the landscape features of the pleasure grounds are of the most attractive nature. Tonderghie House is seen in the distance on a height to the left; and Gallows-Outen, where the first cup and ring markings were found in Wigtownshire, is seen further away in the same direction.

A short walk from Whinnyhill brings us to Physgill Lodge gate, near which there is a fine avenue of beech trees. Kidsdale farm-house is next reached, where the key of the entrance door to the cave is kept by the tenant, from which it is readily obtained by all responsible parties desirous of inspecting the interesting antiquarian curiosities in the cave. Here we leave the main road, and enter on the right the delicious little glen of Kidsdale, which, in the "rich radiance" of this autumnal day, when the "plantin taps are tinged wi' gowd," presents an attractive subject for the artist. In early summer it is even more inviting. Then its "verdant bosom" is all aglow with the *puse* and purply tints of the wild hyacinth. The joyous music of a choir of

birds, mingling with the sweet undersong of the wee glancin' burnie, answering,

"The mellowed murmurs of the distant sea"

would to the lover of landscape beauty amply recompense the journey of a day. Emerging from the glen we reach Port Castle bay with the blue open sea before us. On the left, situated on a headland, scarcely a hundred feet high, are the foundations of the Port Castle—the remains of part of the walls being about four feet thick. The history of this castle has been lost in the mist of ages; only the name has come down to us. In the days of Norse sea rovers and other marauders, it would be a place of considerable security; and, doubtless, were its stones gifted with a tongue many a tale could they narrate of deeds of daring and adventure.

A walk of a few minutes along the beach to the right brings us to the famous cave, known by immemorial tradition as St. Ninian's or St. Ringan's cave. It was the ordinary practice of religious persons in the days of St. Ninian to retire to caves during Lent, and other times of penitential devotion. The confessors of the early dispensation dwelt in dens and caves of the earth. In many parts of Scotland there are caves which are associated in early tradition with the first Christian Missionaries, and it is not improbable that the great instructor of the Southern Picts, following in the steps of his relative St. Martin, made this lonely spray-washed cave a retreat for his devotions. Though it had long been conjectured that this cave was associated in some way with St. Ninian's Christianising Mission, it was only a comparatively few years ago that positive evidence of such was descovered.

"In 1871 the late Dean Stanley was on a visit at Monreith, when preparing his *Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland*. On that occasion he, along with a party from Monreith, visited the cave, and an incised cross upon the rocks on the west side of the entrance was then discovered. Further search in 1883 brought to light another cross, in or near the ruined wall, that at some period had been built across the mouth of the cave. Excavations were thereafter undertaken at the instance of Mr Johnston Stewart of Physgill, when another carved stone was found, and presented by him to the museum of Scottish antiquaries. Then, on some of the cliff debris having been dug away, three other crosses were exposed, similar in shape to those previously found. Operations were again energetically carried on in 1884 by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Mr Nicholson, and Dr Douglas, Whithorn, when important discoveries were made, the most notable being the laying bare the end of a built stone drain or pen, and a round stone in which was cut a circular basin, 7 inches wide by 5 inches deep. The drain was carefully formed and packed, and

water still ran freely through it, and descended straight upon this basin (font). At two feet below the surface of the entrance to the cave, another sacred emblem was turned up. A low wall in front of the cave was taken down, but afterwards rebuilt, and several small stones with incised crosses on them were found in it. On the rubbish being removed from the cave, the floor was found to be completely paved with flags throughout its entire length, 27 feet, except at one place where there is a space, 6 feet by 3 to 4½ feet, unpaved, but floored with hard beaten earth. Upon a stone of the pavement was a rudely-cut inscription, of which only the fragment remained—

SANCT
NI—P

This stone was lifted and affixed to the wall of the cave for better preservation, but some mischievous youths broke it, which was the cause of the grating being erected so as to prevent further malicious acts. The fragments of the stone, we understand, were taken to Kidsdale House for greater security. other stones with incised crosses were found on excavations being continued outside. Fire-places, filled with cinders, bones, and shells, and covered with two or three feet of loose *debris*, were observed and noted, and at a depth of six feet, below a large block of stone, human remains were discovered. The greater part of the skeleton was recovered. The bones were much decayed, and the body was doubled up, the skull lying between the legs. No signs of regular interment, clothing or weapons, accompanied the remains. By the removal of a wall, under the superintendence of Dr Douglas, two incised fragments of stones were discovered. They were built into the wall as material, which showed that the wall was a more modern structure than the date of the original use of the cave as a place of Christian retreat. No manufactured relics of any antiquarian interest, other than the carved stones, were found in the cave, except a small whetstone, 4 inches long, of water-worn sandstone, similar to several discovered in crannogs in the district. Subsequent careful examination, however, led to the discovery of an incised cross on the solid rock, similar in design to the others found. In 1886 a Celtic Cross, with a Runic inscription (one word only remaining) was discovered. Professor Stephens thinks the date of the stone is not later than the sixth century. It is the second stone, with a Runic inscription, found in Galloway, one having been found at Whithorn in 1885.

The cave, during the ages of superstition, would be an object of as much veneration as the shrine of St. Ninian, and to it pilgrims would resort with their offerings. On the surface of one of the rock faces there are several initials of visitors, most of them of comparatively modern date; but the antique form of the letters, as well as the dates, show that we have here preserved the rude chiselling of men who lived fully two centuries ago. These are:—I or J.P. 1634 . I.L. 1664 . I.C. 1678 . A.M. 1684. There is no record here of any of the royal pilgrims having visited the cave, though it is more than probable that James IV., in his pilgrimages to the priory, would also render religious homage here.*

* For the foregoing notes on the excavations and discoveries at St. Ninian's cave, we are indebted to an article by Sir Herbert Maxwell in the "Archæological and Historical Collections" relating to Ayrshire and Galloway, Vols. v. and vi.

To the west of St. Ninian's Cave is the Counan Bay. When a swell is on the sea, with the wind in the south or south-west, its peculiar sound in this bay is an indication of a change in the weather; and by the country people in the whole of the Machers district, "The Counan Swell" is considered an unfailing weather gauge. Not far from the cave on the Castle side of Port Castle bay there is the "Pigeon Co'," so named from the numerous blue rock pigeons which frequent the cave; and further round on the estate of Tonderghie there is a natural curiosity in the rocks, a considerable distance above high water mark, known as "The blow horn."

The late Professor Blackie, in the year 1877, made a pilgrimage to Whithorn, and in a letter to the *Scotsman* on "Whithorn, Past and Present," thus feelingly and appreciatively wrote of the shrine of St. Ninian and the famous monastery. His lines will make a fitting close to our ramble round Whithorn:—

"Whithorn, near the extreme south-east horn of Galloway, is not, I suppose, so much frequented by inquisitive travellers as Mauchline and Mossgiel, or Alloway Kirk and the Brig o' Doon, And no doubt its charms for the common view-hunter are not great; but if there be holy ground anywhere in Scotland, which will not yield even to Iona in venerable antiquity, it is in this grey corner of our country, where, about the year 400 after Christ, St. Ninian preached the Gospel to our Celtic forefathers. Spending a quiet Sunday there, I had leisure to recover and re-colour the vanished glory of the spot; and take this occasion to invite all persons of a wandering disposition, in these days of easy travelling, not to visit the classic beauties of Dumfries and Kirkcudbright without taking a cast into the sacred precincts of this cradle of Scottish Christianity. The want of picturesqueness in the forms of Nature will be amply compensated by the historic interest of the scene, the fine fresh breeze that sweeps the undulating ridges, and the grand outlook over land and sea all around which the situation commands." The following lines were written by the Professor on the spot, and shortly state the contrast of Past and Present:—

Whithorn! whoso in storied scrolls is wise
Thy name might touch him; but a place more bare
Of every charm to fix down roving eyes
In all my walks I knew not. Let me dare
To lift the oblivious veil of years; and see
The gay show floating round thy bannered walls,
With churchly pride and saintly ecstacy,
And anthems organed from rich cloistered halls,
And mighty kings and queens and warriors bold
Forward to crook proud knees on thy grey stones,
And heap their vows, and spend their hoarded gold
For the dear grace to kiss St. Ninian's bones;
What pomp and now what paleness! but did men
Live nobler lives, or work more wisely then?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FROM WHITHORN TO GLENLUCE, STRANRAER, KIRKMAIDEN, AND PORTPATRICK.

FROM Whithorn we proceed to Glenluce. On the way there are several places and objects of antiquarian interest which would well repay a visit. Scarcely a mile from Whithorn there is a Roman Camp, situated to the west of the public road from Whithorn to Port-William, on the farm of Rispain. Sir Herbert Maxwell, in his very interesting and informative romance, *A Duke of Britain*, gives a vivid imaginary picture of the Roman Camp on the slopes of Rispain, as it would have appeared on a summer's night in the year 397. Many of the characters which the author has introduced into the novel are well known historical personages. In his narrative describing the Roman occupation—the stern discipline enforced on the Roman soldier, and the determined spirit of the Scots and Picts, grim fighters with arrows and sling stones in defence of their lacustrine dwellings—he has "avoided turning truth into travesty to serve the purpose of romance." We are supposed to have received from the lieutenant on duty the password "Aquileia," and with the author we stroll through the slumbering camp, and mark how it is laid out.

"It is a square space of gently sloping ground, surrounded by an immense fosse, fully nine feet deep and twelve feet wide, within which a high earthen rampart has been piled, grass-grown, but mown with scrupulous precision, and surrounded by a formidable palisade of sharpened stakes painted white. Along this rampart runs a path on which a line of sentries pace incessantly to and fro. Each face of the rampart is pierced by a gateway, of which the heavy oaken doors are now closely shut and barred. The prætorian or principal gate faces the north; for as that is the direction whence an enemy is most likely to approach, it constitutes what in military parlance is known as 'the front.' Between the two gates in the flank walls runs a broad open space, trodden bare by frequent parades, and dividing the camp into two equal parts, upper and lower. The upper camp is filled with rows of tents, which, covered with leather, artificially whitened,

glisten clear in the moonlight. Some of these are the officers' quarters; in the rest is lodged part of a Roman cohort. The large square tent in front of the centre of these tents is the prætorium, or lodging of the commanding officer. In the lower camp the ground is partly occupied by the tents of the cohort, and partly by wooden huts and circular booths of branches, in which the native levies are quartered under their own officers. Under the western rampart are picketed the horses of a small body of cavalry. Altogether within the limits of the camp there is space provided for 600 or 700 Roman soldiers and as many native troops, but at the present season about half this number are absent on detachment through the country."

The Camp is in fairly good preservation, and commands an extensive prospect of the surrounding country.

Port William is a clean, pleasant little town situated on the eastern shores of Luce Bay. It was founded about the year 1770, by Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, after whom it was named, and is distant about eight miles from Whithorn. It is a place of some importance, with a branch Bank, several good shops, and a harbour with a considerable coasting trade. The Board schools and churches, which are airy and commodious, are sufficient to meet the educational and spiritual requirements of the town and neighbourhood. There are also two good comfortable hotels in the village, and a bowling green of large dimensions. The coast scenery in the vicinity—particularly Monreith Bay—is of the most attractive description. The climate is mild and healthy; the beach, easily accessible, affords excellent sea-bathing. Boats can also be had on hire, and as a quiet, agreeable summer residence Port William has many attractions to those in search of health and recreative holidays. Within recent years several elegant houses and villas have been erected in the vicinity of the village.

The mansion-house of Monreith is distant about a mile inland from Port William. It is an elegant and spacious edifice, in a pleasant situation overlooking the white loch of Myrtoun, on the banks of which also stand, amidst a clump of trees, the ruins of the old castle of the M'Cullochs. The waters of this loch, according to Symson, who wrote in 1684, were famous for their bleaching and body-curing properties; but in the present day their virtues appear to be held in little esteem. In the park and policies of Monreith, which are extensive and beautiful, there are many shady woodland glades and "monarchs of the wood," among which old Evelyn or Gilpin would

have delighted to wander. In front of the house there stands a carved stone cross. It was brought there about eighty years ago from the Court Hill above the Dowies, or old house of Moure (the original house of Monreith) but probably came originally from Whithorn, or the old church of Kirkmaiden in the vicinity. It resembles the cross at Kirkinner already described.*

The Maxwells of Monreith are descended from a branch of the Carlaverock family—the Earls of Nithsdale. History records that Edward Maxwell of Tinwald, second son of Herbert Maxwell of Carlaverock had a charter of the barony of Monreith in 1481, and since then the estate has been possessed by the Maxwells. At various periods members of the family have taken a prominent position in the country's history.

In the Peninsular Wars Captain James Maxwell acted a distinguished part in many important military operations. Sir William Maxwell, as Lieut.-Colonel 26th Cameronians, lost a leg at Corunna, and in China and other parts of the world other members of the family, particularly Sir Murray Maxwell, Knight and C.B., distinguished themselves in the military and naval services. In the struggle for civil and religious freedom during the 17th century, John Maxwell, along with several other Galloway lairds, took a leading part. He, with Major John M'Culloch of Barholm, John and Robert Gordon of Knockbrex, Neilson of Corsock, and others, took part in the unfortunate engagement at Rullion Green, where the Covenanters were defeated by General Dalziel in November, 1666. Major M'Culloch, the Gordons of Knockbrex, and Neilson of Corsock were taken prisoners and hanged in Edinburgh. John Maxwell, who had made many narrow escapes, was not captured. According to a family tradition, "the young laird of Monreith, when he saw the day was irretrievably lost, turned his horse's head for home, and rode without

* "Standing in front of Monreith House there is what I most of all wanted to see—a tall stone cross. As a perfect specimen of what seems to have been the conventional West Galloway type, this cross is interesting and valuable, but the figure is not elegant, and the ornamentation is poor. Generally, its outline approximates to that of the ordinary Argyleshire cross, but nearer to the unique pattern of the Inveraray one than to any of the others in that country. Much like it, our Monreith one is a narrow oblong whinstone pillar, terminating in an oval-shaped disk, measuring in all 7 feet in height. The stem is 6 inches thick, and at its base and neck 12 inches broad; but, from a slight curve or eutasis on each side, increases to 14 inches at the middle. All the planes of the shaft are closely overspread with rows of a kind of ring ornament in low relief, but with the exception of a central boss, and four boss-bottomed cavities square-set around it, by way of giving the outline of a cross pattée to the field, the disk is quite bare. Such is, as nearly as in few words I can depict it, the Monreith Monolith; a memorial fashioned very probably during the earlier half of the sixteenth century, in honour of some one of the M'Cullochs, who were, from an early period till about 1690, proprietors of the place. Though neither in shape nor in ornature any way comparable to those of its class raised to the memory of Celtic chiefs and ecclesiastics in Western Scotland, it is a well-preserved remain of a local type, now rarely met with in any condition."—"The Lighthouse."

drawing bridle to the family mansion of the Moure. Great was the confusion his arrival occasioned. 'Harbour of rebels' entailed the direst penalties, and this was the place where he could least hope to remain undiscovered. With the greatest haste and precaution he had to be sent away from weeping wife and anxious mother. Where he went to it was desirable that none should know. The only mark of sympathy the father could show, without endangering the safety of all his family, was to exchange the horse to whose fleetness his son owed his life for a fresh one; and saying it had done its duty so well it should never carry saddle again, it was turned into a large paddock, and well cared for. The war-horse, still known in the district as 'Pentland,' unlike his unhappy master, lived to a green old age, and became the sire of a progeny long famous in the 'shire' for their mettle."* For the part John Maxwell had taken in the "Pentland rising" he had to flee for his life, and was hotly pursued through various parts of the kingdom. On a subsequent occasion, "to escape from some soldiers in Edinburgh, he darted down a close and into a 'change-house,' where the landlady locked him into a meal girnel (chest). The soldiers came and hunted every corner of the house in vain. They vowed the fugitive had entered it; but, baffled in their pursuit, they called for drink, and sat down to discuss it. One of them sat on the top of the meal-chest within which Maxwell lay hid. 'I wadna say,' cried he, 'but yon bloody Whig is in this vera kist. Guidwife, gie's the key till we see for oorsells.' The landlady was equal to the occasion. Going to the foot of the stairs she called up 'Jeanie, lass, rin awa an' ask the gudeman for the key o' the girnel, till we see if a Whig can lie in the meal an' no gie a hoast wi't.'" † The soldiers laughed, finished their liquor, and went off, and Maxwell, after many such hairbreadth escapes, reached Ireland, where he found a safe retreat from his persecutors, and died there in 1688. Major Stewart Maxwell, as an officer of Artillery, was engaged in active fighting during the Peninsular War; but his name has come down to us more as associated with the authorship of *The Battle of the Bridge*, or *Pisa Defended*, a poem in ten cantos, of which the first edition appeared, under the title of *Chinzica*, in 1821, and the second in 1823, bearing the former title.

Dr Thomas Murray in his *Literary History of Galloway* gives an interesting biographical sketch of the career of Major Maxwell, who

* "Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway."

† "History of Dumfries and Galloway," by Sir Herbert E. Maxwell.

Herbert Maxwell

was born at New Abbey on 23rd January, 1783. His father, Captain James Maxwell, was the youngest son of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, and Lady Jane Montgomery, daughter of the ninth Earl of Eglington. Referring to the poem, *The Battle of the Bridge*, the biographer remarks:—"Major Maxwell was possessed of great power in concentrating his faculties on any subject in which he took a deep interest. He composed fifty or sixty verses of the poem one forenoon, on his way from London, on the top of the mail coach. In the Peninsula, even amid the noise of the camp, he composed a poem of as great length as the one he afterwards published; but having lost the manuscript he did not submit to the drudgery of re-writing it. *The Battle of the Bridge*, says Dr Murray, is a performance of extraordinary merit, particularly when we take into account the disadvantages under which, from the limited nature of his early education, and his being so long engaged in active service the author laboured. His powers of description are eminent; and the invariable impression on the mind of the reader is, that, while the author could be no stranger to the scenes and objects which he so luminously places before him, he had viewed their features with a poet's eye, and felt their influence with a poet's heart." The book has long been out of print and is now very scarce and valuable.

In the year 1681, William Maxwell of Monreith was created a Baronet of Nova Scotia. The present proprietor of Monreith, Sir Herbert Eustace Maxwell, Baronet, is a worthy representative of the ancient and honourable house. Sir Herbert is the seventh Baronet, and the eldest surviving son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel William Maxwell, who died in 1877, when Sir Herbert succeeded to the title and estate. From his youth the subject of this sketch showed literary and antiquarian tastes. He had also a natural turn for drawing, and the illustration of the Norman Arch at Whithorn, which he kindly and considerately contributed to the first edition of "The Rambles" in 1876, and which is reproduced in this edition, shows that painstaking and careful drawing of details, which he has continued to practice in all his archæological studies. Though Sir Herbert has always been a diligent student of the interesting remains of past ages, he never lost sight of the claims which the present had on him as a county gentleman. He was always alive to duty, and though he did not, like so many of his ancestors, adopt the military service as a profession, he joined as a subaltern the Royal Scots Fusiliers Militia, and served twenty-one years with the local regiment, retiring with the rank of

Lieut-Colonel in the year 1887. As Convener of the county of Wigtown, a Justice of the Peace, and as chairman of many local bodies, Sir Herbert has taken a great interest in county affairs. As member of Parliament of the county from 1880 to 1906, he shared the complete confidence of his constitutents, whether Conservative or Liberal. Sir Herbert in all the many important offices which he filled, as chairman, convener, or director of a variety of Select Committees, Royal Commissions, and Commercial Companies, has shown remarkable energy, and great business capacity, but the marvel is how, with all these concerns on his mind, he has been able to accomplish so much valuable and interesting literary work. The note of Sir Herbert's career has certainly been its versatility, combined with untiring industry. For many years he has devoted a great part of his leisure hours to the study of archæological and antiquarian research. In the year 1885, he, along with the late Cochran Patrick, M.P., were the prime movers in establishing the *Ayrshire and Galloway Archæological Association*, and the illustrated works published by the association, under Sir Herbert's supervision as editor, did a great deal to promote the objects of archæology in Ayrshire and Galloway. Though the bent of Sir Herbert's mind appears to be the study of antiquities, history, and place names; as an essayist, and contributor of articles to magazines, a variety of subjects have claimed his attention. In *Meridiana, Noontide Essays*, he writes clearly, and criticises soundly when occasion arises. Whether thoughtful and meditative, grave and gay, humourous and sarcastic, he is always readable and entertaining. It has been said that "a man's power in literature, as in everything else, is best judged by his accomplishment." Judged by this standard Sir Herbert Maxwell, by his many and varied published works, has attained a high position in the literary world of our day.

All Gallovidians, as well as his "brither Scots," all the world over, are proud of the literary achievements of the accomplished Baronet of Monreith. We give in a footnote a list of Sir Herbert's principal publications.*

Viewed from Monreith policies the Fell of Barhullion is a con-

* "Studies in the Topography of Galloway," 1887; "A Duke of Britain," "Passages in the Life of Sir Lucian Elphin," 1889; "The Art of Love," 1889; "The Letter of the Law," 1890; "Meridiana, Noontide Essays," 1892; "Life of the Right Honourable W. H. Smith," 1893; "Scottish Land Names," 1894; "Post Meridiana, Afternoon Essays," 1895; "Rainy Days in a Library," 1896; "A History of Dumfriesshire and Galloway," 1896; "A Duke of Britain," 1897; "Sixty years a Queen," 1897; "Memoirs of the Months," 1897; "Robert the Bruce," 1897; "Memoirs of the Honourable Charles Murray, K.C.B.," 1898; "Salmon and Sea Trout," 1898; "A History of the House of Douglas" (2 vols.); "The Creevey Papers (2 vols.); "The Chevalier of the Splendid Crest" (3 editions); "The Books of the Months;" "British Freshwater Fishes," 1904; "The Story of the Tweed," 1905; "The Scalacronica of Sir T. Gray," 1907.

spicuous object in the landscape. It is 450 feet high, and near the summit of the Fell there are the outlines of a circular camp, consisting of a dyke of earth and stones. In connection with this hill Sir Andrew Agnew in *The Hereditary Sheriffs*, tells the following amusing story:—"Colonel Maxwell of Monreith lost a bet for a considerable sum, but under circumstances sufficiently suspicious to warrant him to decline payment until the matter was referred to arbitration. The case was considered by a committee of the Caledonian Hunt and given against him, he considering himself the victim of sharp practice, and vowing revenge. In pursuance of this plan, the person to whom he had lost was invited to Monreith, he having the unenviable reputation, rightly or wrongly, of systematically keeping his head cool, and profiting at high play by the signs of companions more careless than himself.

The roof-tree of Monreith rang with merriment; the wine passed freely, and the Colonel indulged in tall talk, and seemed playing into the hands of his guest, who was on the watch to get him to back his reckless assertions. The opportunity offered. The Colonel asserted that from a hill close by we could any clear day see five kingdoms. The gambler betted him a £100 that he could not. The Colonel closed, making the reservation that the old kingdom of Man was one of these. To this, after a rapid mental calculation, the guest agreed, his great anxiety being to have the bet booked forthwith, and the company present named the judges. On a fine clear morning Colonel Maxwell led the party to the top of Barhullion, and proceeded to business. 'Here,' he said, pointing below, 'is the kingdom of Scotland'; 'good, said his friends.' 'To the west is Ireland'; 'good again.' 'Eastward you see St. Bee's Head, there's England'; 'right.' 'And south there's the Isle of Man;" 'agreed.' A long pause ensued, the wagerer mentally discounting his cheque. At last, chuckling, he said—'Well, my friend, and how about the fifth?' The Colonel looked him steadily in the face, then slowly and solemnly raising his hand, said—'Look aboon ye, man; there's the kingdom of Heaven, and maybe ye'll never be nearer it.'

The laugh that followed was not shared by the wagerer. He refused to see it, and formally declined to accept the unanimous verdict of the company. At last it was agreed to refer the matter to a committee as before, whose decision this time was in the Colonel's favour. The biter was bit."

The Clachan of Myrtoun is also in the vicinity. At the present day it exists only in name, but in ancient times it was a place of some

note. It was attached to the old Castle of Myrtoun, and in 1504 James IV. erected the place into a burgh of barony for the purpose of furnishing accommodation for the refection and lodging of the pilgrims when visiting Whithorn. A short distance from the Clachan are the standing-stones of Myrtoun. There is no carving of any kind on them. One of them is prostrate, the other two stand about ten feet high.

The ruins of the old church of Kirkmaiden, in a lonely and romantic situation on the shore, not far from Monreith, are also an interesting object of antiquity. "It is," says the Rev. Samuel Clanaghan, in the *Statistical Account*, "scarcely possible to conceive that a church could be placed in a more romantic situation. It is indeed a beautiful sequestered spot, but never could have been a convenient situation for a church, for it lies in a corner where even now the population is small, and must have been much smaller in those times when it was frequented as a place of worship."* The little churchyard is near by, and within the walls of the old church the Maxwells of Monreith have their burial-place.

On the way to Glenluce a *detour* to the Mochrum Lochs, the scenery of which is considered the finest in Wigtownshire, and the ancient tower or castle called the Old Place of Mochrum, situated at the east end of one of these lochs, would be thoroughly enjoyed. "The Old Place," writes the Rev. Alexander Young in the *Statistical Account*, "formerly belonged, together with a considerable estate contiguous to it, to an ancient family of the name of Dunbar, who resided in it, and were created knights of Mochrum about a century ago, and still enjoy that title." Sir William Dunbar of Mochrum, present and seventh baronet,

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* "The church is a not greatly ruined oblong, interiorly 38 feet in length, divided at its east end by a rude and rudely-rounded arch of slates from an extensively rebuilded compartment, which was probably the chancel. The west elevation and side walls of the ruined division are pretty entire, and apparently antique, though to judge from the character of what is still preserved of the detail, they cannot be of any great age. Near to the west end of the south elevation is a broken doorway, which seems to have been topped by a plain level-edged arch either of circular or obtuse-pointed form; and eastward of it are two equally wasted windows of small size—the only ones in the building; the north and west walls, as it is not unusually the case in small Scotch churches bleakly exposed, being left blank.

"The burying-ground, now not much used, is a weird-looking place, full of stones, some of which are evidently ancient, though, with the exception of one lying within the church, none have carvings upon them. Unfortunately this bedecked specimen is only a fragment, which had been either the uppermost or undermost panel of a slab nearly two feet in width. Square-set upon it, and wholly covering one of its faces, are four braided circles, fashioned much alike those on stones of memorial in Argyle, though, in the breadth of the folds, more resembling the ribbon-like pattern of Cumbrian examples.

"Before ending my talk about this odd-looking spot, I should just mention another rarity belonging to it. Standing against the outside of the church, and immediately west of its entrance, there is a rude bench, two feet in height, regarding the purpose of which it would be interesting to gain information. It is solidly built of two tiers or courses of not very large cubical stones, overlaid by a thick tapering *mensa*, 4 feet in length, and 18 inches broad at its broader extremity. Was it a stand for the alms-dish, or the holy-water basin, or a louping-on-stane; or what?"—"The Lighthouse."

Old Place of Mochrum. James Faed, Senr.

is the representative of the ancient family, but "The Old Place" now belongs to the Marquis of Bute, by whom it has been restored. Symson, in 1684, calls Mochrum "a good house, standing in the moors towards Kirkcowand, between two lochs." "One portion of the old castle," says the author of *Lands and their Owners in Galloway*, "is evidently of much greater antiquity than the others. The least ancient portion must have been built between 1474 and 1500, by Sir John Dunbar (one of the sons of Sir Alexander Dunbar of Westfield, hereditary Sheriff of Morayshire). His initials, I.D., and his arms, which denote him to have sprung from the Randolph or Moray Dunbars, are still to be found on the walls, and a still older coat of arms of the March Dunbars on the oldest portion of the castle." On Mochrum Fell, about one and a half miles from the castle, the remains of a vitrified fort may be seen.

After a lengthened and extremely pleasant ramble among the lochs, moors, and fells of Mochrum, we leave them behind and continue our journey by a country road, which reaches the highway from Wigtown near the farm of Garheugh, where there are the remains of a large Cairn, named Cairn Buy, supposed to be from the Gaelic "Cairn Buaigh"—"The Cairn of Victory." In the district which lies between Mochrum Fell and the Bay of Luce there are the remains of numerous cairns, motes and forts; which, to those of antiquarian tastes, are of great interest. On the farms of Chippermore and Corwall there are stone circles similar to those we described at Torhouse. A short distance from Garheugh, where the coast is rocky with towering cliffs, we cross the Craignarget burn; which, for part of its course, is the boundary between the parishes of Mochrum and Glenluce. Craignarget farmhouse, which is near by, is associated with an ancient ballad, of which the heroine is "Fair Margaret of Craignarget." From this point the road runs close to the shore of Auchenmalg bay, and after passing Auchenmalg and Challochmun farms we take the road to the left, which leads to the ruins of Castle Synniness. It lies to the north of Auchenmalg bay, the coast of which is rugged and impressive. The precipices of Synniness (Seveno's Ness, or headland), rise perpendicularly from the sea to a height of about 100 feet. The ruins are situated near the farmstead of Synniness, close to the brow of a headland overlooking the sea. Quoting from historical records, we find that the property belonged originally to the monastery of Glenluce, and that its history is almost identical with that of Carscreuch. In 1752 it belonged to Alex. Vans of Barnbarroch, and five

years thereafter it passed to the Kennedies, when Alexander Kennedy was owner and built a residence on it "about a mile distant from Luce Bay." In 1669 the Dalrymples of Stair had acquired the property, the representative of whose family is now the owner. As will be seen from the drawing by Mr J. S. Fleming, only a fragment remains of what Symson, in 1684, describes "as a good stone house

SYNNINESS CASTLE, GLENLUCE. J. S. Fleming, F.S.A.

standing near the sea on a promontory." On the coast a short distance to the north of the Castle, there are the remains of a small Fort. In the stirring and eventful times of the "Free Trade" on the Solway coast, Luce Bay was notorious for its smuggling activity, and many tales still linger with the old residenters in the district of the daring of the "dare-devils" of these old times. At Auchenmalg Bay there are the remains of a house that was used as a barracks by the Custom

House Officers, and on Synniness Head the ruins of what was used as a Watch Tower by the officers is still to be seen. To those desirous of obtaining full information in regard to those smuggling times on the Galloway coast, our readers are referred to a work on the subject, just published, by J. Maxwell Wood, M.B., editor of "The Gallovidian." Leaving these ancient relics of antiquity we saunter along the shore, fanned by the invigorating sea breezes, and soon reach a cosy little harbour on the coast, known as Stairhaven, or "The Crow's Nest." From here we take the road which leads to the highway to Glenluce, near Milton farm, and continuing our journey we pass on our left Barlockart loch, in which many years ago a Crannog was discovered. Strolling leisurely along, after our long and interesting ramble, we reach, as the sun is waning in the west, the village of Glenluce, where we rest awhile before taking train for Stranraer.

Glenluce is a tidy thriving village of some 2100 inhabitants. It is finely situated near the romantic Lady Burn glen. Towards the railway station many of the houses are old-fashioned and of no recent date, but in the main street there are some handsome two-storey buildings, several shops of various descriptions, two excellent hotels, with every comfort and convenience for the traveller, a branch bank, and Post and Telegraph office. The educational and spiritual wants of the inhabitants are also sufficiently provided for. The bowling green, in a pleasant situation near the village, affords a pleasant pastime, and in summer evenings it is well frequented. The Wigtownshire golf course, laid out at considerable expense, which is also at no great distance, has become a very popular resort, and is a great attraction to visitors. As a summer resort for the tourist the district has also many attractions. A number of walks round Glenluce are of the most delightful description. To the archæologist, the antiquarian, the botanist, and the artist, they are alike interesting. Park Old House, situated on a hill-top, about a quarter of a mile from Glenluce, is an interesting relic of a past age. It is said to have been built of materials taken from Glenluce Abbey, of which Thomas Hay of Park was commendator in the year 1559. He married a daughter of Kennedy of Bargany, and their son Thomas Hay, who was married to Janet, daughter of Uchtred M'Dowall of Garthland, built the mansion in 1590. Symson in 1684, describes the house as "a pleasant dwelling on a level height in midst of a little wood on west side of the Luce." The house as it now stands, as will be seen from Mr Fleming's illustration, is a lofty turreted edifice, with high pitched roof and crow-stepped gables, and is a type of

sixteenth century architecture. It is still in good preservation, and was lately occupied. Above the principal entrance there is an inscription as follows:—"Blessed be the name of the Lord. This work was begun this first day of March, 1590, by Thomas Hay of Park and Janet Macdovel, his spouse." The walk of four miles by the road leading past Barlockart moor, to Whitefield loch, in which there has been traced the remains of Lake Dwellings, will also be enjoyed by

PARK OLD HOUSE. J. S. Fleming, F.S.A.

the rambler. In the vicinity of the Loch is seen Craigenvoch Castle, a spacious and imposing edifice. It was erected some years ago by Admiral Sir John C. Dalrymple Hay, Bart., formerly of Dunragit, who has made such extensive improvements on the estate that what was practically a stretch of moorland has been converted into a "smiling scene of gardens and shrubbery, brightened by a picturesque expanse of water in front of the Castle." Mr James Faed, artist and engraver, was formerly proprietor of Craigenvoch, and we can still

GLENLUCE ABBEY. James Faed, Senr.

recall with pleasure Mr Faed's generous hospitality, on our visiting him when rambling in this district in the year 1875; and how we were then impressed with the beautiful situation of the old house and its picturesque surroundings. There are also many inviting and interesting walks along the coast and merse lands.

The ruins of Glenluce Abbey are our next point of interest. They stand about one and a half miles north-west of the village of Glenluce on the left bank of the river Luce. The old monks had always a keen eye alike to the picturesque and the useful. Their establishments were invariably placed on sites chosen for their fertility and beauty, and Glenluce is no exception to the rule. It is in a quiet, secluded, and very attractive spot. The remains of the Abbey cover an acre of ground, and give distinct indications of ancient vastness and grandeur. The chapter-house still stands entire, and the other remains, some of the arches and pillars being curiously sculptured, are very perfect.

"The entrance to the Chapter House is through a semicircular-headed doorway, and by three descending steps the floor is reached two feet below the level of the walk. It is an exact square of 24 feet, and the central column composed of eight half-round shafts—four plain and four filleted—with small beads between, is 11 feet 2 inches high to the top of the abacus, and two feet in diameter. The whole height of the room to the points of the vaulting ribs is 17 feet. The vaulting is quadripartite, the ribs resting on the central column, and in corbels in the walls. The bosses at the intersections in the two eastmost compartments bear shields with coats of arms—one being the Lion of Scotland within a tressure, and surmounted by a crown, and the other the Crowned Lion of the Province of Galloway. The other intersections bear floriated flowers like roses on the bosses. Though very few of the details taken by themselves will bear to be tried by a high standard, the Chapter House, as a whole, is a very beautiful and finely-proportioned room. The writers who at different times have recorded their observations of the ruins are—Symson in 1684, Pococke in 1760, Grose in 1789, and the Rev. Mr Learmont in the *Old Statistical Account*. Symson had apparently little knowledge of the subject, and his description is very loose. Pococke was better informed, and shows that he was speaking of matters with which he was acquainted. Grose's sketches are drawn with much intelligence and fidelity, and show the ruins very much as they are in our own day. The south transept, with its high pitched gable, and the south wall of the choir, appear to have suffered little change. Of the conventual buildings, the Chapter House only is shown entire. That seems to have been pretty much the condition of things in 1760. Grose makes several mistakes which, with a better knowledge of the subject, he would have avoided. He shows very prominently on the choir wall the 'thack gate' of the aisle roof, as if it had been for a *pointed* or 'span,' and not for a pent or 'lean-to' roof, as it really was, and as the 'thack gate' coping, yet distinctly visible, shows it to have been. His description is still more inaccurate where he speaks of

the remains as consisting, among others, of 'two high gables of the *western* part of the church.' The parts shown in his own views, as already mentioned are the eastern parts, such as the south transept gable and the south wall of the choir, and these are the only high walls that could have been standing in his day; he mentions a high gable as having been thrown down by a storm 'some few years ago.' The ruins a little to the south east of the monastery are doubtless those of the Abbot's Lodge, but there form cannot now be made out. The gardens and orchards are said to have extended to 12 acres, and to have been one of the sights of the west. From the level and rich appearance of the glebe land in the immediate vicinity, this statement may be readily believed. Four centuries of garden cultivation would naturally enrich the soil, increase its capabilities of production, and leave traces of such cultivation for ages afterwards.

The materials for any adequate historical notice of this Abbey are of the scantiest and most meagre description. Its register has long been lost; and its sequestered situation, far from the centre of public life of the time, is doubtless the reason why contemporary notices occur only at very wide intervals. The names of only a very few of what must have been a long line of Abbots have come down to us. The *Vallis Lucis* ('Valley of Light') is a valley of darkness, for nearly three hundred years, to the historical inquirer."*

The Abbey was founded in the year 1190 by Roland, Lord of Galloway, for Cistercian monks, a reformed order of Benedictines, brought from Melrose. The Cistercians were a religious order formed at Citeaux, nearly one hundred years before, in 1096. They acquired great celebrity, and had 11 Abbeys and 7 Nunneries in Scotland, including Dundrennan and Sweetheart in the Stewartry. The names of very few of the Abbots have come down to our time. The *Chronicle of Melrose* gives an account of them from 1212, when William was Abbot, till 1289. Subsequent to 1488 Walter was sent to Scotland by John Duke of Albany. The most notable personages connected with the Abbey were Cuthbert Baillie, who was lord treasurer of Scotland. He died in 1514. Laurence Gordon, son to Alexander, Bishop of Galloway and Archbishop of Athens, was likewise an abbot of this place. He died in 1610, and was succeeded by his brother, John Gordon, Dean of Salisbury, who gave the monastery, with his only child Louise, on her marriage to Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstoun, from whom it was purchased by the king in 1613, and annexed to the Bishoprick of Galloway. Sir John Dalrymple, younger of Stair, had sasine of the Lordship of Glenluce, in June, 1678; and his father, Sir James Dalrymple of Stair, President of the Court of Session, was created Lord

* "Glenluce Abbey," by David Henry, "in Archæological and Historical Collections of Ayrshire and Galloway," Vol. v.

Glenluce, 21st April, 1690.* The famous Michael Scott's name is also associated in some way with this Abbey, and, according to a legend, his magical library is still existing underneath a particular part of the ruins.

The ruins of Carsecreuch, the old family mansion of the Dalrymples of Stair, are about four miles from Glenluce. The house was situated in a desolate moor, and as old Symson quaintly says, "might have

THE RUINS OF CARSCREUCH. J. S. Fleming, F.S.A.

been more pleasant if it had been a more pleasant place." Messrs M'Gibbon and Ross in their work on *Castellated Architecture* treat the existing square tower as part of the "stately house" erected by James Dalrymple about the year 1650, which, on leaving Balneil he made his residence. But Mr J. S. Fleming, F.S.A., is of opinion that it is a much older erection than the other parts of the building so designated. We also take this view and consider that when James

*"Land and their Owners in Galloway," pp. 174, 175.

Dalrymple "rebuilt the mansion house on Caresecreuch" the old tower must have been taken into the design and that it was joined to it probably with some necessary alterations. It is of a type, says Mr Fleming "of an earlier period, has walls three feet thick and built of the commonest rubble, while the other buildings built of a better class of stone, have walls not exceeding two feet in thickness, and clearly of finer work." The tower measures about 16 by 15 feet outside its walls. It is three storeys in height, the floors are gone and the narrow circular stair-case is six feet in diameter, and its walls only 18 inches thick. In the history of the Stair family this is an ill-omened old dwelling. Mr Murray Graham in *Annals and Correspondence of the Viscount and First and Second Earls of Stair*, after relating the sad circumstances in which John the second Earl, born in 1673, succeeded to the titles and estates, says—"The fate of Nemesis which, in the midst of their worldly prosperity, was popularly supposed to track the footsteps of the rising family of Dalrymple, seemed to have selected the house of Carsecreuch, where some years before Janet Dalrymple, (the Lucy Ashton of Scott's novel of *The Bride of Lammermoor*) was married to Dunbar, as the scene of its inflictions. Before the end of the century, after the acquisition by Sir John Dalrymple of the fine estate and mansion of Castle-Kennedy, Carsecreuch was deserted, and allowed to go to ruin."

From Glenluce, we proceed by train to Stranraer, where the tourist tarrying for a few days will find many pleasant excursions in the neighbourhood.

The line between Glenluce and Stranraer passes through a rich agricultural track of country, and commands, at several points, lovely prospects of the bay of Luce; and as we approach Stranraer a pretty peep is obtained of nearly the whole extent of Loch Ryan bay. There are two intervening stations—Dunragit, near which is an extensive creamery, is first reached. From the train is seen the entrance lodge, and finely timbered avenue leading to Dunragit House, a peep of which, embowered among old stately trees on a rising ground, is obtained. It is said that the mansion house was built originally by Cuthbert Baillie of Lamington and Lord High Treasurer, when he was Commendator of Glenluce Abbey about 1494; but, as Mr J. S. Fleming observes in an article in the *Gallovidian*, "the earliest parts of the present mansion do not indicate an age beyond the end of the seventeenth century, and the facade and front are an hundred years later." In 1682 the property was in the possession of a member of the Stair

family. In 1783 John Dalrymple of Dunragit, on his marrying Susannah, only daughter of Sir Thomas Hay, third Baronet of Park, and heir of her brother Sir Thomas, fourth Baronet, upon inheriting whose property in 1794, he assumed the name of Hay. In the year 1861 Admiral Sir John C. Dalrymple Hay, Bart., succeeded to the estate on the death of his father, and about thirty years ago the property was purchased by the present proprietor, Mr John Charles Cuninghame. Leaving Dunragit, a run of a few minutes brings

DUNRAGIT HOUSE. J. S. Fleming, F.S.A.

us to Castle-Kennedy Station, where we alight for a ramble through the grounds and policies of Castle-Kennedy, the property of Lord Stair, the representative of a very ancient and distinguished family. Mention of the Dalrymples of Stair is made in a charter of Robert II. in the year 1371. In the annals of our country they have, from the earliest times, played a prominent part. Several members of the family, by the exercise of their natural talents, attained to positions of great dignity and power in the kingdom. As the friends and promoters of civil and religious liberty, and among the first in the country to adopt the reformed faith, their names stand in the history as prominent representatives. The most

noteworthy member of the distinguished race was James Dalrymple, Lord President of the Court of Session. Of his transcendent mental powers and versatile talents, Sir Walter Scott thus wrote in his introduction to the *Bride of Lammermoor*—"It is well known that the family of Dalrymple, which has produced within the space of two centuries as many men of talent, civil and military, and of literary, political, and professional eminence, as any house in Scotland, first rose into distinction in the person of James Dalrymple, one of the most eminent lawyers that ever lived." He was born at Drummurchie, in the parish of Barr, Ayrshire, in May, 1619, and received his elementary education at the school of Mauchline, in his native county—when fourteen years of age he proceeded to the College of Glasgow, and there took the degree of A.M. in 1637. On leaving the University he entered the army, and soon rose to the rank of captain in the Earl of Glencairn's regiment. But possessed of a natural turn for science and literature, and having, while at College, attained to great eminence in these pursuits, he left the army for a sphere more congenial to the proper cultivation of his literary genius and tastes. A vacancy having occurred in the University of Glasgow at the time his regiment happened to be stationed in the City, it is a well authenticated tradition* that Stair presented himself as a candidate for the office of Regent in the University of Glasgow, in the buff and scarlet of his regiment, and, unacademical as was his appearance, distanced all competitors, and secured the chair. For some time after his appointment, he retained his commission in the army; and, though this was a singular union of offices, it was allowed on all hands that the young Professor was an equally learned and successful teacher.

In 1643 he married Margaret Ross, the heiress of Balneil, who also possessed the residence of Carsecreuch, to which in vacation times he delighted to repair. He held the Professor's chair for about six years, but the bent of his mind had been for some time directed to the law as a profession. His leisure hours had been assiduously devoted to its study, and at the end of the session, 1647, he resigned his appointment as Professor, and entered advocate at the Scottish Bar on the 7th February, 1648. In his new profession he soon attracted attention, and obtained distinction in consequence both of his natural abilities and application. Before he was ten years at the bar he had arrived at the summit of his profession by being elevated to the bench, and his name

* "Forbes's Journal and Memoir of 1st Viscount Stair," by Æ. J. G. Mackay, 1873.

First Viscount Stair.

for talents, legal knowledge, and integrity was not surpassed, if equalled, by any of his contemporaries. On the death of Lord Craigmiller, in January, 1671, he was appointed President of the Supreme Court in Scotland.

During the troublous times of the persecution of the Covenanters in Galloway, Lord Stair made a noble stand against the arbitrary proceedings of the Government. He was warmly attached to the reformed religion, but free from the bigotry and narrow-mindedness prevalent in his time; and his independent and upright conduct in opposing the despotic measures contained in the test act of Charles II., which conferred irresponsible power on the king in regard to matters civil and religious, caused him to be regarded with suspicion. Rather than sacrifice or compromise his principles he sent in his resignation to the king, and retired to his seat in Wigtownshire. But even there he had fears of being apprehended, Sir George Mackenzie advising him "that he could not guarantee him against prosecution if he remained in Scotland." So on the advice of his friends he withdrew to Holland, which in these days of persecution was "the place of the greatest common safety."

Lady Dalrymple of Stair remained at Carscreuch, where she managed her lord's affairs. She is represented in history as a high-minded woman, of great shrewdness, and energy of character. Her wit must also have been ready, if we may judge from this specimen that has come down to us. Graham of Claverhouse (commonly pronounced Clavers) was appointed Sheriff of Wigtownshire in 1682. On one occasion, when the persecutor had been inveighing against John Knox—"Weel, weel," she said "there is not after all so much difference between you and him, only he gained his point by 'clavers,' you gain yours by 'knocks.'"*

While abroad Lord Stair gained the friendship and confidence of the Prince of Orange, and had an important share in bringing about the revolution of 1688. He accompanied the Prince in his successful expedition, and was appointed by him to his former station of Lord President of the Court of Session on 1st September, 1689, and on the 1st May of the following year he ennobled him by the title of Lord Viscount Stair. He died on 25th November, 1695, and was buried in the High Church of Edinburgh. He was the author of several works, mostly relating to the Laws of Scotland, his most celebrated book being *The Institutions of the Laws of Scotland, deduced from its*

* "Murray's Literary History of Galloway," p. 155.

originals, and collated with the civil and feudal laws and with the customs of neighbouring nations.

His eldest son, Sir John, Viscount Stair, was King's Advocate in 1687, afterwards Secretary of State, and created Earl of Stair in 1703. He took an active part in promoting the Union, and was a distinguished Parliamentary orator and statesman. He died in 1707, and was succeeded by his eldest son, the celebrated Marshal Stair, whose illustrious services under the Duke of Marlborough at Ramilies and Malaplaquet, where he commanded the Scots Greys, and the part he took in the political proceedings of his day, are well known as recorded in history. When relieved of office, the Field-Marshal retired to Castle-Kennedy, and occupied his time, according to tradition, in laying out the grounds, and planting trees in a peculiar species of arrangement meant to express the position of the troops at the battle of Dettingen, in which he had played a prominent part. In the present day, Castle Kennedy is chiefly noticeable for the extent of its landscape gardening and Dutch terraces and slopes. They are of great extent, and unequalled by anything of the kind in the South of Scotland. Near the gate, by which we enter the spacious policies, there is a neat rustic cottage, and the avenue, which leads to the loch, abounds in charming prospects of picturesque clumps of trees, evergreen shrubs, and sloping grassy banks. On this beautiful day of October the brilliant autumnal tints of the trees and shrubs, mellowed greens of the lawns, and sunlit sparkling waters of the loch present a picture inviting to the artist—the umbrageous trees and shady nooks, backed by the venerable ruins of the Castle, only requiring the introduction of figures in picturesque costumes, and gay colours, to make a perfect Watteau picture.

From history we learn that in early times the Castle, as its name implies, was the residence of the Kennedys. A still older stronghold, said to have been built on an island, and possibly near where Castle Kennedy stands, known as "The Inch or Manor Place," was owned and inhabited by the Earls of Cassilis. The old Castle, situated on a tongue of land between the two lakes, known as Castle Kennedy, was built about the beginning of the 17th century. Symson, writing of it in 1684, states—"It hath also gardens and orchards, environed with the loch. In this loch there are two several sorts of trouts, the one blacker than the other, and each keep their own part of the loch. On the other side of the loch, towards the north-west, stands the Parish Kirk of Inch, situated in the loch, a little distance from the kirk. Within this little island, which is also planted with trees, is a little

Field-Marshall, Second Earl of Stair.

house built, into which the late Earl of Cassilis used to retire himself betwixt sermons, having a boat for that purpose, in which also he could be soon transported from Castle Kennedy to the Church, and so back again, the way from the kirk to the Castle by land being about a mile on either side of the loch." The Earls of Cassilis possessed great power in Wigtownshire and Ayrshire. Like the Douglasses of Threave in east Galloway their sway over these districts was supreme. They were recognised as "The Kings of Carrick."

In the reign of Charles II. Castle Kennedy and the adjacent lands passed to the renowned James Dalrymple, who was the first of the name to take up his abode in Galloway. About the year 1677 nearly all the lands in Galloway which belonged to the Kennedys were acquired by John Dalrymple, first Earl of Stair, Castle Kennedy, it is supposed, becoming at that time the family residence.

Having given a brief outline of the history of the old Castle, we now proceed to inspect the ruins. They are situated on a rising ground called the "Castle Hill," and as we wend our way thither, we, as the visitor cannot fail to do, admire the elegant and tasteful order in which the grounds are kept. The ivy-clad ruins, standing out in strong relief against the sky line, with the sparkling waters of the loch in the foreground, and vignetted in a framework of stately trees, are nowhere seen to greater advantage than from an opening in the woods a short distance up the avenue. To the artist the Castle's romantic site, and the natural beauty of the surrounding scenery, are attractive; but to the archæologist the ruins present very little of interest. Now only part of the walls, rising to a height of about 70 feet, remain of what must have been at one time a stately edifice. A few minutes' walk brings us from the old Castle to the new. It is called Lochinch Castle, and is a very extensive and imposing building in the baronial style of architecture, pleasantly situated on the margin of the White Loch. Up till 1867, when this Castle was occupied by Lord Stair, Culhorn, about a mile from Castle Kennedy, was the family residence.

The late Lord Stair was greatly respected by all classes in the town of Stranraer and district. He died in the year 1903, and was succeeded by his son, John Hew North Gustave Henry Hamilton Dalrymple, as eleventh Earl. As Viscount Dalrymple he served for some time as an officer of the Royal Horse Guards, and was Major and Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ayrshire Imperial Yeomanry. As Vice-Convener, a Deputy Lieutenant, and County Councillor of Wigtownshire, and as Chairman of Parish Councils, Lord Stair has

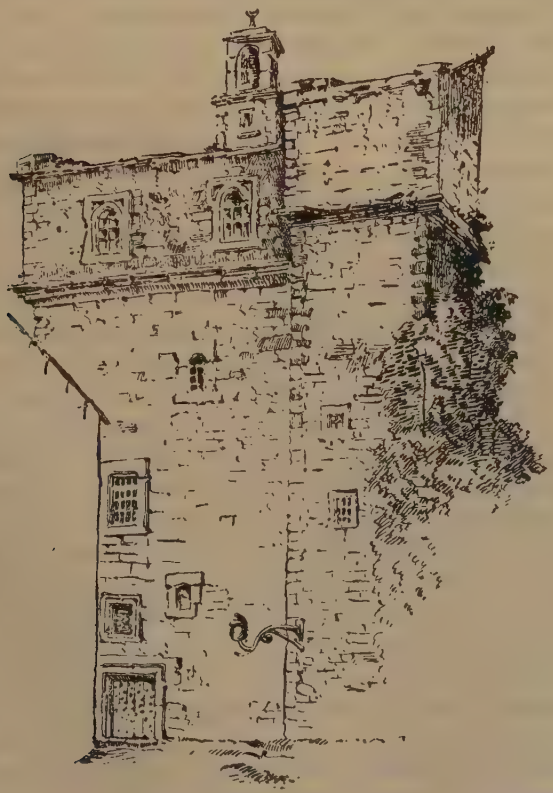
given a large portion of his time to the interests of the County. He has also interested himself in agricultural affairs, and "in the furtherance of schemes of public utility he has, on different occasions, rendered valuable assistance in the locality with which he is most closely associated."

With the citizens of Stranraer his Lordship has always been very popular, and they, following a custom which existed in ancient times, invited him, when Viscount Dalrymple, to fill the honourable position of Provost of the Royal Burgh. To this unanimous request, Lord Dalrymple would only agree on the condition that he should be allowed to enter the Council by the popular suffrages of the electors. This manly, straightforward course of passing through the ordeal of a contested election, was so thoroughly appreciated by the electors that Viscount Dalrymple was, in the year 1900, returned by a majority of 342 votes over the next highest candidate. He was thus enabled to take up the position of Provost with the knowledge that he did so on the strength of "an unequivocal public mandate."

From the grounds around Lochinch Castle there are prospects of the most pleasing description. The late Earl of Stair kept up the tradition of his ancestors in improving and embellishing the grounds. By judicious planting, and the formation of walks and drives through the demesne, he made Castle Kennedy one of the most beautiful, and attractive spots in Galloway. It is pleasing to observe that the present noble proprietor also takes an interest in improving the Estate and the grounds, and in the most liberal manner gives access to the public to view the grounds so many days of the week, a privilege which ought to be highly prized. Among the flower gardens, the Pinetum, and the far-famed avenue of *Auracaria Imbricata*—the Chili pine or monkey's puzzle—those who are interested in botanical pursuits might linger well pleased for hours. Sauntering on this beautiful day among the leafy shadows of the woods, which form a delicious shade in the summer or autumnal noon, we would fain prolong our ramble; but the short October day is waning far into the afternoon, and dusk with its grey mantle will be on us before we reach our destination, Stranraer, where we propose staying for the night.

The Royal Burgh of Stranraer is of considerable antiquity. In historical records it is first mentioned in connection with a little Chapel, erected by one of the Adairs in 1484, which was dedicated to St John. About this time the old Castle of Stranraer was also built near the Chapel and the place came to be known by the name of

Chappell, and is mentioned by that title in *Macfarlane's Geographical Collections*. About 1590, one of the Kennedies acquired the Castle of Stranraer and several mansions were built around the Chapel. So that in 1591, says the author of *The Hereditary Sheriffs*, "we find the rising town styled Clachane de Stranrawer;" in 1596, it becomes *Librum Burgum Regalium*. Within a few years of its formation Stranraer became quite a social centre, a knot of country lairds habitually frequented it. The laird of Garthland built a large town house; as also Quentin Agnew, the Sheriff's brother, as well as Sym of Larg, and the Kennedys of Chapell—John Kennedy of Creach being among its first Provosts, and cadets of the Agnews, M'Dowalls, and others among its bailies. In later years it is traditionally said that the George Hotel was one time the town house of the Earl of Stair. The square tower, still to be seen in good preservation in Stranraer,



CHAPEL CASTLE, STRANRAER. J. S. Fleming, F.S.A.

once styled the Manor Place, and for some time utilised as the jail of that town, was built by Ninian Adair. The town was raised to the rank of a Royal Burgh by King James in 1617, and from the privileges and liberties which it thus acquired the town grew rapidly in importance. It was the seat of trade for the district, and was the rendezvous for the herring-busses, and fishing craft, which frequented Loch Ryan. About 1677, the Hereditary Sheriff of Wigtown (Sir Andrew Agnew) being favourable to the Presbyterians was superseded in his office of Sheriff by the notorious Graham of Claverhouse, who took up his residence in the old Castle of Stranraer. After the Revolution settlement the town continued to grow and prosper. The author of the *Old Statistical Account of Scotland* says :—"In the year 1764 there were only two vessels belonging to the town, of 30 or 35 tons each ; but now (1794) the tonnage of the port is about 1200 tons, composed of vessels from 15 to 20 or 100 tons each. There is one of upwards of 150 tons. This shipping is generally employed in the different branches of the coasting trade and in the herring fishery. This last branch of trade was pushed with great success for many years, but for the last seven or eight years the inhabitants have been greatly discouraged for want of success. Last season only six or seven vessels went to the Highland fishery, and returned with very poor cargoes, some with only three or four barrels, and none with more than a quarter of a cargo. The herring in Loch Ryan was formerly very considerable. Boats and busses flocked thither in great numbers from every quarter, the inhabitants ef every description found enployment, and wealth poured in upon them. The fishery is now much decreased. The herrings make their appearance generally sometime in September, continue two or three months, appearing and disappearing at intervals. They yield a scanty and temporary supply to the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood. What is caught answers present demand, but could not be offered to sale in any foreign market." Since that date "the herring fishing revived, but has again declined," and at the present time it remains in the state described by the writer in the *Statistical Account.* Mr M'Ilwraith, the author of the *Guide to Wigtownshire*, writing in 1875, says:—At that date (1794) "large vessels anchored in the roadstead: those of lighter draught came in with the flood tide, and being left high and dry, discharged their cargoes of coals, lime, &c., in carts. Passengers by the steamer *Dumbarton Castle* were landed in small boats, and on the backs of men who waded in the water. About 1820, a jetty was formed, which

proved of great convenience, as it was accessible by the steamer and coasting craft at high water. In course of time the quay and breast-work were built, and the ocean thereby was prevented from invading the houses near the beach, as it had formerly done at spring-tides. The east pier, or railway pier, was formed in connection with the Portpatrick railway, which was opened in 1861." There is now regular daily communication and twice-a-day in summer by a turbine steamer between Scotland and Ireland, and on the departure and arrival of the steamer the pier-head presents a scene of great bustle and animation.

The town is finely situated in the south-west corner of Loch Ryan bay, nestling in a curve or ellipse around the quay and dock. Whether seen from the water or from the heights around, by which it is sheltered, the town has an exceedingly pleasing appearance. Some of its public buildings are handsome and commodious, and in the vicinity, chiefly on the eastward beach, there have been erected a considerable number of elegant villas, so situated as to command an extensive prospect of the bay and the surrounding country. Close to the quay road the quaint, battlemented old house of North-West Castle, at one

NORTH-WEST CASTLE, STRANRAER. J. S. Fleming, F.S.A.

time the residence of Sir John Ross, K.C.B., the Arctic explorer, who was born in the parish of Inch, is a conspicuous object in the view. In the principal streets of the town there are a number of imposing buildings, and excellent shops of all kinds. A weekly market, which is well attended by farmers and others, has been established in the town for many years and on the market day the town has a busy and cheerful aspect. The school buildings are also airy and commodious, and furnished with all the most modern requirements, and the civic rulers of the ancient Burgh have not been behind in introducing modern improvements, such as a good water supply and an extensive drainage system. In recent years considerable enterprise has also been shown in catering to the recreative tastes of the summer visitors. The town possesses an excellent bowling green, and the tennis courts are situated in an elevated part of the town overlooking the loch and Ailsa Craig. The golf course is near Loch Ryan, and a few minutes walk from the town. It is a good sporting course, players having to negotiate a burn three times besides a dam. A weekly newspaper, *The Galloway Advertiser and Free Press*, has been successfully conducted in the town since 1843. Considerable diversity of opinion prevails among etymologists with regard to the derivation of the name of Stranraer. According to popular belief the name is the *Strand raw*, or the row of houses on the Strand. Stranraer, at a comparatively early period, became famous as a health resort. In 1830, Chambers, in his *Picture of Scotland*, wrote—"Being reported a healthy place, it has become the retreat of a good number of respectable annuitants." Now, Stranraer cultivates the summer boarder and the "tripper;" and, in the season, the town as a resort of the tourist, and those in search of health and pleasure, has become so attractive that there is quite an air of life and bustle about its streets. In the neighbourhood there are many interesting drives and walks, and the district is rich in objects of archæological and historical and romantic interest.

Loch Ryan bay is consecrated to the lovers of Scottish poetry by the fine old pathetic ballad, entitled "The Lass of Loch Ryan," upon which Burns founded his song of "Lord Gregory." Heron, in his *Tour* in 1793, says of this ballad, "I think this one of the finest of our old love ballads. The air, as sung by *Urbani*, is charming. I have often heard it affectingly sung by old women in Galloway."

From Stranraer a very pleasant and invigorating walk may be made to Cairnryan village. It is distant about six miles from the burgh, and about half way we reach the Moat of Innermessan. Com-

pared with Kirkcudbrightshire these moats are scarce in the "shire." This one is the largest and best preserved in the district. It is 336 feet in circumference at its base, and from the foundation to the top is 78 feet. It is an artificial, conical, flat-topped mound, and traces of the ditch by which it at one time was surrounded are visible. This moat is similar in construction, but on a much smaller scale, to the Moat of Urr, and like it would probably be used as a place of meeting for dispensing justice. In the *Statistical Account* (1834) we read that the Rev. Mr Fergusson, then minister of Inch, caused a hole, three feet deep, to be dug in the centre of the plain on the top. "That after passing through a fine rich mould we came to a stratum consisting of ashes, charred wood, and fragments of bone. In the days of the ancient *Novantes*, this was probably the public cemetery of the ancient town of *Rerigonium*. May not this mound have been used also for such religious observances as 'the kindling of lights on hills,' the *Beltan* or *Baltien*, which, according to *Jameson's Scottish Dictionary*, signifies *Bel's Fire*?"

Near the farmstead of Innermessan stood in ancient times Innermessan Castle. Now not a vestige, even of its foundations, can be traced.* Symson, writing in 1684, says—"Near Loch Ryan, two miles distant from the Kirk of Inch, is the house of Innermessan, belonging to Sir Andrew Agnew;" and of the village of Innermessan, which now consists of about a half-dozen cottages by the wayside, he adds, "Here was a little hamlet or village, which of old was a most considerable place in the Rhinns of Galloway, and the greatest town thereabout till Stranraer was built."

Heron, in his *Journey through Scotland*, in 1793, states that "near a place called *Under Messen* is the seat of a woollen manufacture. The cotton manufacture begins also to be tried in these parts." A short distance beyond Innermessan the roads diverge; the one to the right leads past Craigcaffie farmhouse to the Moors of Inch, and thence into Ayrshire. The one to the left passes along the coast to Cairnryan village. Near Craigcaffie farmhouse, in a pleasant situation nestling in the hollow, is the ruin of Craigcaffie Castle, the remains of which are in a fair state of preservation. It has been surrounded by a fosse, but does not appear to have been a fortalice of great strength. It was the

* An old man, alive in 1862, and then in his 96th year, distinctly remembered the ruins of the feudal keep, after having served as a Cavalry barrack, which, though falling into decay, extended over a considerable surface. The materials were freely used as a quarry by the whole country side; the entire steading of Ballyett having within his recollection been reared at the expense of the "auld wa's."—"Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway."

property, and the residence of a family of the name of Neilson, who traced their descent from Neil, Earl of Carrick, who died A.D. 1296. Continuing our ramble to the Cairn, the Beoch Burn is passed, near the mouth of which was the western termination of the "Deils" or "Picts Dyke," an ancient rampart, which the late Joseph Train

CRAIGCAFFIE.

traced from here to the Britton Wall, in the parish of Annan, and of which he wrote, "everything connected with its erection is involved in the darkest obscurity." There are several sepulchral stones and "auld grey cairns" in this neighbourhood well worthy the attention of the archæologist.

Cairnryan is a picturesque little village, consisting of a row of cottages running along the public road and facing the beach. It has a tidy and thriving appearance, and in the season is a favourite resort of sea-bathers. There is an excellent little inn in the village, and near by are the Coastguard Station and Loch Ryan Lighthouse. The Coastguard Station has now been enlarged, with a watch-house placed on the top of it, and the Lighthouse is now lighted with gas. A large stone, built into the wall between the Post Office and the house adjoining, was formerly known as "the thieves stane" of the village, and the staple to which the jougs were attached can still be seen. We are inclined to the belief that this long stone may have been one of the *thrie standing stanes* mentioned in Macfarlane's *Geographical Collections*, and

regarding which it is said—"Heir endeth Galloway* and beginnith Carrick."

A short way beyond the village there is a pretty little glen, the favourite resort of picnic parties. Near by is the entrance to Loch Ryan House, the seat of Mr John A. A. Wallace. It is a quaint-looking building, after the design of a French chateau, in a delightful situation, embowered among fine old trees and shrubs. Close by the house is a

LOCH RYAN HOUSE.

spacious Deer Park, in which a large herd are seen browsing, within full view of the public road. From Stranraer to Ballantrae, through the famous scenery of Glenapp, is one of the most picturesque and attractive drives of the district.

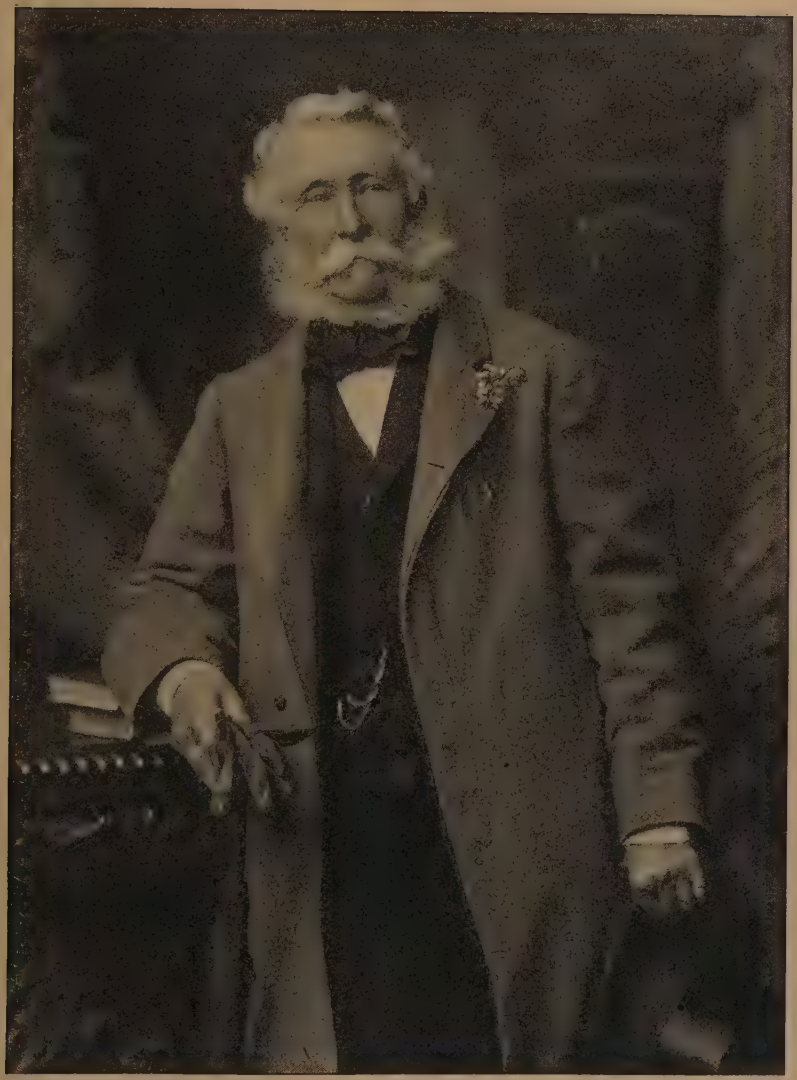
When at Stranraer the tourist should not fail to see the castle and grounds of Lochnaw. The traveller proceeding thither will be well recompensed if he can afford to give an hour to the delightful glen of Aldouran. To those who feel an interest in botanical pursuits, it has peculiar charms. Amid the shady nooks of this sequestered retreat, the lover of nature might linger for hours; and at the top of the glen there are objects of interest to the antiquarian in the shape of

* M'Illwraith's "Guide to Wigtownshire."

sepulchral looking mounds, of which the author of *The Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway* says—"The remains of these earthen parapets, standing out in rounded hummocks are called by the peasantry 'Kempes' graves,' they being quite unconscious that this was a Danish camp, and that 'Kempe'—a warrior or champion—is good old norse. There is something in the traditionary phrase; many of the warriors have probably been buried *near* the spot, but the old breast-work itself does not mark their tomb."

According to a family statement of the late Sir Andrew Agnew, when compiling a history of his ancestors, who were the Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway until the abolition of heritable jurisdictions in 1747, the Agnews are a family of Norman descent, who took part in the conquest of Ulster, and were rewarded by the Lordship of Larne. In 1316 the Lord of Larne joined with the Ulster barons in inviting Edward Bruce, Lord of Galloway, to invade Ireland against the English. On Edward's defeat and death in a battle in 1318, he was succeeded in the lordship of Galloway by his natural son, Alexander, and on the death of King Robert, Randolph, Earl of Moray, who had been Edward's lieutenant in Ireland, became Regent of the kingdom during the minority of David II. The Agnews, who had been implicated in Edward Bruce's invasion, compromised with the English authorities in Ulster, and appeared in the Scottish Court during the Regency; and when the Regent made a progress through Galloway in 1330, he installed the Lord of Larne as Constable of Lochnaw, with possession of the neighbouring lands. Soon after, the Constable of Lochnaw was appointed Sheriff of Wigtown. This is the origin of the eventful story of the Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway. The author of this learned and entertaining work was born at Lochnaw in the year 1818. He was the eldest son of Sir Andrew Agnew, 7th Baronet of Lochnaw. His mother was Madeline, daughter of Sir David Carnegie of Southesk, the representative of the Earls of Southesk, whose estates had been forfeited and their title attainted for the part they took in the Jacobite rebellion of 1715. Before the close of the eighteenth century the estates were re-purchased and the title was revived in 1855.

Andrew Agnew was educated at Harrow, and as a writer in the *Gallovidian* observes, "his journey from Lochnaw to school was not the simple affair that it would be to a school-boy of the present day. It entailed either a journey of two days and three nights on a coach, or a sea passage from Portpatrick to Liverpool, and thence by coach to London. The latter was the usual way; and as the packet boat



Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart. of Lochnaw.

coming from Glasgow passed in the night, the boy used to go down to Portpatrick in the evening and sit by the Inn fire till it came in sight. As soon as the packet was sighted, a rowing boat with the passengers put out to sea and lay in the track of the vessel, a lighted torch being held up to attract the steamers's attention—altogether an unpleasant experience on a dark stormy night."

Sir Andrew served for some time in Canada as an officer in the 93rd Highlanders, but in 1849 on the death of his father he succeeded to the title and estates, and leaving the army he settled down at Lochnaw and devoted the greater part of his time to the management and improvement of his property. He interested himself in arboriculture and took great delight, not merely in making plantations, but in making them as bright and attractive as possible to the passer-by ; so that "for miles along the public roads the fronts of his plantations in summer are gay with rhododendrons, hawthorns, laburnums, wild cherry, and other flowering trees and shrubs."

Sir Andrew represented his native county in Parliament for nearly thirteen years. In 1868 when he was defeated by Lord Garlies he retired from the politcal arena, but as a County Magistrate a Road Trustee, and Commissioner of Supply he took an interest in local affairs and rendered valuable services. As a county gentleman he was so greatly esteemed in the district that his old constituents presented him with a valuable testimonial, consisting of a massive silver salver with an inscription, and a pair of tall silver cups with covers surmounted by eagles, the family crest.

Sir Andrew in his introduction to the first edition of *The Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway* tells us how the idea of writing such a work originated :—"Sitting alone one rainy morning in the winter of 1860 in the library at Lochnaw carelessly turning over the pages of an old volume I encountered this quaint sentence :—'Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in those of our survivors.' Under the influence of the train of thought to which these suggestive words had given rise, a large old charter-chest was ordered up from the thickly-arched fire-proof repository of the family archives ; and a cart load of musty papers was soon exhumed which for many a long year had lain there undisturbed."

Having expended much care, patience and great labour in deciphering these documents in his own charter-chest, he turned his attention to those of other Galloway lairds, and after working for years at his congenial task the volume appeared in the year 1864, and

was very favourably received by the reviewers, a leading English journal remarking that "Sir Andrew conferred a boon, not only on the literature of Scotland, but on that of the nation at large." The *London Review* in a long and complimentary article on the work said:—"Sir Andrew's biographical sketches of each of his twelve ancestors who held the hereditary shrievalty of Galloway . . . give us some photographs of Scottish life and character in the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, which, in point of spirit and fidelity, may compare with anything of the kind; and they are interspersed with a variety of illustrations of local manners and customs which make the book in many places as amusing as an historical novel. Indeed, portions of the 6th, 13th, 19th, 23rd, 26th, and 28th chapters are as full of interest as any part of the *Tales of a Grandfather*; while the elopment of the young Laird of Lochnaw with the Lass of Loch Ryan, and the attempted forcible abduction of Miss Vaus of Barnbarroch by the worthless M'Clery, read almost like passages from one of the *Waverley Novels*.

The book was so very favourably received by the public that Sir Andrew soon began to prepare a new and enlarged edition, and at the time of his death, in March, 1892, he was engaged revising the proof sheets. It appeared in the year 1893 in two volumes.

Lochnaw Castle is an elegant and extensive structure, and is delightfully situated on a gentle eminence, backed by wooded hills, overlooking the romantic and picturesque loch. The original castle is believed to have stood on an islet in the White Loch, and part of the foundations can still be traced. In the oldest description of the shire, extant, Lochnaw is described as a lake "belonging to the Sheriff of Wigtown, wherein ye kings of old had an house." In 1426 when the Laird of Lochnaw had his property restored to him the island Keep was abandoned, and a new castle was built on the southern shore of the loch, the centre square tower of which still remains and forms the most ancient part of the modern building:—

"It is five storeys high, the walls are of great thickness, and a steep winding staircase of rough stone leads to a small watch tower, commanding views of all the surrounding country—of the Irish coast, of the Mull of Cantyre, and the Ayrshire shores of Loch Ryan. Battlements crowned the castle walls, round which the garrison could circulate freely, in which deep projections at intervals admitted a flanking fire. In the floor of the battlements above the entrance door, and on either face, flagstones could be raised at pleasure, form-

ing what are technically called Machicoules, apertures through which missiles, stinkpots, and other appliances of Border war could be hurled on the heads of any assailants, had they succeeded in forcing the outer line of defence. Here and there quaint gargoyles protrude ; but it is impossible that these are more modern than the battlements, and that originally some wall pieces may have done the duty of artillery. Over the doorway the builder placed three small quaint shields in stone, rudely carved, to represent the armorial bearings of the I'Isle, Lochnaw, and Larne."

The modern additions to the Castle harmonise in a happy manner with the character of the ancient portion ; and this stately mansion, the policies of which are adorned with all the charms of nature and art, is exceedingly picturesque and attractive. The walks through the grounds and by the shores of the lake are of considerable extent. They combine pleasing prospects of woodland and water, inviting to the sketcher, and a ramble through them is very delightful and interesting.

When writing of Galloway Historians the name of Peter Handyside M'Kerlie, F.S.A. Scot., F.R.G.S., &c., deserves to be remembered. He was a native of Wigtownshire and a son of the late Captain Robert M'Kerlie, Principal Ordnance Storekeeper in Scotland. Possessed of literary and antiquarian tastes, he, while engaged with the duties pertaining to an important office in the Admiralty, devoted his leisure hours to the study of history and antiquities. Always greatly attached to his native district of Galloway, he took a deep interest in its history, traditions, and folk lore, and at the solicitation of the late James Paterson, author of a "History of Ayrshire and its Families," he was induced to undertake the composition of the first volume of *Lands and their Owners in Galloway*. In his preface to the first volume he states that "the labour I have had with this history has been excessive for over ten years. The work has been written with the desire to have truth as its basis, and to carry it out nothing of importance known is omitted." In the first volume, which was published under many difficulties, several inaccuracies appeared, and the second volume was issued mainly for the purpose of rectifying errors. The latter volume was therefore a supplement to the former, a reviewer at the time stating that "a concise epitome of Galloway history appeared in the first volume, and in the second a great deal of fresh information, which the author must have been at great trouble to collect, has been thrown into a connected narrative. As its name indicates the body of the work refers to the separate land holdings in Galloway, and the proprietors through whose hands they have passed.

In examining ancient titles, charters, conveyances, &c., he has become possessed of a great amount of information, all of more or less value in local history." No reader can take up any of the volumes without being impressed with the great amount of research and labour that has been bestowed on them by the author. As a work showing "much information and ability, and the result of vast investigation, these volumes are of value to all who are interested in their subject." It is invaluable as a book of reference and otherwise.

In 1891 M'Kerlie also published an interesting volume entitled *Galloway in Ancient and Modern Times.* For some years the complete set, five volumes, of *Lands and their Owners in Galloway* has been out of print, and in the year 1906 a second edition in one volume containing a portrait of the author was published with a preface by his daughter, in which she states that it "was completed in manuscript by my father a fortnight before his death, and that there had been a demand for it in various quarters." The subject of our sketch died at his London residence, 26 Pembridge Villas, on 28th July, 1900, and was buried at Duddingston, near Edinburgh.

In an excursion from Stranraer to Drummore, the most southerly village in Scotland, distant about nineteen miles, the visitor may have the new experience of a drive in a motor 'bus which has superseded the delights of the old coaching days. From Stranraer, as we have seen, the tourist has a choice of several very interesting excursions; but, in the summer season, this is a favourite one. The road thither, for a considerable part of the way, passes through a well cultivated country, and for nearly half the distance runs close to the shore, at the Bay of Luce, commanding extensive and varied sea and inland views. In the district there are also many picturesque spots inviting to the artist, and by the way there are numerous objects of great archæological, antiquarian, and historic interest. In the parish of Stoneykirk, which we enter on crossing the Piltanton Burn, there is Garthland Mains farm-house, where, till about fifty years ago, stood the ruins of Garthland Castle, an ancient seat of the M'Dowalls, who claim descent from the old lords of Galloway. It is now interesting as being associated with S. R. Crockett's weird story of *Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills.* The rambler through this parish cannot fail to notice the rich pastures, in which large herds of Ayrshire cows ruminate, and the fertile fields of grain waving as we pass in all the brightness of autumnal gold. The district is also famous for the breeding of Clydesdale horses. In general the country is flat, partaking somewhat of the character of

an English landscape ; and until Stoneykirk village is reached, six miles from Stranraer, there is nothing of particular note to interest or attract the rambler. The Parish Church, situated on the left of the road, is a conspicuous object at a distance. It is a small and neat specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, with a square tower and belfry. It was built in 1827. The public school of the parish is near the entrance to the church, and a few houses, for the most part one storey dwellings, form the village of Stoneykirk, or St. Stephen's Kirk. On the right of the road there is a bright and clean little inn, where we call a halt for rest and refreshment. Leaving the village and proceeding onwards, we have the Bay of Luce close on our left, and a fine landscape of sloping fields on our right. The next object of interest seen by the

way is Balgreggan moat, in a commanding situation, not far from the highway. It is 60 feet high, and 460 in circumference. The ditch or *fosse* which has surrounded it is so much obliterated that it is now difficult to trace its original extent. Near this moat there was an old castle, which belonged to the M'Dowalls, of which Sir Andrew Agnew thus writes :—

" Not far from Garthland, towards the Mull, were successively the castles of M'Dowalls of Freuch and of M'Dowall of Logan. The former, near the present house of Balgreggan, stood close to a beautiful mote hill. It was latterly called Castle M'Dowall ; the other was anciently called Balzeiland.

We have been unable to gather records of the date and appearance of either of these castles."

The prospect from the summit of the moat hill is extensive and varied, embracing nearly the whole of the Bay of Luce, and the atmosphere being delightfully clear the landscape is seen to perfection. Leaving behind this interesting relic of other days, an enjoyable walk of about a mile brings us to the village of Sandhead, which consists of a row of unpretentious houses running along the public road, and occupied chiefly by families of the agricultural and seafaring classes. It is situated on the shore, and the bay affords anchorage for small coasting vessels. Immediately adjacent to Sandhead are the handsome mansion and fine grounds of Balgreggan. And we now direct our steps to the ancient Church of Kirkmadrine, which has recently been restored. By the way we pass Stoneykirk Free Church and Manse. At this point a road leads westwards, about a mile and a half along which, in rather a secluded spot, the church and churchyard are situated. The period when this old structure was erected is uncertain. In the churchyard there are some old stones with antique inscriptions, but it is the now famous "Kirkmadrine Crosses" that make the spot so interesting and attractive to antiquarians. They were first brought to public notice by Dr Mitchell, in 1872, by a paper read before the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh. They are said to be the oldest and only monuments of their kind in Scotland, with the exception of one now placed in the priory vaults at Whithorn. These stones, though scheduled in Sir John Lubbock's Monuments' Bill as precious relics of a bygone past, were, at the time of our first visit, used as posts for the gate of the churchyard. They have, however, now been carefully placed in an apse-like recess outside in the church wall. In the transactions of the Dumfries and Galloway Antiquarian Society (Sessions 1887 to 1890) the late James G. H. Starke, M.A., F.S.A., contributes a paper on the Kirkmadrine Crosses, from which we quote as follows* :—

Kirkmadrine was one of several small parishes long ago merged in the modern parish of Stoneykirk, the churches of which were chapels of ease in ancient times to the famous monastery at Whithorn. It is pronounced by the country folks Kirkmadr*een*, according to the Scotch pronunciation of the letter *i*.

And now I proceed briefly to describe the characteristics of pillar-stones,

* On 30th January, 1896, Mr Starke wrote us:—I find that on the stone marked 2, or left gate post, the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet were above and not on either side of the monogram, as given in my previous letter to you on the subject. I mentioned that the engraver omitted these letters much to my regret. In a stone that was lost, but copied by a farmer 75 years ago, the inscription at bottom of monogram was in Latin.

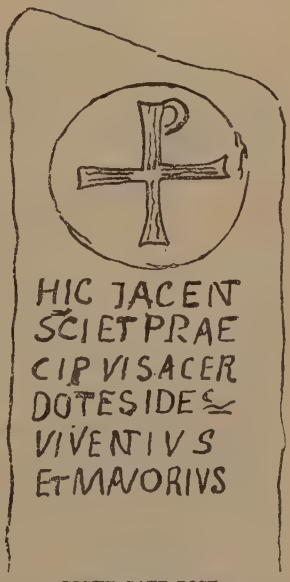
and in what respect these are distinguished from others. Pillar-stones are generally sepulchral, but sometimes they mark sacred boundaries, or are commemorative only of persons, or, as in the Ruthwell Cross, have been erected as a sign and memorial of the Crucifixion, and any name inscribed, *e.g.*, "Caedmon made me," being of secondary importance. These are probably sepulchral. Of the three stones, the two which serve as gate posts are about 5 ft. in height and between 1 ft. and 1½ ft. in breadth. On the top of one are inscribed the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet, and on both of them are incised a simple Greek Cross, the limbs of which gradually expand in breadth towards their extremities; the perpendicular limb being turned to the right at its top, so as to make the Greek capital letter P, which, when thus united with the cross, constitutes the sacred monogram. On the third stone which was seen and copied by Mr Todd 75 years ago, there was a similar shaped cross and monogram at the top, and at the foot, in Latin capital letters, the words *Initium et Finis*, to correspond and explain the

KIRKMADRINE CROSS—No. 1.

KIRKMADRINE CROSS—No. 2.

LEFT GATE POST.

KIRKMADRINE CROSS—No. 3.



RIGHT GATE POST.

Greek letters on No. 1. It is the sacred monogram, called the Chi-Rho monogram, which gives these stones their peculiar significance. The Chi-Rho Mono-

gram is composed of two Greek letters, the former of which is similar to our St. Andrew's Cross; and the Rho is like our letter P. By swinging round one limb of the Greek letter X so as to place it at right angles with the other limb, we have the Latin form of a cross, which has either the one limb put exactly across the other limb or a little upwards. This Latin form of the Greek Chi-Rho Monogram soon spread from Rome to other countries, and is found upon monuments in Gaul A.D. 377. It is the chief characteristic of these Kirkmadrine Crosses. It is only found upon the very early pillar-stones. There are very few examples of it upon stone monuments throughout Great Britain, there being only 3 in the west of England, 1 in North Wales, 4 in Scotland (Co. Wigtown), and *none* in Ireland. —Allen's E.C.Sy. pp. 86-113.

KIRKMADRINE CROSS—No. 4.

The Kirkmadrine Crosses have these further special characteristics, viz., that they are rough undressed pillar-stones without ornamentation, and that the sacred monogram is placed *within* a circle. And further, although of less consideration, the formula employed in the inscription and the style of lettering materially differs from all those of a later date. These characteristics stamp the Kirkmadrine Crosses as contemporary with the earliest period of Christianity in Scotland, *i.e.*, between A.D. 400-700. Mr Romily Allen says: "The monograms on the pillars at Kirkmadrine bear a great resemblance to those sculptured over the doorways of houses in Syria of the 6th century, which are illustrated in Mon. de Voguel's magnificent work on this subject." In regard to the inscription and style of lettering we have further evidence of great antiquity. In English the inscription is:—

I am Alpha and Omega.
Here lie holy and chief priests—
That is Viventius and Mavorius:
—— us and Florientius.
I am the beginning and the end.

The words *Hic Jacet* and *Hic Dormit* are those used in the Catacombs of Rome, and at a later time throughout Gaul. They were subsequently quite superseded by a request for prayer for the soul of the deceased, *Ora pro me.* The style of the letters R. M. F. and the occasional combination of two letters, resemble some stones in Wales which are ascribed in the Archælogia Cambrensis to the Romano-British period.

The names inscribed on these Kirkmadrine Crosses resemble those upon Christian graves in Gaul. Ninian went to Rome through Gaul, which was the overland route to Rome, and got masons from Tours to build Candida Casa. But it is reasonable to suppose that after St. Ninian's death Candida Casa would be sacred to his memory alone, and that Kirkmadrine would be named after St. Martin of Tours. And in answer to the question what mean these stones, Mr Starke thinks he may with reason say that they commemorate

Romano-Gallican priests who, in the 7th century, ministered in Kirkmadrine Church, then erected to the memory of *Sanctus Martinus.*

After lingering here for some time we take our way down hill towards the public road which we left, and, sauntering along, soon reach the site of the old chapel and village of Toscarton. From many points of the way there are delightful and wide-spreading prospects of shore and sea. With the bracing sea breeze the walk is invigorating, and we soon pass the entrance gate to the spacious mansion of Ardwell, frequently the residence of Sir Mark J. M'Taggart-Stewart, Bart., of Southwick, formerly M.P. for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. The house is situated about a mile from the sea, embowered amid umbrageous woods and stately trees. The M'Cullochs were the earliest known proprietors of Ardwell. In Symson's time (1684) Ardwell House was one of the chief residences in the district, and belonged to Sir Godfrey M'Culloch of Myrtoun. Sir Andrew Agnew says, "Of the place or Manor House of Ardwell which at one time existed no trace can now be found." It is recorded that upon one occasion Sir Godfrey M'Culloch, having got his hand in for mischief by gutting and burning Dunskey, "induced the Laird of Garthland to accompany him to Ardwell, where they attacked another M'Culloch, his relative and clansman, drove him from his house, which they gutted and plundered, and then burned to the ground." A tragic tradition also is associated with this place, says the author of *The Hereditary Sheriffs.* "M'Dowall of Logan, Sir Patrick's son-in-law, was guardian to a Gordon lassie, the heiress of Clanyard. A party of her own kin, Lord Kenmure at their head, made a descent on her home, and were in the act of carrying her off when the laird of Logan, whose house they had to pass, sallied out to intercept them. They encountered on the shore near Chapel-Rossan. The maiden was eventually rescued, but her guardian was killed, and forty of the combatants fell in the fray." Near Ardwell House thirty or forty small mounds, which are still pointed out as the graves of those then slain, are supposed to authenticate the legend. Lying near Ardwell gate, within the policies, there is a stone which is locally known as "The Murder Stone," from having the word "murder" deeply cut on its upper surface. The legend is to the effect that M'Kinna, the laird of Portcorkerie, now known as Barncorkerie, had a daughter, who had rival suitors for her hand in the persons of Gordon of Clanyard and M'Douall, yr. of Logan. Gordon by some means managed to get her carried off to Cardoness Castle. On hearing which, M'Douall proceeded thither, in

all haste, for the purpose of seeing and getting his lady-love out of the hands of her captors. In this he was unsuccessful, and on his return home he was set upon by a band of armed vassals of the Gordon's, and killed at the spot where "The Murder Stone" now lies.

In a pleasant situation to the west of Ardwell House, and distant about half a mile from it is Killesser Castle. Part of the walls of the tower are still standing, and the fabric is evidently of considerable antiquity. Ardwell Village, where there is an exceedingly clean and comfortable place of rest and refreshment, is next reached, half way on our journey from Stranraer, and as the autumn day is getting somewhat advanced, and ourselves somewhat tired with our ramble on the dusty roads, we are glad to await here the arrival of the coach from Stranraer, and accomplish the remainder of the journey by this mode of conveyance.

About a mile south of Ardwell we enter the parish of Kirkmaiden. This parish is the most southerly land in Scotland. Its name, reversed into Maidenkirk, has, by the well-known verse of Burns, gained a celebrity which its otherwise secluded situation would never have attained :—

"Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnnie Groat's;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it;
A chield's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it!"

Shortly after leaving Ardwell the road leaves the beach, and on the left hand side of the highway we pass the pleasantly-situated two-storey dwelling-house of Chapel-Rossan, the residence of the factor for Logan estate. A short way further on is Auchness Castle, to which, in recent times, additions have been made so as to make it suitable as a dwelling for the tenant of the farm of Auchness. These having been kept subordinate to the old structure, and being somewhat in harmony with its characteristics, do not appear out of place, and it still retains with grace its original air of antiquity

As we proceed, the entrance to Logan mansion-house is passed, after which we drive through a pleasant part of the road known as the "Blaeberry Wood." The attention of the traveller will also be arrested by the precipitous wooded cliffs of Grennan; and the "Lover's Leap," with which a pathetic legend is attached, will be pointed out as one of the "sights" of the drive. To the lover of nature this rocky projec-

tion, clad in a profusion of heather and ferns, ivy and honeysuckle, will in the season be attractive.

As the "grey-mantled gloaming" is closing around we reach Drummore, where a warm welcome and abundance of good cheer is provided for us at the bright and comfortable Queen's Arms Hotel, and here we take quarters for a ramble in the district.

Drummore is a finely situated little village, composed principally of houses of one and two storeys ranged on both sides of the highway, with a line of houses facing the beach. The little seaport has a considerable amount of shipping, and the erection of a jetty and breastwork has added greatly to the advantages of the natural bay as a shelter for the numerous fishing boats, oyster dredgers, and small coasting vessels which frequent it. In the immediate vicinity there is splendid bathing ground, the climate is also particularly mild and salubrious, and were it more accessible by railway communication there is no doubt it would become even more attractive as a watering place. The wave-worn craft lying about the beach and the pier are picturesque subjects for the sketcher, otherwise there is nothing of particular note in the village to interest the rambler; but, in the vicinity, there are many invigorating and enjoyable walks within easy reach of "our inn." Near the village are the remains of an old Castle, which, when Symson wrote in 1684, was habitable; but the chief object of attraction to visitors is St. Medan's Cave, or, as it is familiarly termed, the "Chapel of the Co." It is about four miles from Drummore, and on our way we proceed up the village and ascend a steep brae leading past High Drummore farmhouse. Shortly thereafter we come to a hamlet by the wayside, called Damnaglaur. On our left on the shore is Maryport, where at one time there was a Chapel (long since disappeared) dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The road from here runs nearly in a straight line for three miles, and takes us to a cottage on the roadside before reaching the farmhouse of Mull, where we strike off the road through a field to the left, and soon reach the approach to the cave. It is situated at the foot of the precipitous cliffs on the shore, and is very difficult of access. Thus it must have been a retreat of great seclusion and safety to the early saint, who, according to tradition, proclaimed the gospel to our rude forefathers. It is thus described by Mr Muir, the author of *Old Church Architecture in Scotland*:—

"The Cave is very small, its length being only 11 feet, its width, where greatest, rather over 9, and the roof is so low as scarcely to admit of an upright

posture under it. In the making of the chapel, which joins to in front as the nave, so to speak, of the chancel-like cell, it is curious to observe how largely the labour has been economised by the using the rocks, which, rising perfectly upright and smooth, form its two side walls. The builded walls, which, with those of nature's furnishing, enclose an area of nearly 15 feet by 11½, are of great thickness, and are composed principally of clay-slate, well put together, but without lime ; that, forming the now only rather more than breast-high elevation, fronting the sea, has at about its middle a narrow window, and there is a

ST. MEDAN'S CAVE.

pretty wide doorway wanting the lintel close to the rock-wall on the south. The rear-wall covering the face of the crag rises much higher, and may perhaps be as high as ever it was ; but on no part of it is there any trace of a roof."

In the vicinity of the Old Chapel is a circular cavity in the rock, five feet in diameter and four feet deep at one side, called the "Well of the Co," or the Chapel Well, associated with various superstitious observances for the cure of diseases. Its reputation as a specific is

now gone, and to it, as to the romance of the fairies of olden times, may be applied the lines—

> "When science from Creation's face
> Enchantment's veil withdraws,
> What lovely visions then gave place
> To cold material laws."

"The ancient Parish Church of Kirkmaiden," says M'Kerlie, "was built about half-a-mile distant from the Cave Chapel and near Port-an-kill, the harbour of the Chapel. The situation is in a hollow, where the kirk burn (so called by some) runs past; close to the site of the old church, on the Mull farm, is St. Catherine's Croft."

The light-house at the Mull is a favourite resort of all visitors to Drummore. The rugged promontory of the Mull, on which it is placed, is a most impressive scene. From its extreme position at the south-west corner of Scotland the Mull Lighthouse is the most important in

MULL LIGHTHOUSE.

the coastwise chain of channel lights. The lighthouse was erected in 1830, and the nature of the light shown is what is known as "occulting"—*(i.e.)* a steady light with, at regular intervals, one sudden and total eclipse of a shorter duration than the period of light. In this instance, the period of light or flash lasts fifteen seconds, that of the eclipse seven and a half seconds. In clear weather the light

can be seen at a distance of 25 miles. The fog-siren, which was erected in the year 1895, is of great advantage to the mariner, when beset in fog, in warning him to steer clear of the strong currents and dangerous cliffs of the Mull head. Its altitude at high-water mark is said to be 270 feet. Its sides are so precipitous as to be nearly perpendicular, and there are numerous caves, caverns, and fissures all along the coast, some of which, in former times, were favourite haunts of the smuggler. The view from the lighthouse is truly magnificent.

FOG HORN—MULL OF GALLOWAY.

"When the sky is clear and the weather favourable, there are seen," says M'Diarmid in his *Sketches from Nature*, "Kintyre, separating the Clyde from the Atlantic; the peaks of Ayrshire, Wigtownshire, and Ireland; the fine opening to Belfast Loch; the mountains of Mourne extended in a string—the first a giant and the last a dwarf; while to the left stretches the Burrow Head, behind the broad 'Machers'; and almost right opposite, though far in the distance, the lofty mountains and beautifully-varied coast of Cumberland. In front lies the island and kingdom of Man, and though the distance is said to be upwards of twenty miles, the place appears so near (probably from the height at which it is surveyed) that the spectator is strongly impressed with the idea that it would be no great feat to strip and swim to it." Such are its features when sky and sea are tranquil. "At other times, however, or rather during the greater part of the year, it becomes a rallying-point for every wind that blows, and is thus identified in nautical history with tales which makes the

mariners' blood run cold. A great number of adverse tides, which seem to centre here, as well as the winds, contend for mastery in fearful turmoil, hollowing, as they retreat, the sea into troughs that might entomb a fleet in place of a ship, and spouting, as they advance with headlong fury against the solid land, till the giant Mull, from its base to its summit, becomes enveloped in one unbroken sheet of foam. The shock is said to resemble the onset of armies ; and, as the howling blast dies away for an instant, the noise of waters rising and rolling, heaving and dashing, is heard as far off by mariners as the roar of the angry Corryvreckan itself. Where the waves end the spray begins, and descends around in such copious showers that the spectator, though stationed at a considerable distance, gets as completely drenched in a few minutes as he does when overtaken by a thunderstorm."

There are numerous other charming drives and rambles in the neighbourhood of Drummore. The tourist halting here for a short time should visit the village of Port Logan, and the famous fish pond at Logan. They are within a short and pleasant walk of the village, and from various points of the road thither there are fine prospects of the open sea, the whole extent of the Irish Channel and the Bay of Luce being included in the view from some of the heights. To those who take an interest in botanical and geological pursuits, the district traversed has also many charms. Leaving the village we saunter leisurely up the brae, and after a walk of about a quarter of a mile reach the Parish Church of Kirkmaiden. It is a very plain, storm-beaten

KIRKMAIDEN KIRK.

looking old edifice with a belfry. It was built in 1639, the same year in which the national Covenant was signed, from which circumstance it was designated " Kirk Covenant." The church bell is said to have

at one time served as the dinner bell at Castle Clanyard, and to have been brought there from Kenmure Castle. The inscription on it states that it was made in 1534 for Nicholas Ramsay, the grandfather of the first Earl of Dalhousie. In the year 1889, a monumental tablet, artistically designed and executed by Mr Collins, sculptor, Stranraer, was placed by the venerable John O'Regan, Archdeacon of Kildare, to the memory of the Rev. James M'Ferrand, in Kirkmaiden Parish Church. It bears the following inscription :—"Sacred to the memory of the Rev. James M'Ferrand, minister of Kirkmaiden from 1738 to 1763; born at Greenock, 4th May, 1711; died 1st September, 1763, and buried under the pulpit; and of his wife, Elth. M'Ewin, who died at Irvine, 21st Jan., 1800, aged 85;—also of their daughter Grace, wife of William Hamilton and mother of Archibald, the father of Sir William Rowan Hamilton, L.L.D., Astronomer Royal, and President of the Royal Academy of Ireland; died 2nd September, 1865, aged 60.—Revelation, chapter 14, verse 13." In the churchyard which surrounds the church there are a considerable number of old memorial stones, dating from 1698, many of them erected to the memory of those "who go down to the sea in ships and do business on the mighty waters." The manse is in close proximity to the church, and is without exception the most delightful and cosy habitation of its kind we have seen. It is a neat and not over large two storey edifice, situated in a sweet and sheltered nook among trees, with a fine prospect of the sea, the low-lying land of the Machers, and the far-away Minnigaff hills. On our call at the manse we were received with a hearty and kindly greeting from our cultured friend, the minister of the parish (Rev. D. R. Williamson). Among other refined and elevating pursuits he courts the muses. He is the author of a volume—*Poems of Nature and Life*, published in 1887. He is also well-known as an amateur cultivator of roses, and quite an enthusiast. We found him in the manse garden among them on our arrival, and had an instructive half-hour in his company while expatiating on their habits, tastes, adaptabilities, and weaknesses with as much tenderness and interest as if they were his children. He knows everything about them, and gives a paternal and unwearied care and attention to them. Bidding adieu to our friend, and wishing him every success in his horticultural pursuits, we proceed on our way, and on reaching the highway, ascend a brae past Garrochtrie farm, and soon see on our left the ruined tower of Clanyard, once the abode of a branch of the Gordons of Kenmure. Very little of the ruins now

remain, and the period when the old fabric was erected is unknown. * As we proceed, delightful views of the sea, with, on our left, the full extent of the Irish Channel and the coast of the green Isle faintly discerned in the haze, are obtained; while in front of us the wooded grounds of Logan, with the stately structure of the mansion-house half hidden among the ancestral trees, form a pleasing picture. Having walked a short distance further among fine snatches of rural scenery, the village of Port Logan is reached, where we halt for a little at the clean and very comfortable inn of the village.

Port Logan, or Portnessock, is a little fishing village, with pleasant rising fields behind it, and a fine sandy beach in front so admirably adapted for bathing purposes that the village has become very popular

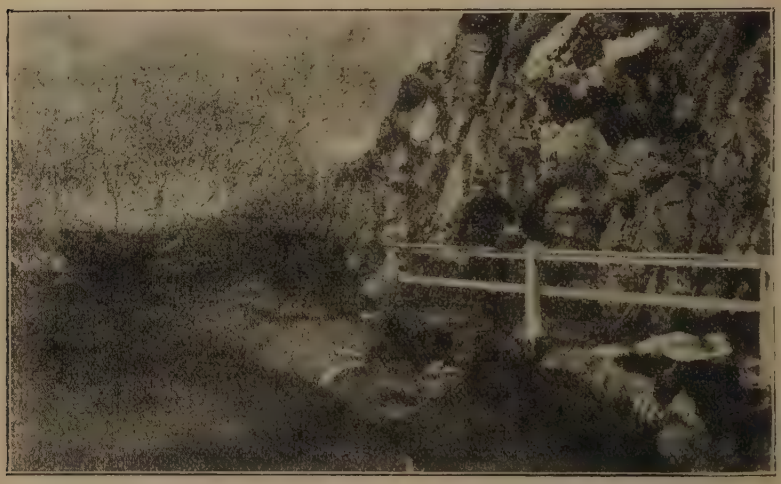
PORT LOGAN.

as a summer holiday resort. A life-boat, equipped with all the modern life-saving appliances, is stationed here. In the storms of winter, when wrecks are frequent on this coast, the services of the sunburnt toilers of the sea, who are the principal occupants of the village, are often in requisition. In our stroll along the shore on this glorious autumn afternoon, when only a faint ripple comes lapping the beach, one can scarcely realise this, though the ribs of the wreck, protruding from the sands, remind us of the sea's angry and hungry moods. To-day this quaint secluded hamlet "by the turquoise-blue sea," so far removed from the din and bustle of towns, seems a delightful spot for a quiet

* Symson, in 1684, writes that "it was then somewhat ruinous."

and enjoyable holiday—a "Dreamthorp" of the poet, and an artist's haunt, where both might revel in subjects for the muse and the brush. A short walk towards the north side of the bay brings us to the famous Logan fish pond, which visitors should not fail to see. It is one of the "sights" of the district. John M'Diarmid, who visited the district in the year 1824, gives the following account of the formation of the pond in his "Work Sketches from Nature," published in 1830 :—

"It was formed in 1800, at an expense of several hundred pounds, and has furnished a wholesome article of food, fatter than it can be found in the open



FISH POND AT LOGAN.

ocean, for considerably upwards of a quarter of a century. The pond, according to Mr Matheson builder's measurement, is 30 feet deep by 160 in circumference—that is, at the top, where a wall of solid masonry, several feet high, encircles the rock on every side. The area within was wholly hewn and blasted from the living rock, and communicates with the tide by one of those fissures so common on bold and precipitous coasts. Indeed, if I remember right, it was this circumstance that led to its formation. A ledge of rock, marching with the beach, and lashed by the waves of a thousand winters, was known to be partially undermined ; and it occurred to the proprietor, Colonel M'Dowall, of Logan, that by excavating the principal mass, a basin might be formed, not only open to the influence of the sea, but so deep, even at neaps, so as to enable fishes to disport freely in their native element, though dependant on man for their daily food, and somewhat hampered in their migratory propensities. And this project he successfully executed. By blasting the rock, in a lateral direction, a communication was opened with the natural tunnel, and a barrier erected at the inner extremity, formed of large loose

stones, arranged so as to prevent the ingress and the egress of any body less insinuating than water. Attached to the pond, and forming its gateway, is a neat gothic cottage for the accommodation of the fisherman, and round and round, the rock is surmounted by a stone wall, grey with lichen, and beautifully festooned with honeysuckle, 'bin-wood,' and other creeping plants, among which the swallow burrows, builds, and at other times, while disporting in many an airy circle,

'Mocks the deftest marksman's aim,
Tumbling in fantastic game.'"

LOGAN HOUSE.

The fine policy grounds of Logan House are also in close proximity. The stately mansion is situated in a park on a rising ground, in which there are some fine woodland studies for the sketcher. Tall ancestral trees, here and there, also decorate the policies, and in the grounds around the house there are many pleasant walks through romantic and sequestered glades, screened by a wealth of shrubbery. The garden and pleasure grounds are extensive, and contain many rare foreign shrubs and plants. On a tablet over the door-way at Logan House are the coat-of-arms of the present proprietor, a sketch of which is given here. A portion of the old house of Logan forms part of the wall of the garden of the present house. Mr Kenneth M'Douall, now the proprietor of this extensive estate, is the representative of one of our

most ancient Galloway families—probably the only descendant of a Pictish family who hold the same lands as their forefathers did in the days of Fergus, Lord of Galloway. Andrew M'Dowall, born at Logan about the year 1695, was a senator of the College of Justice, under the title of Lord Bankton. He was a distinguished and successful lawyer, and author of a work entitled, *An Institute of the Laws of Scotland in Civil Rights, &c., after the general manner of the Viscount of Stair's Institutes.* He died on 22nd October, 1760. The late Colonel M'Dowall's father and other members of the family were advanced agricultural improvers in their time, and the farms on the estate still show signs of a high state of cultivation.

COAT OF ARMS AT LOGAN HOUSE.

On leaving Logan grounds we reach the road which leads along the east coast to Drummore. Half an hour's smart walk brings us "home," where with an appetite sharpened by the bracing sea breezes, we do ample justice to the good things provided by our hostess, and for the remainder of the evening "take our ease at our inn." Next morning, bidding good-bye to our host and hostess, we proceed to Portpatrick for a holiday there.

BRONZE AXE FOUND AT SHELLOCH, GLASSERTON.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PORTPATRICK.

Away for a holiday! What a charm is in the words, and what exuberance of spirits and pleasurable feelings come over us as we cast away for a time the cares of business, and all the conventionalities, methodical ways, and restraining rules of modern society! What real recruiting power to mind and body do these *thoughtless* holidays bring, as they annually come round with their healthful excursions among beetling cliffs, breezy moors, and thyme-scented glens! How! the fresh, untainted air of this wild sea coast, and the wholesome change from the monotony of ordinary existence which a sojourn among its hospitable and obliging inhabitants is fitted to give, are medicine and life to spirits stagnating in the stifling atmosphere of towns, and worth all the doctors' potions and pills in the world.

To all intent on enjoying a holiday we say, leave the etiquette and conventionalities of modern civilization behind, and accepting for the time the simple manners of rural life, go and be what Carlyle would call a "man living manlike." The drawbacks to true enjoyment here mentioned are incompatible with the modest beauty, and still solemn grandeur of nature, and with any *real* appreciation of its charms. As we look on the mighty expanse of sea, and reflect on the Herculean power and strength it has shown in baffling man's years of thought and labour in the construction of the harbour, there is nothing that we know of in nature so well calculated to take the starch and buckram out of us, and, while showing us our own littleness, raise our conceptions of the power and might of the great Creator. There is at all times something suggestive of majesty and sublime grandeur in the grey, weather-stained, towering cliff, the unwearied restlessness, ceaseless soundings, and wide expanse of the sea.

When we thus wrote of "the Port," as a holiday resort, it was then the dear "auld warld" village of picturesque cottages, some of them wearing the straw-bonnet, and quaint barrack-like buildings, so admired by the artist, which we knew, as a rambler, over thirty years ago. Since then, however, the general aspect of "the Port" has been

entirely altered. Within recent years the tide of change, which has come with this progressive age, has taken hold of the place, and there has been an attempt to lay off the village by the square and rule methods of the town architect. The erstwhile sedate, and old-fashioned "little fisher town," has now assumed the aristocratic, bustling airs of our fashionable watering-places. Scarcely any of the cottages of earlier date remain. They have been removed to give room for the spic-and-span new villas on the heuchs. As we stroll about the streets, and the pier, there is little left of the "The Port" in its old-fashioned attire, about the place. The fishermen loitering, or seated on the pier, while their wives, in picturesque groups, were baiting the lines, have passed away. In the season the village is now given over to the stranger. It is invaded by crowds of sea-bathers, boarders, and "trippers," and every available house in the place is occupied. And the inhabitants having *now* become alive to the pecuniary benefits to be derived from courting the presence of health and holiday seekers, do their utmost to make the place attractive to summer visitors. The Downshire Arms, the Cross Keys, the Commercial, and the Crown Hotels, have all excellent accommodation; and on the cliff, to the north-west, a huge Hotel, in a mixed style of architecture, the baronial predominating, has been erected with internal furnishings, so extensive and luxurious, that, on entering the spacious hall, one has a feeling that the North British Station Hotel has been transported from "Auld Reekie" to this airy home of the gull and the seamew. The internal furnishings of the Hotel are luxurious, the *cuisine* and attendance are unexceptionable, and in the lighting, water supply, and sanitary arrangements, the most improved system has been adopted. So that the Hotel is now one of the finest and best-equipped in the south-west of Scotland.

In these hurried, nervous, and frenzied days of the wheel, and the motor, we have a desire, when on holiday, to get to some rural retreat out of the tract of the "petrol fiend," and to have a feeling of freedom and rest at "our Inn." But in these times of progression, and change, we, old fellows, must put our philosophic notions aside, and just take pleasure in things as we find them. So, as our purpose is now to give a description of the place, and its surroundings, as they now appear; we may, in the phraseology of the Guide book note that, on leaving the Railway Station, which is situated at the top of the town, and proceeding down the street, the visitor will pass the Parish Church, erected in 1842. The United Free Church, a plain, modest-

looking building, is also seen, and a short distance "down town" the ruinous remains of the old Parish Church, with an ancient-looking round tower near by, is a prominent object.* The Church was erected, as the date on a stone of its south gable wall records, in 1629, by Viscount Montgomerie, to whom the estate of Portpatrick, then known as Montgomerie, belonged. The Church is built in the form of a Greek Cross, and the round tower, which is supposed to be of an older date, "is conjectured to have been intended to serve the double purpose of a bellfry, and as a beacon to guide boats into the harbour." In a fishing village in Fifeshire, there is a similar Church tower, said to have been used for a like purpose.

OLD CHURCH TOWER AT PORTPATRICK.

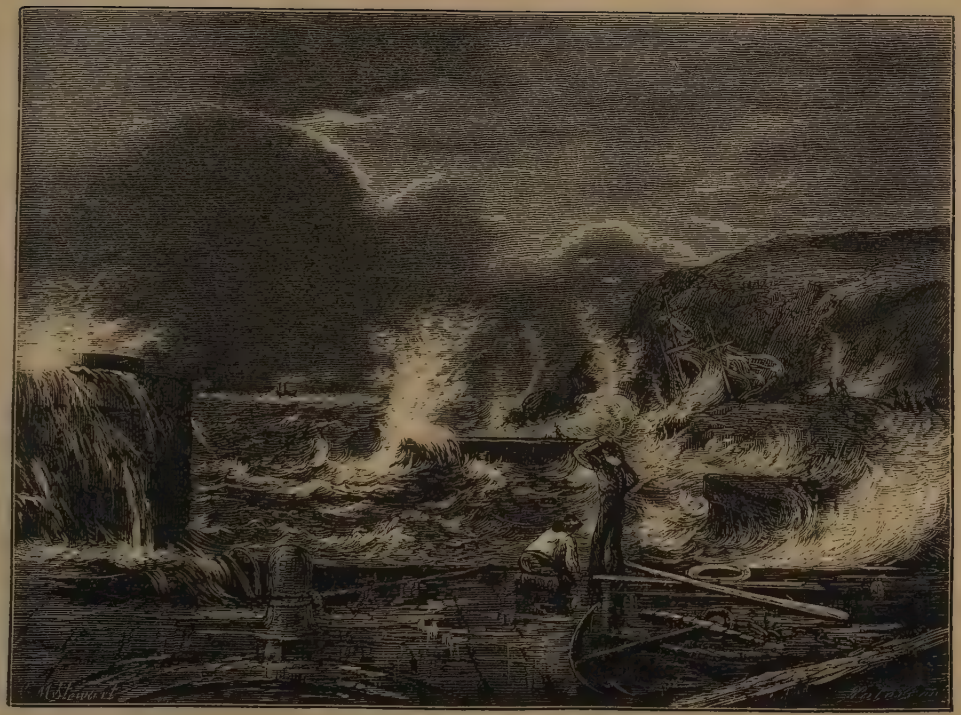
The churchyard is near the ruins; and here the pensive rambler cannot fail to notice the numerous stones and tablets erected to the memory of those who have fallen victims to the ravages of the mighty element which to-day peacefully laps the pebbly bay close below. On the morning of the 18th June, 1850, a dreadful shipwreck of a

* At Portpatrick the central tower of the church is a circular specimen, and from the great thickness of the walls was probably intended for defensive purposes.—*Characteristics of Old Church Architecture*, page 90.

Liverpool and Glasgow steamer (the *Orion*) occurred quite near to the shore of this rugged coast, about a quarter of a mile north of "the Port." About sixty bodies were recovered, and intered in this churchyard by relatives and humane, sympathising friends.

The village is in a beautiful situation, with a fine southern exposure, nestling in a sort of creek, in shape of a half-bowl formed by the hills hehind, and the bold towering sea cliffs on either side, some of them rising to the perpendicular height of 130 feet. It is, even when high winds from most parts prevail, so enviably snug that of late many patients have been recommended by their medical advisers to seek it as a safe retreat from the biting east winds of spring and early summer. Under the supervision of the Parish Council the town has a good water, drainage, and scavenging system. The streets and roads are lighted by the Portpatrick Supply Coy., and a considerable number of the Hotels, houses and shops have adopted the electric light. There are sub-offices of the British Linen, and the Royal Banks, open for business certain days of the week. The Admiralty Wireless Telegraphy Station is situated on the site of the Old Fort, formerly the gun-battery of the Artillery Volunteers. It was opened in 1896, and is mainly used in communication with ships of the British Navy at long distances. The station is close to the grounds of the Portpatrick Hotel and is a great source of attraction to visitors at the "Port." In summer and autumn the golf course, which is also in close proximity to the Hotel, presents a very animated scene. It is an 18-hole course, with a commodious club-house at the entrance. A ladies' club-house has also been erected. The site of the course is not only picturesque but commands an extensive view of charming scenery, along with a good view of Dunskey House embowered in trees at the foot of a hill. The bowling green and tennis courts are on the north side of the harbour, and in the season are largely patronised by the visitors.

From no point except the sea is the town seen till it is almost entered; and to the stranger leaving the crowded city it will not at first sight appear a desirable residence. Its remarkable seclusion will be to him a surprise; though, from a better acquaintance with the place, this will be soon got over, and to those immured in large towns the change must be at once beneficial. "The Port," with its grand and varied scenery of sea cliff, quiet sequestered glens and bays, its mild and salubrious air, its pure and transparent waters, so tempting to bathers, only requires—now that it is so easily accessible by railway



PORTPATRICK IN A STORM. [James Faed, senr.

communication and steamboat excursions—safer and more commodious bathing-ground, to make it all that could be desired as a summer and autumn retreat for health and pleasure-seekers.

Portpatrick has for a long period, owing to the advantages of its short sea passage to Ireland, been a place of some note, and much frequented by travellers. It originally belonged to the Adairs of Kilhilt, but soon after 1608 William Adair exchanged Dunskey Castle and the adjoining property with Sir Hew Montgomery of Braidstones (afterwards Vicount Airds) for the lands of Ballymena in Ireland; on acquiring which property Sir Hew attempted to change the name of Portpatrick into Portmontgomery; and in the records of the time that designation is to be found. But the old style being always popular, after a tenure of three generations the Montgomeries disappeared from the county, and the name of Portmontgomery passed away with them. At that time the village had a chapel called "Chapel Patrick," and history and tradition agree that St. Patrick gave "the Port" the name it now bears. The legendary lore of the district, associating the Saint's name with several fabulous miracles and exploits, appear now so very ridiculous as to be unworthy of record.

The Harbour in 1608 is mentioned as being little more than a mere natural inlet between two rocks, the boats frequenting it requiring to be flat-bottomed, and regularly beached on each arrival; the operation being performed by the inhabitants turning out in a body and all bearing a hand to drag the vessel high and dry on the beach. At length a pier, considered in its time to be one of the finest in Britain, was built; and before 1790 a reflecting light-house was erected to correspond with one on the opposite coast at Donaghadee. In 1821 the construction of the present harbour was begun, and in an article written by Mr M'Diarmid of the *Courier*, in 1825, we read that at that time the operations were conducted on a grand scale. Nearly 700 labourers were employed, and the din of the ocean was stilled by the clang of hammers, the suction of pumps, the hissing of boilers, and the roar of bellows. The little rural hamlet then resembled a great trading town, and two steamers, each forty horse power, and splendidly fitted up, and other vessels plied regularly between "the Port" and the Irish coast. The entire dimensions of the harbour, outer and inner, are about 710 by 495 feet. The depth of the outer harbour is from 4 to 20 feet at low-water spring tides, and that of the inner, on an average about 6½ feet.

The parapets of the piers were formed of massive blocks of grey

limestone, procured from Wales. The south pier terminates in a semi-circular sweep, inside of which there was, till about the year 1893, a light-house built of the same material, 46 feet high. The taking down of this light-house cost about £500, and the material was shipped to Colombo, Ceylon, for re-erection there. The whole of the works remaining showed some fine workmanship. The back of the south pier was protected by a sloping embankment formed of rubble work, the stones for which were procured from the quarry over to the left, where the Artillery Company have their target for practice.

Doubts being entertained as to Portpatrick being the most suitable packet station to Ireland, the completion of the works was relinquished, and the harbour now presents a melancholy and deserted aspect. The largest craft to be seen are a few cobles, some engaged in fishing or in pleasure, and others lying unused on the beach.

Strolling round, and inspecting the works at the harbour, we are struck more than ever with the unconquerable power and majesty which old Neptune asserts on this wild and open coast. The destruction which had been wrought in the solid masonry of the piers was almost incredible. No description could give any idea of the havoc. It must be seen to be believed. The strong iron girders and bolts used in rivetting together the ponderous stones forming the breastworks had been in many places snapped asunder like straws, and the great stones tossed about like peas. And now there is scarcely a vestige remaining to show where the pier had been.

Leaving the village and the harbour behind, we now take the road leading past the Drill Hall of the Artillery Volunteers, and pass on our way Lloyd's signalling station, established here in 1896. Before ascending the heights we halt for a little at St. Patrick's well, situated cosily on the "briest of a brae" near the road. It is a chalybeate spring, and in taste much resembles Lochenbreck Spa, though scarcely so strong. Having quaffed a tumbler from the well, and being invigorated by the cool refreshing breeze from the sea, we now pursue our course up a narrow and somewhat dangerous path, running along the edge of the cliffs, and soon reach the old picturesque and romantic-looking castle of Dunskey, situated on the verge of a frowning height. It is now quite ruinous, but in old times must have been a place of great strength. Unapproachable by the sea, and surrounded on the land side by a deep fosse, over which the entrance would be by a drawbridge, it must have been a stronghold of perfect security in days when gunpowder and rifled cannon were less trusted in.

When this castle was built, and by whom, are questions which history appears not to have recorded. In the *Sheriffs of Galloway* we read that in 1330, to the south of Lochnaw, distant about seven miles, stood the castle of Dunskey, then called Portree. It was held by one Currie, whose family possessed considerable power, one of their number making himself a terror to the whole neighbourhood by the predatory expeditions which he carried on both by land and sea. Some years afterwards a circumstance occurs by which we come to see how the Adairs of Ireland became identified with the old castle. One Robert Fitzgerald, a son of the Earl of Desmond, who owned the lands of Adare, in Ireland, arrived as a fugitive in Wigtownshire. In a family feud he had killed a person of distinction, and fled to Galloway,

DUNSKEY CASTLE.

where he was hospitably received at various baronial houses, and remained a guest, taking the name of Robert Adare. During his visit, Currie, who held the castle of Dunskey, was declared a rebel, as an incorrigible robber and pirate. A proclamation was made that whoever produced Currie, dead or alive, should be rewarded by the gift of his lands. Robert de Adare saw an opening by which to retrieve his fortunes, and watched the castle of Dunskey by day and night. At length the redoubtable robber issued one evening from his hold with few attendants, and was instantly followed by Adare, who, engaging him hand to hand, got the better of him, drove him slowly backwards, and at last, at the head of the Colfin Glen, despatched him outright by

a blow from the hilt of his sword. Possessing himself of the robber's head, Adare hastened to Court, and presenting his trophy to the king on the point of his sword, His Majesty was pleased to order his infeftment in the lands and castle of the rebel. His family were known as the Adares, or Adairs of Portree, when a later generation, wishing to perpetuate the memory of their ancestor's exploit, built a castle on the spot where Currie was struck down, which they called Kilhilt, and from which they took their designation. The Adair's crest is a man's head couped and bloody.

In 1842 the Adairs had risen to considerable influence, and possessed at least three seats, all strong houses—viz., Dunskey, Kilhilt, and Drummore. Dunskey Castle, as described by Mr J. S. Fleming, F.S.A., Scot., in *The Gallovidian* for 1904, "is one of a series of buildings, erected on a promontory or rock projecting into the sea with unscaleable cliffs on its three sides. It extends across the neck of land connecting the promontory with the main land, which is its north side, and is there fortified by a deep fosse or ditch twenty feet wide, the entrance or approach being by a causeway, six feet broad across it, and thence through a vaulted archway and passage to the court behind.

The buildings are 100 feet in length, and they completely occupy the neck of the promontory, and form with the fosse an effectual defence towards this northerly side. The large square tower of four storeys, situated on the east side, has evidently been part of the original fortalice which survived the burning in 1489. It is of four storeys, and its east gable is six feet thick, with several curious recesses in its massive walls. Here the principal apartments, as well as the main doorway and staircase, were contained. The ground floor of this tower, and indeed all the range of buildings, is vaulted, and the first floor, a lofty apartment, evidently the Banqueting Hall, had a fine window, 10 feet in height by 6 feet broad in its east gable wall overlooking the sea.* This hall has had in the north-east corner, formed in the thickness of the walls, a secret wheel-stair communication with the ground floor. The main door is in this square tower, but having an interior circular stair to the upper flats. This doorway which has had a fine freestone moulding, of which only one stone remains, opens directly upon the back court. Over it in sculptured freestone frames were the arms apparently of William Adair of Kinhilt, who rebuilt the castle, and also those of his wife, but the niches are now empty. The

* No visitor to the castle fails to hear of the shadowy legend of the baby falling accidentally out of its mother's arms from this window over the terryfing precipice into the seething surge below, when the mother impulsively threw herself after it.

armorial bearings (three dexter hands erected parted, per bend) have been removed, probably on the sale of the family estate to Viscount Montgomery. The whole buildings are of the commonest rubble of the district, but these rough walls bear evidence of having had some relief freestone copings and gables, turrets and panels, and lintels of doors and windows, which have all been ruthlessly torn out, with the exceptions mentioned, very probably when it was abandoned as a habitation." As before mentioned, William Adair, in 1608, exchanged the castle of Dunskey with Sir Hew Montgomery for lands in Ireland. These are all the fragments we can glean in regard to the history of the castle. It is a mere shell now, and under time's mouldering hand will soon pass away.

Leaving the old ruin, and following a very steep and narrow path down the face of the cliff, we reach the castle bay, where there is a cave of considerable dimensions. We enter, and, striking a light, proceed inward through a narrow passage for the distance of 20 yards or so. In our exploration nothing calling for remark is seen. With the water dripping from the roof this is a dark, dismal-looking place, and if it ever formed the abode of the Dirk Hatteraick tribe, to which purpose these caves are generally ascribed, it would be no desirable residence. It is more like a haunt of the sea otter or the badger. From the cave our walk now lies in the direction of Morroch Bay, the heights over which we pass presenting many an inviting prospect of sea view and landscape scenery; pretty little verdant nooks, where the wild flowers grow; and here and there knolls and crags clad with patches of the loveliest heather. The stupendous cliffs, and savage grandeur of the scenery of this coast, must be a feast to every eye that delights in the noble productions of nature. Threading our way cautiously along the dizzy cliffs, we all of a sudden alight on the bay, and peeping over, far down the frowning heights are to be seen two dwellings with a snugness about them quite unexpected in this lonely sequestered retreat.

Again ascending the cliffs and walking leisurely for a short distance we discover another bay, with a fine peep of as delightful a marine residence as is anywhere to be seen in Galloway. This bay is known as Port o' Spittal, and this is Knockincalm Lodge, the property of Sir Edward Hunter Blair. It is in a most enviable situation. The house is in splendid order, the grounds around are trimly kept, and the whole place, in this wild out-of-the-way situation, has quite an enchanting look about it. From this point some magnificent views of sea cliff and

far-stretching sea are presented to the eye. But we must proceed with our ramble; and striking over through the fields in the direction of Dinvin, we pass on our way the farm-house of Craiguchpark near the road

We are now trudging on the public road, and soon reach the handsome dwelling-house of Dinvin, with its commodious and substantial looking steadings. Leaving Dinvin in the rear, and still keeping by the road, a short distance brings us into the policies of Dunskey House. The romantic and picturesque glen of Auchtramantane is next reached. A winding footpath passes through it to the shore, at different points affording fine glimpses of the valley and the sea, which we are sure would captivate the eye of the painter. Rustic seats and a summer-house have been placed,

"Beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

A tiny waterfall, spanned by a rustic bridge, also exhibits a good specimen of the picturesque. On looking over the bridge the visitor gets a view of the deep and narrow gorge below, with the waters gurgling over the dark and stony bed. This glen must always be inviting, but when viewed under the fading rays of the setting sun there is a charming effect of light and shade thrown over the scene, and altogether this is just such a spot as the poet—

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot"

—would select to weave the creations of his fancy. Passing through the verdant canopy of the wood, and admiring as we go the diversified tints of the vegetation, made more lovely with the sunlight streaming in flickering motion through the foliage, we follow the course of the "wee gurgly burn" to the sea, and soon arrive at Portkale and Sandy Bays, in the former of which the Irish telegraph cable passes into the sea. No visitor to this place can fail to observe the peculiarity in the formation of these bays. Though only separated by a small rocky promontory, the one contains coarse whinstone gravel and the other fine yellow sand. Both are excellent bathing-ground, and, we should think, much frequented for that purpose. Near to Sandy Bay are two caves, in the larger of which vague tradition narrates that in very old times a misanthropic monk (Uchtred, by name), alarmed and disgusted at the frivolities and sins of the folks around him, retired from the world, and took up his abode in this cheerless living tomb.

Returning by a path running along the edge of the cliffs, we again reach the harbour at the side opposite that from which we started. The vegetation, luxuriant everywhere, comes close to the shingly sea margin; at the foot of Dunskey Glen the brackens grow in dense masses, taller than a man in some places; and all round Sandy Bay the wild flowers are abundant, Among others may be observed the splendid blood-red geranium, equal in beauty to the far-famed blue gentian of the Alps.

From the summit of Cairnpat, near by, there is such an extensive and magnificent view of the surrounding country to be obtained as will well reward the visitor for his trouble in ascending. On the top of this hill there are the remains of an ancient fort. In the environs of the village there are other scenes of considerable natural beauty, and there are many inviting walks and drives. The drive to Killantringan, Light-house Buildings, distant about four miles, is of a very pleasing and interesting description. This light-house and fog signal station was used as a new light in the year 1900. The station buildings stand on a bold headland of this wild, rocky, and dangerous coast, and the light is one of the most extensive of the Scottish group. It is now an incandescent light, equal to 500,000 candles. The fog-horn is a very powerful one, and is heard over miles of sea and land during thick weather, fog and snow. The light-house is open to visitors from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. on fine days of the week (Saturdays and Sundays excepted), and a sight of the various instruments in use by the keepers is most interesting.

There are no promenades about Portpatrick, now that the pier has been swept entirely away, and there is no beach, or indeed any extent of sand, until Broadsea Bay is reached, as the sea never leaves the base of the cliffs, but to the strong and sure-footed pedestrian nothing can surpass the airy walks along the Heughs, which are free for miles on each side of the village.

A visit to Portpatrick after a south-west gale is something to remember. When the lighthouse stood at the end of the pier the green waves rose to half its height and the white water poured over its lantern in successive cascades. No one who has not witnessed such a sight can have any idea of the power of water.

After our devious peregrinations we are glad to hail the sign of our hostess at the "Downshire Arms."

Much pleased with our holiday in this interesting district, we thus bade

FAREWELL TO "THE PORT."

Upon this calm and peaceful summer morn,
Around Portpatrick's shore I musing stray,
Where the old Castle rears its hoary walls
High up the cliffs, beside the shingly bay.

Old Dunskey Castle: where in times gone by
Sat all the splendour of Baronial power,
And mirth, and grief, alternate had the sway
Within the precincts of the lonely tower.

Ah me! to-day, how changed is all the scene:
The desolation of the ruined keep:
The wavelets slumb'ring on the pebbly shore,
As mild and peaceful as a babe asleep.

The sun high in the heavens with splendour crowns
The hoary cliffs all clad with gleaming flowers,
As we, with nature pleased reclining sit,
All heedless of the swiftly passing hours—

The passing hours, that soon will call us back
From the seclusion of this blest retreat,
Back to the labours of the "desk's dull wood,"
And hum and bustle of the crowded street.

Tho' from these peaceful scenes we go to fight
Life's battle 'mid the noisy haunts of men,
As mem'ries leaves we turn, we'll picture oft
The sounding sea, and Dunskey's lovely glen.

CONCLUSION.

Though at "The Port," we bring to a close our Rambles in Galloway, there are numerous nooks and corners of the "auld province," many of them as full of historic, romantic, and picturesque interest as those we have described, of which we have said nothing. And our notes on these are by no means exhausted; but the space at our disposal, and the patience of the publisher being fairly spent, we must call a "halt," and leave many places of more or less interest to the antiquary, the archæologist, and the artist unnoticed.

And now, courteous Reader, our Rambles are at an end. In writing

them it has been our earnest desire to bring to the notice of the stranger in these parts, in an instructive and entertaining manner, the varied attractions of the district we have visited. "Whatever places derive an interest from the associations of history; whatever places enjoy a reputation from popular poetry and song; wherever man has fought, or loved, or sung; the fanes of religion, the graves of the good, and whatever has been associated with what man delights to observe," have received attention from us in the "Rambles," and in our descriptions we trust we have succeeded so far as to induce our readers to follow in our steps, and quietly examine for themselves the many spots so full of interesting associations, and rich in natural beauty and grandeur, to be found in Galloway.

We thus close the "Rambles," with the hope that they may afford to our readers some reflex of the pleasure they have given us in compiling and writing them, and that in the words of the immortal Shakespeare they may find

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

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APPENDIX.

I.—LOCHS.—Their probable Area and Height above Highwater Level.

Name of Loch.	Parish.	Area in Perches.	Height above Highwater in feet.	Best Fishing Time.
Areeming	Kirk.-Durham	50 by 30	500	
Arrow	Minnigaff	45 by 20	1450	
Arthur or Lochend	New Abbey	190 by 90	250	
Auchenreoch	Urr	360 by 60	340	June to September.
Auchensheen	Colvend	80 by 16	150	
Barean	Do.	120 by 40	150	
Bargatton	Balmaghie	125 by 85	250	
Barscobe	Balmaclellan	60 by 30	800	May to September.
Blackloch	Minnigaff	60 by 20	500	
Brack	Balmaclellan	60 by 30	800	Do. do.
Cally	Girthon	125 by 35	50	Do. do.
Carlingwark	Kelton	230 by 70	145	June to September.
Cloak	Colvend	115 by 60	200	Do. do.
Clonyard	Do.	85 by 30	150	Do. do.
Corsock	Parton	120 by 60	550	Spring and early summer.
Culcaigrie	Twynholm	90 by 60	375	
Dalbeattie	Colvend	85 by 25	100	
Dee	Minnigaff	360 by 120	750	April, May, and June.
Dornell	Balmaghie	100 by 30	275	
Doon	Carsphairn	1730 by 160	700	April to September.
Dungeon	Kells	215 by 65	1025	May to October.
Do. Dry Loch	Carsphairn	45 by 40	1075	June to September.
Do. Long	Minnigaff	75 by 25	900	May to August.
Do. Round	Do.	65 by 45	910	Do. do.
Edingham	Kirkgunzeon	55 by 35	125	
Enoch	Minnigaff	260 by 150	1650	May to September.
Ernerogo	Crossmichael	120 by 40	400	
Fleet	Girthon	120 by 80	1120	Do. do.
Glenamour	Minnigaff	50 by 40	300	
Glenhead	Do.	135 by 60	1000	Do. do.
Do. Round Loch	Do.	95 by 75	975	Do. do.

LOCHS.—Their Probable Area and Height above Highwater Level.—*Continued.*

Name of Loch.	Parish.	Area in Perches.	Height above Highwater in feet.	Best Fishing Time.
Glentoo	Balmaghie	170 by 70	220	
Grannoch	Girthon	640 by 90	700	May to July.
Grenoch or Woodhall	Balmaghie	540 by 55	175	April to September.
Harrow	Kells	124 by 55	175	May to August.
Howie	Balmaclellan	235 by 35	750	May to September.
Jordieland	Kirkcudbright	100 by 25	425	
Ken	Kells	1480 by 130	150	June and July.
Kinder	New Abbey	225 by 120	100	May to July.
Knockman	Dalry	45 by 20	875	June and July.
Knockstring	Do.	60 by 55	985	Do. do.
Lilliesloch	Minnigaff	45 by 20	825	May to August.
Lochaber	New Abbey	190 by 80	300	
Lochanbreck	Balmaghie	140 by 80	650	April, May, and June.
Lochinvar	Dalry	165 by 90	770	May to September.
Lochs of the Lowes	Balmaclellan	50 by 25 each	525	April to September.
Loch of do.	Minnigaff	65 by 20	500	
Loch Lurkie	Parton	90 by 20	450	
Loch Patrick	Kirk.-Durham	55 by 35	425	
Lochrutton	Lochrutton	270 by 120	325	
Maryfield	Terregles	90 by 20	125	
Middleloch	Minnigaff	75 by 70	750	
Milton	Lochrutton	260 by 100	420	
Minnoch	Kells	90 by 40	900	
Moan	Minnigaff	280 by 160	675	
Narroch	Do.	35 by 50	1070	
Neldricken	Do.	215 by 90	1175	June and July.
Regland	Dalry	45 by 20	900	Do. do.
Roan	Crossmichael	95 by 90	550	
Skae	Balmaclellan	75 by 55	875	April to September.
Skerrow	Girthon	210 by 115	425	Do. do.
Stroan	Kells	170 by 99	225	
Trool	Minnigaff	500 by 70	250	
Troston	Dalry	70 by 20	1200	April, May, and June.
Trostrie	Twynholm	40 by 25	375	
Urr	Balmaclellan	220 by 125	670	June and July.
Valley	Minnigaff	160 by 50	1050	April, May, and June.
Whinyeon	Girthon	170 by 150	725	Do. do.
Whiteloch	Colvend	125 by 70	125	
Whinnyliggate	Kirkcudbright	105 by 5	340	

II.—HEIGHTS OF MOUNTAINS IN GALLOWAY.

Names of Hills.	*Height.*	*Parish.*
Airdrie	1000	... Kirkbean
Airds	335	... Rerrick
Airie	939	... Kells
Alwhat	1935	... Carsphairn
Arroch	1000	... Minnigaff
Artfield Fell	888	... New Luce
Balmurrie Fell	807	... New Luce
Barholm	1163	... Kirkmabreck
Barstobrick or Queenshill	588	.. Tongland
Benailsa...	1314	... Minnigaff
Benbrash	1900	... Carsphairn
Bengairn	1280	... Rerrick
Bengray	1200	... Girthon
Benjohn...	1150	... Anwoth
Benmeal	1175	... Girthon
Benmore	1177	... Minnigaff
Bennan	1750	... Kirkmabreck
Bennan	1780	. Minnigaff
Bennan	850	... Kells
Bentuther	900	... Rerrick
Benwee	1208	... Kells
Benyellary	2360	... Minnigaff
Bishop's Forest	1285	... Irongray
Blackcraig	1730	... Carsphairn
Blackcraig of Dee or Cairnsmore of Dee...	1616	... Kells
Boreland	1632	... Southwick
Boreland or Dogtummoch	1631	... Kirkbean
Boreland Moat	325	... Borgue
Brockloch Rigg	1700	... Carsphairn
Bushan	1600	... Minnigaff
Cairn-Edward	1040	... Kells
Cairngarroch	1800	... Minnigaff
Cairnharrow	1497	.. Anwoth
Cairnholly	859	... Kirkmabreck
Cairnsgarroch	2150	... Carsphairn
Cairnsmore of Carsphairn	2612	... Carsphairn
Cairnsmore of Dee	1616	... Kells
Cairnsmore of Fleet	2331	... Kirkmabreck
Cambresh	2250	... Minnigaff
Cambret	1150	... Kirkmabreck
Carlin's Cairn	2650	... Carsphairn
Clints of Drumore	950	... Kirkmabreck
Corserine	2668	... Carsphairn
Craigeagle	1435	... Minnigaff
Craiglee...	1741	... Minnigaff
Craignaw	1750	... Minnigaff
Craignell	1550	... Minnigaff
Craignelder	2000	... Kells
Craignelder	1971	... Minnigaff
Craiglowrie	1079	... Girthon
Craigronald	1684	... Girthon
Craigtarson	1500	... Carsphairn
Craigwhinnie	1367	... Girthon
Criffel	1867	... New Abbey
Cuil	1350	... Colvend
Cullencloch	1120	... Minnigaff
Culreoch	1125	... Anwoth
Curleywee	2212	... Minnigaff
Culvennan Fell	600	... Wigtownshire

HEIGHTS OF MOUNTAINS IN GALLOWAY—*Continued.*

Names of Hills.	*Height.*	*Parish.*
Dodd Hill	1600	Carsphairn
Doon of May	457	Wigtownshire
Drigmorn	1750	Minnigaff
Drummore	414	Kirkcudbright
Dungyle	675	Kelton
Ewehill	1900	Carsphairn
Fell of Eschoncan	1142	Minnigaff
Fuffock	1050	Girthon
Garlisk	1315	Minnigaff
Garwall	1125	Minnigaff
Glencaird	1025	Minnigaff
Glenhead	900	Balmaclellan
Glenshimmeroch	1127	Dalry
Keltonhill	205	Kelton
Kenlum	1000	Anwoth
Keochrigg	2000	Carsphairn
Kerrick or Hill of Health	862	Balmaghie
Kirriemore	1497	Minnigaff
Kirrireoch	2562	Minnigaff
Knock of Luce Fell	513	Glenluce
Lammachan	2349	Minnigaff
Larg	2216	Minnigaff
Larg	960	Kirkmabreck
Larg Fell	1256	New Abbey
Lochenkit	1200	Kirkpatrick-Durham
Lorg	2100	Carsphairn
Lotus	1050	New Abbey
Maidenpass	1000	Colvend
Meaul	2280	Minnigaff
Meaul (Wee)	1591	Carsphairn
Meikle Crag	2000	Minnigaff
Meikle Hard	1335	Colvend
Merrick	2764	Minnigaff
Milldown	2400	Kells
Millfire	2350	Kells
Millfore	2146	Kells
Millyea	2450	Kells
Millyea (Little)	1900	Kells
Mochrum Fell	1038	Parton
Mochrum Fell	646	Mochrum
Moorbrack	2114	Carsphairn
Mulldonach	1827	Minnigaff
Multaggart	2000	Kirkmabreck
Mullwarcher	2270	Minnigaff
Neldricken	1800	Minnigaff
Orchars	1450	Girthon
Polwhatrigg	1950	Carsphairn
Raeberry	250	Kirkcudbright
Ross (Big)	296	Kirkcudbright
Screel	1125	Kerrick
Sine	790	Rerrick
Skeoch Hill	900	K.-Irongray
Stronbrae	1250	Minnigaff
Toddenhill	1565	Carsphairn
Tongland Hill	375	Tongland
Trusty's Hill (Vit Fort)	225	Anwoth

III.—HEIGHTS OF VARIOUS PLACES OF INTEREST IN THE STEWARTRY OF KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

Names of Places.	*Height.*	*Parish.*
Beech Tree, Ardwall...	50	... Anwoth
Cardoness Castle	75	... Anwoth
Castle-Douglas Station	205	... Kelton
Communion Stones at Bishop Forest ...	900	... Irongray
Corra Castle	182	... Kirkgunzeon
Craignair Quarry	390	... Buittle
Cree Bridge	42	... Minnigaff
Dalbeattie Bridge	44	... Urr
Dundrennan Abbey	200	... Rerrick
Glenlochar Bridge	150	... Balmaghie
Heston Island	175	... Rerrick
Keltonhill Fair Green	225	... Kelton
Kenmure Castle	200	... Kells
Kirkconnel Martyrs	525	... Tongland
Laurieston	225	... Balmaghie
Lochenbreck Spa	642	... Balmaghie
Lochfergus Old Castle	225	... Kirkcudbright
Maxwelltown	50	... Terregles
Minto Cottage	350	... Borgue
Murray's Monument	598	... Minnigaff
Observatory on Corbelly Hill	125	. . Troqueer
Rocking Stone at Craigencallie	1500	... Kells
Ross Lighthouse	123	... Borgue
Rutherford's Monument	250	... Anwoth
Rutherford's Witnesses	300	... Anwoth
St. Mary's Isle	50	... Kirkcudbright
Threave Castle	150	... Balmaghie
Turner's Monument	1300	... K.-Durham
Waterloo Monument..	593	... New Abbey
Woodhead Mines	1096	... Carsphairn

Brodick Bay
Brodick
Clauchlands Pt.
Holy I.
Lamlash
Whiting Bay
Kildonan Pt.
Pladda
Ailsa Craig
Girvan
Ballantrae
Bennane Hd.
Knockdolian Bill
Loch Ryan
Stranraer
Belfast to Ardrossan 87 Miles
Belfast to Stranraer 55 Miles
Belfast to Glasgow 109 Miles
Campbeltown to Glasgow 88 Miles
Campbeltown to Ayr 36½ Miles
Heads of Ayr
Prestwick
Ayr
Culzean Bay
Turnberry Pt.
Maybole
Girvan
Pladda
Ailsa Craig
Copsewall Pt.
Corsewall
Portpatrick
Port of Spittal Bay
Cairngarroch Bay
Port Nessock Bay
Clanyard Bay
Luce Bay
Sandhead
Stranraer
Mull of Galloway
Glasgow 399 Miles
Dublin 223
Bristol 450
Liverpool 343
Isle of Man 27½ Miles
25 Miles
Longitude West of Greenwich
AYR
KIRK
WIGTOWN
IRIS

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